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GEORGE ELIOT'S COUNTY.

"MILLY'S GRAVE," IN CHILVERS COTON CHURCHYARD.

WHERE can one get a more attractive idea of rural life than in a day's drive through what has been called "The Elizabethan side of Warwickshire?" We go along quiet roads beneath overshadowing elms, meeting here and there a heavy-wheeled wagon with its four massive horses,—the load piled up so high that the boughs snatch a passing toll of sweet new-made hay or golden wheat-ears. Then we come to a village clustering round its olive-green sandstone church, with square tower and rows of clerestory windows. The rectory with its bright garden, the staring new red-brick school, a substantial farm-house or two with well-filled rick-yard and long-roofed out-buildings, speaking of solid ease and prosperity. And all about these more important dwellings, the homes of the poorer neighbors, old cottages black-timbered and white-paneled, or of ancient red brick that weather and time have toned with exquisite gradations of color — gray, pink, purple, yellow — streaked and splashed with green and brown lichen; their roofs of dark tiles or warm thatch, a study in themselves for a painter, cushioned with rich moss that glows like lumps of emerald in the sun. To quote the words of our great Warwickshire novelist, whose connection with this county it is my object to trace:

"There was the pleasant tinkle of the blacksmith's anvil, the patient cart-horses waiting at his door; the basket-maker peeling his willow wands in the sunshine; the wheelwright putting the last touch to a blue cart with red wheels; here and there a cottage with bright, transparent windows showing pots full of blooming balsams or geraniums, and little gardens in front all double daisies or dark wallflowers; at the well, clean and comely women carrying yoked buckets, and towards the free-school small Britons dawdling on, and handling their marbles in the pockets of unpatched corduroys adorned with brass buttons." *(Felix Holt.)*

Then on again we go through deep lanes where the red sandstone peeps out below the high hedge; past wide-stretching woods where the ring of the woodman's axe hardly disturbs the "choir invisible" singing thanksgivings for sun and summer in the tree-tops above. The soft brown winter carpet of leaves gives place in spring to beds of pale primroses, or a May snowstorm of white-starred anemones; or where the tree-shadows lie deep, a cloud of heaven's own blue rests on the sprouting fern — a sheet of wild hyacinths.

Then we turn into one of the great high-roads, with its generous strip of green turf on either side, that tells of a hunting county and thought for horses' feet. And it leads us past the old posting inns, with small-paned bay-windows, and signs hanging from curiously wrought-iron supports; past sunny country houses where we catch a glimpse of young men and maidens playing tennis on the well-kept lawns; past noble parks where nodding antlers rise from the bracken, and the spotted deer bound away towards the great Elizabethan house,

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that, like Charlecote, or Compton Winyates, or Broughton Castle, lies behind guardian avenues of elm and oak and lime. And then we see the Avon winding through its flat meadows, with "long lines of bushy willows marking the water-courses"; while over the far-away woods rises tower or spire of Warwick, or Coventry, or Stratford.

If our journey takes us away from these well-known spots, we travel along through wide-stretching pasture lands, where the white-faced Hereford cattle graze lazily, fattening themselves on the rich rank grass. They are kept from straying by enormous bull-finches — not birds, gentle reader, with glossy black heads and piping voices, but hawthorn hedgerows twelve or fourteen feet high and half a dozen feet through. As we read in that exquisite introductory chapter to "Felix Holt":

> "It was worth the journey only to see those hedgerows, the liberal homes of unmarketable beauty, of the purple-blossomed ruby-berried nightshade, of the wild convolvulus climbing and spreading in tendrilled strength till it made a great curtain of pale-green hearts and white trumpets; of the many-tubed honeysuckle which, in its most delicate fragrance, hid a charm more subtle and penetrating than beauty. Even if it were winter the hedgerows showed their coral, the scarlet haws, the deep crimson hips, with lingering brown leaves to make a resting-place for the jewels of the hoar-frost."

And so we climb one of the isolated hills which rise out of the central plain — the Folden — like church-crowned islands in a green sea. We rest in a quiet vicarage, and look out of the windows across the garden gay with flowers, over the great pastures dotted with sheep and cattle, down to the canal that makes a long bend round the spinney where a fox is always found, the silver water gleaming against the black-green foliage of the wood. And then the eye is carried away and away over endless interlacing lines of green tree-tops dividing the broad grass fields till they melt into one soft, harmonious, formless whole in the plain of Warwickshire, and the plain melts into the Malvern Hills, forty miles off, and the hills melt into the hazy sky.

It is a fair and peaceful scene as cloud-shadows flicker across the broad vale — one that you could find nowhere save in the heart "of what we are pleased to call Merry England." No wonder that Warwickshire is a little disposed to think itself the center of the universe. No wonder that its inhabitants are content to live on in it from one year's end to another, despite cold clay soils, piercing winds, and cloudy skies, not caring much what becomes of the rest of the world, provided they may go on in the same groove! A harmless failing, on which one looks leniently, for certainly it is a pleasant land, with kindly people in it.

Carping critics have said that our Warwickshire horizon is circumscribed — that the perpetual undulations of field and woodland preclude all breadth and distance in our views, that we have no water in the landscape, that our round-topped elms are monotonous, and last but not least, that we have no hills.

It is true that we have no hills, if by hills our critics mean mountains. It is true that in many parts of the county we cannot see beyond the big wood two or three miles ahead. But who can deny the beauty of those rich woods, remnants of the Forest of Arden — a beauty almost as great in winter as in summer? It is true we have no vast lakes

SOUTH FARM, ARBURY PARK — BIRTHPLACE OF GEORGE ELIOT.

A WARWICKSHIRE VILLAGE.

and few rivers. But if the Avon was enough for Shakspere, should not its tranquil windings between the golden willow-globes satisfy us, the common herd? Our elms are round-headed. But then what elms they are — great forest trees growing in every hedge-row, softening and enriching every line in the landscape with a delicious succession of curves. And where can one find a district so full of sweet repose alike to eye and mind as ours — a perfect type of solid, settled English comfort?

It is true we have nothing magnificent, sublime, or awful in our midlands. But what scenery could one find better calculated to encourage a contemplative, introspective spirit? If George Eliot had been born and bred among lofty mountains, or by the shore of the cliff-girt sea, should we ever have made acquaintance with "the inimitable party in the 'Rainbow' parlour" — or listened to Mrs. Poyser's quaint wisdom — or cried over the red slippers in Mr. Gilfil's locked-up room — or watched Tom and Maggie catching tench in the Round Pool? We might have had pictures as graphic — as acute — as truthful. We should have had what one critic calls her "breadth of touch." But I venture to think some of "the large-minded, equable spirit of contemplative thought" might have been wanting, had that great genius been trained in more exciting and grander surroundings.

As it is, the freshness, the sparkling brilliancy, the light touch of her earlier books seem to diminish in proportion as she drifts farther from the pure fresh influences and impressions of early country life. And as she is drawn more and more into the maelstrom of modern thought, and the great, hurrying, restless outside world, in those "future years when" — to use her own words — "Adam Bede and all that concerns it may have become a dim portion of the past," we see what one writer calls "the growing tendency to substitute elaborate analysis for direct representation." It is not my intention to venture upon any criticism of the writings of this great author. Far abler hands than mine have undertaken that task. My object is simply to point out what she has done for her own county; and how, as long as the name of George Eliot is remembered, "Loamshire" — its scenery, its people, its ways, its speech — will be identified with all that is noblest, purest, most wholesome, and most beautiful in her writings.

The phases of country life she represents so vividly, so truthfully, are rapidly becoming "a dim portion of the past." As the great factories of Coventry are sweeping away the hand-looms of "Milby," so are board-schools and certificated school-masters sweeping away the rough Warwickshire dialect. But are they not sweeping away more than mere quaintness of speech? It seems to me that among the younger generation we shall look long before we find a Dolly Winthrop, a Mrs. Poyser, a Bartle Massey. We are too hurried nowadays, in the struggle for life that drives us before it like a relentless fate, to venture to be original, or to cultivate that quiet, God-fear-

ing spirit which makes us content with what the English Church catechism calls "that station of life to which it shall please God to call us." Now every one must be as good as his neighbor, "and better too." And this too often leads men not upward to the mountain heights whence a clearer, nobler view is gained, but into the dead-level plain of a hard, sordid struggle after mere wealth, and vulgar envy of all whose success, or culture, or position is greater than their own.

A RIBBON-WEAVER.

Among the elder generation, thank God, some of the old spirit still exists. I know many a farmer's wife who, though proud of her position and at her ease with the finest lady in the land, is not ashamed to be found molding the golden butter with her own hands into half-pound pats for market, or to send savory pork pies and sausages of her own making to the rector's wife at pig-killing time,— when the village resounds with Piggy's dying wail, and small boys with round eyes full of anticipated joys, in the shape of "fry and trotters," indulge their love of the horrible by gloating over the "lovely carkiss." As you sit in one of those cozy farm-house parlors, with the old oak chairs in the chimney-corner, the bright geraniums in the window, that always grow so much better than any raised in a greenhouse, the cackle of geese, and cluck of hens outside scratching amongst the straw of the farm-yard, the low of the cows as they wander slowly into their hovel to be milked, the stamp of the great cart-horses stalking home from plow on the rich red fallows, with a small boy perched proudly on the leader's back — you feel as if you were just reading a living chapter of George Eliot.

You can fancy yourself in good Mrs. Hackit's farm at Shepperton, and imagine the joy of Dickey Barton, the "stocky boy," and "the enlargement of his experience," under her hospitable roof-tree.

"Every morning he was allowed — being well wrapt up as to his chest by Mrs. Hackit's own hands, but very bare and red as to his legs — to run loose in the cow and poultry yard, to persecute the turkey-cock by satirical imitations of his gobble-gobble, and to put difficult questions to the groom as to the reasons why horses had four legs, and other transcendental matters. Then Mr. Hackit would take Dickey up on horseback when he rode round his farm, and Mrs. Hackit had a large plum cake in cut, ready to meet incidental attacks of hunger." *(Amos Barton.)*

Strolling into the village wood-yard, we almost expect Adam Bede, with gray-headed Gyp at his heels, to come out of the workshop to meet us. And its master, a single-hearted, high-minded man as ever lived, has

a capacity for suffering in his square-jawed, "roughly-hewn" face, that makes us fancy he might bear and forbear as did his prototype in Hayslope eighty years ago.

One phase, however, of "Loamshire" life which is found in George Eliot's earlier works, has already vanished from Warwickshire. It was in the natural course of things that it should die out, and a very tender memorial has she raised to what has become a thing of the past forever. Such a man as Mr. Gilfil is an impossibility in this latter half of the nineteenth century. In out-of-the-way parts of our county he may have lingered as long as anywhere. But few corners even of Warwickshire are now deprived of their daily paper, or are ten miles from a telegraph office. And where newspapers and telegrams can penetrate, there Mr. Gilfil, or Mr. Irwine, or even old Mr. Crewe in the brown Brutus wig, cannot long exist. They were a part, and not a wholly desirable part, of the old order of things. They are gone to their rest, and let us leave them in peace. But they did their work in their day; and one can afford now to think with a smile and a sigh of the dear old vicar and

"his large heap of short sermons rather yellow and worn at the edges, from which he took two every Sunday, securing perfect impartiality by taking them as they came, without reference to topics; and having preached one of these sermons at Shepperton in the morning, he mounted his horse and rode hastily with the other to Knebley, where he officiated in a wonderful little church, . . . with coats of arms in clusters on the lofty roof . . . and the twelve apostles, with their heads very much on one side, holding didactic ribbons, painted in fresco on the walls. . . . Here, in absence of mind to which he was prone, Mr. Gilfil would sometimes forget to take off his spurs before putting on his surplice, and only become aware of the omission by feeling something mysteriously pulling at the skirts of that garment as he stepped into the reading-desk."

Yes! this sort of thing cannot exist nowadays, and one hears people say, "Wretched old pluralist! I cannot take any interest in a man who could lead such a low life—with his gin and water, and his talk like a common farmer."

Ah! be merciful, and be just. Look a little closer at the picture, and you will see that "his slipshod chat and homely manners were but like the weather-stains on a fine old block of marble, allowing you still to see here and there the fineness of the grain and the delicacy of the original tint." For Mr. Gilfil was a gentleman born and bred, as well as a good man and true; and it was only in his later years that the weather-stains of sorrow and solitude partially obscured the fair surface of the marble. But his people—as are all English country folk—were quick to recognize that the Vicar was their superior in birth and breeding. When Mr. Gilfil died, thirty years ago, there was "general sorrow in Shepperton." So his love-story begins—and there is the key-note of the whole picture. Whatever were his failings and shortcomings, he made his people not only love but respect him. Little Corduroys and Bessie Parrot, the flaxen-haired two-shoes, have

"a well-founded belief in the advantages of diving into the Vicar's pocket. Mr. Gilfil called it his wonderful pocket, because, as he delighted to tell the 'young shavers' and 'two-shoes,'— so he called all little boys and girls,— whenever he put pennies into it, they turned into sugar-plums or gingerbread or some other nice thing. . . . The farmers relished his society particularly, for he could not only smoke his pipe, and season the details of parish affairs with abundance of caustic jokes and proverbs, but, as Mr. Bond often said, no man knew more than the Vicar about the breed of cows and horses. . . . To hear him discussing the respective merits of the Devonshire breed and the short-horns, or the last foolish decision of the magistrates about a pauper, a superficial observer might have seen little difference, beyond his superior shrewdness, between the Vicar and his bucolic parishioners; for it was his habit to approximate his accent and mode of speech to theirs, doubtless because he thought it a mere frustration of the purposes of language to talk of 'shear-hogs' and 'ewes' to men who habitually said 'sharrags' and 'yowes.' Nevertheless, the farmers were perfectly aware of the distinction between them and the parson, and had not at all the less belief in him as a gentleman and a clergyman for his easy speech and familiar manners. . . . And in the most gossiping colloquies with Mr. Gilfil you might have observed that both men and women 'minded their words,' and never became indifferent to his approbation." *(Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story.)*

We may be glad that the reality is gone from among us. Yet surely we may look with kindly interest on the figure so tenderly drawn by the light and skillful hand of the great artist,—a part of those unrivaled *genre* pictures which we owe to the genius of George Eliot.

Let us now turn from her books to Warwickshire itself again, and see what were the early influences and surroundings from which our great authoress gained so deep an insight into country life.

Most travelers by the Scotch express only know Nuneaton merely as a stopping-place where, for an exorbitant sum, a cup of scalding and almost undrinkable tea or coffee, and other less hot and more potent refreshments, may be obtained. If business or pleasure led them outside the limits of the station, they would find

"a dingy town, surrounded by flat fields, lopped elms, and sprawling manufacturing villages, which crept on with their weaving-shops, till they threatened to graft themselves on the town."

That any business of importance could be conducted in the sleepy market-place seems beyond belief. Orchards appear unexpectedly in what one supposes to be the heart of the town; and nearly every street ends in a vista of green fields through which a tiny river crawls sluggishly, having caught the general

ASTLEY CHURCH, "THE LANTERN OF ARDEN," DESCRIBED IN "MR. GILFIL'S LOVE-STORY."

tone of slowness that pervades the whole place. The grand old church, with its magnificent carved oak roof, and the pleasant rectory beside it, stand aloof in dignified seclusion at the end of Church street. Even the "hands" from the great factories, whose rows of wide windows and tall, red-brick chimneys look modern and business-like enough, have little of the dash and vigor of northern factory girls, and move quietly along the street with their red-checked shawls drawn over their heads.

Yet this dingy little town has become immortal! For it is none other than the "Milby," whose history, social, political, and theological, all readers of the "Scenes of Clerical Life" know as well as if they had lived in one of those quiet streets for years. In the great church old Mr. Crewe, the curate, preached his "inaudible sermons"; and at the parsonage hard by, Janet Dempster helped his wife to prepare the famous collation for the Bishop. Half-way up Church street — the Orchard street of the book — stands the house, its door and windows now painted white instead of green, out of which poor Janet was thrust by her drunken husband into the cold night. A few yards below we may see the passage up an archway which led to good Mrs. Pettifer's, where she took refuge. The Bull Inn in the Bridge Way is supposed to be the original of the "Red Lion," where we are introduced to Mr. Dempster "mixing his third glass of brandy and water." And if we follow the street westwards we find ourselves at Stockingford, "a dismal district where you hear the rattle of the hand-loom, and breathe the smoke of coal-pits" — the "Paddiford Common" where Mr. Tryon worked himself to death.

About a mile from the market-place, along a scrambling street of small red-brick houses, broken up here and there by a railway bridge, or an orchard that in May glorifies the town with a cloud of white and pink blossoms, stands Chilvers Coton Church. Here we can easily recognize the substantial stone tower of "Shepperton Church, which looks at you through its intelligent eye, the clock." "The little flight of steps with their wooden rail running up the outer wall and leading to the school-children's gallery" is still intact. The school-children were sliding down the wooden rail when we saw it, as did their parents before them, to the no small detriment of their best clothes. For "Shepperton" when we visited

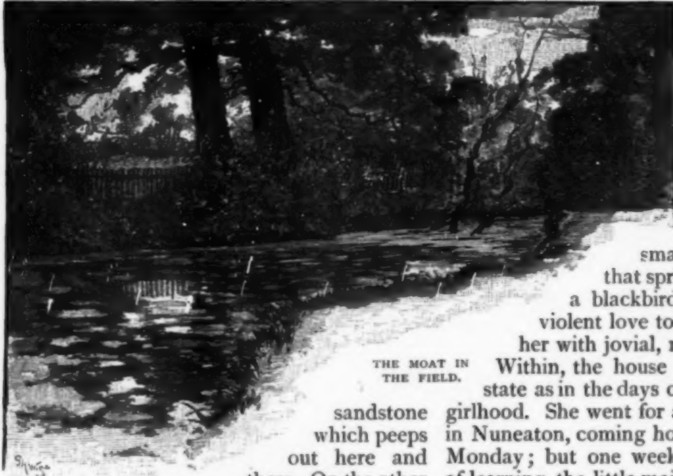
CHILVERS COTON CHURCH. THE STAIR TO THE CHILDREN'S GALLERY.

GRIFF HOUSE.

it was "*en fête*." The singing-gallery with its inscriptions had gone the way of such structures; and a goodly congregation was streaming from all the neighborhood to witness the opening of a fine new organ — successor to that one, "not very much out of repair," which in its time had played the requiem of the bassoon and key-bugles of earlier days. The escutcheons still adorn the chancel walls, with "their blood-red hands, their death-heads and cross-bones, their leopard's paws and Maltese crosses." But all traces of the high pews, in which little Mary Anne Evans had to be bribed into quietness by slices of bread and butter, have vanished. In the quiet churchyard outside, one is shown poor "Milly's" grave. Over the wall stands the pretty parsonage where Mr. Gilfil sat in his solitary parlor with its horsehair-covered chairs, with his old setter Ponto. And one can fancy Martha once a quarter, drawing aside the blinds and thick curtains of the oriel-window that overhangs the garden, and letting light and air into "the locked-up chamber in Mr. Gilfil's house."

It was in a hamlet of Chilvers Coton, a green and rural oasis between the looms and factories of Nuneaton and the coal-pits of Bedworth, that "George Eliot" was born. Her father, Mr. Evans, the well-known and highly respected land-agent, moved just before her birth from Staffordshire to South Farm, and six months after to Griff House, in which his son, Mr. Isaac Evans, now lives.

The road to Griff from Chilvers Coton leads up a long hill, over the railroad which has worked such magic changes in "Milby" and its neighborhood since the days of Mr. Gilfil. By the time the crest of the hill is reached, one forgets that looms exist, or that tall chimneys, belching forth evil black smoke, lie within a couple of miles. It is absolute country. Down in the hollow — "Griff Hollows" — made by the unused workings of an old stone quarry, stands an ancient house, now used as Mr. Evans's dairy beside the canal. The gentle cows press round the milking-shed, while an old turkey-gobbler struts with stiffly drooping wings and tail outspread among the humbler barn-door fowls, who seem quite unmoved by his impotent rage. On one side soft green turf and golden furze have half clothed the rugged red


THE MOAT IN THE FIELD.

sandstone which peeps out here and there. On the other the walls of the quarry are crowned with a thick wood, beyond the canal where little Mary Anne and her brother wandered with rod and line, and watched

> "The wide-arched bridge, the scented elder-flowers,
> The wondrous watery rings that died too soon,
> The echoes of the quarry, the still hours
> With white robe sweeping on the shadeless noon."
> (*Brother and Sister.* Poems.)

The road ascends through a deep cutting overhung by trees which cling to the rocky bank wherever they can find roothold, while festoons of ivy catch every ray of sunlight on their glossy leaves. Past the wood, green fields stretch away on the right of the road; and beyond them, through the branches of fir, elm, oak, and birch trees, a glint of red brick tells us we have reached our goal, for there stands Griff House. The gardener runs out from his cottage across the road, opens the gate of the drive, and in a few moments we turn round a magnificent yew-tree and stop at the front door.

It is a pleasant, substantial house, built of warm red brick, with old-fashioned, small-paned casement windows. The walls are almost hidden by creepers, a glorious old pear-tree, roses and jessamine, and over one end a tangle of luxuriant ivy. Across the smooth green lawn and its flower-beds an old stone vase covered with golden lichen made a point of color beneath the silver stems of a great birch-tree. Outside the light iron fence a group of sheep were bleating below a gnarled and twisted oak. Behind them rose the rich purple-brown wood we had come through, and beyond the wood we caught glimpses of far-away blue distance, swelling uplands and wide-stretching valleys, with here and there a huge chimney sending up a column of black smoke or white puff of steam. On the house-roof pigeons were cooing forth their satisfaction at the sunshine. From the yew-tree close by, a concert of small chirping voices told that spring was coming, while a blackbird in the bushes made violent love to his mate, and wooed her with jovial, rollicking song.

Within, the house is much in the same state as in the days of Mary Anne Evans's girlhood. She went for a short time to school in Nuneaton, coming home from Saturday till Monday; but one week, in spite of her love of learning, the little maiden's heart failed her, and when the time came to start for school she had disappeared. After hours of search she was at last discovered hiding under the great four-post mahogany bed, which was shown us in its original place in the spare room. Upstairs in the roof is a large attic store-room, through which runs the main chimney-stack of the house; and any one who remembers Maggie Tulliver will easily recognize this as the favorite retreat where she revenged herself on the much-enduring fetich,

> "grinding and beating the wooden head against the rough brick of the great chimneys that made two square pillows supporting the roof." (*Mill on the Floss.*)

The gardens, the fields, every spot seems familiar to one from some exquisite and tender touch scattered here and there throughout the writings of our great Warwickshire

CORNER OF GRIFF HOUSE.

novelist. Thanks to the exceeding kindness of the family, we were allowed to walk

"Across the homestead to the rookery elms,
Whose tall old trunks had each a grassy mound;
So rich for us, we counted them as realms
With varied products: here were earth-nuts found,

"And here the Lady-fingers in deep shade;
Here sloping toward the Moat the rushes grew,
The large to split for pith, the small to braid;
While over all the dark rooks cawing flew."

THE CANAL NEAR GRIFF HOUSE.

There were the elms, black with a parliament of rooks intent on building questions; and beneath them each year the earth-nuts still show their fernlike leaves.

The moat with its rushes, bounding one end of the field, formed part of the moat of Sudely Castle, which Cromwell razed to the ground with his cannon planted in the "Battery Field" the other side of The Hollow.

"Then came the copse where wild things rushed unseen,
And black-scathed grass betrayed the past abode
Of mystic gypsies, who still lurked between
Me and each hidden distance of the road."

Down the meadow-path in Griff Hollows, along the "brown canal,"

"Slowly the barges floated into view,
Rounding a grassy hill to me sublime."

And beyond the Hollows, on a green ridge, stands "The College"—the workhouse to which poor Amos Barton "walked forth in cape and boa, with the sleet driving in his face."

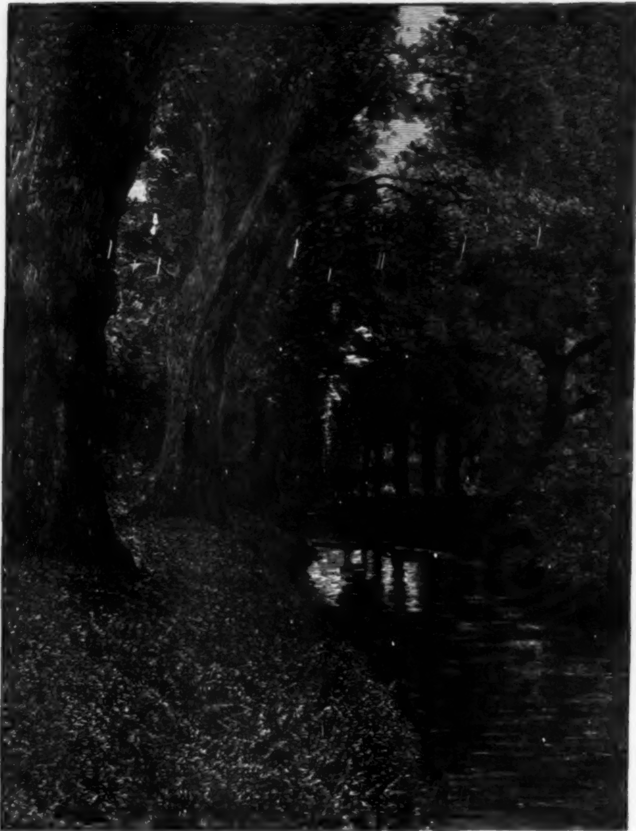
We wandered back across the rolling grass-clad ridge and furrows of the homestead—through a tiny paddock where three new-born lambs were bleating beside their mothers, and plump, glossy fowls bustled to and fro to the sweet, old-fashioned kitchen garden. A long nut-tree walk runs its whole length, ending in an old arbor, which with its stone table recalls to one's mind the summer-house at Lowick, where Dorothea found Mr. Casaubon sleeping his last sleep. The stone dial of little Mary Anne's childish days still stands on the grass plat, and from a couple of blocks of stone in one corner we looked over the tall, closely clipped garden hedge to the Arbury woods, a mile or two away, where little black-eyed Caterina found Anthony Wybrow lying dead in the rookery of "Cheverell Manor."

A pleasant garden truly at all seasons of the year, with its huge apple and pear trees from which we can picture the brother plucking

"The fruit that hung on high beyond my reach."

Even in that chill time, when winter has scarcely made up its mind to leave our cold midland counties, the snowdrops lift their heads as a hint it cannot stay much longer. There is a band of them a foot wide and some thirty paces long all the way up the nut-walk—tightly packed together as if they had not been disturbed for half a century. It would not be possible to find anything like these Griff snowdrops save in "one of those old-fashioned paradises which hardly exist any longer except as memories of our childhood."

It was in early spring that we first made acquaintance with George Eliot's home, but the apple-trees had budded and blossomed, and summer had put on all its glory of green leaves and sweet flowers, ere we found our way to "Cheverell Manor."



LIME AVENUE, WHERE ANTHONY WAS FOUND DEAD.

The gates of Arbury Park are only a quarter of a mile from Griff House; and as we drove through the fragrant woods, with a flash of sunshine lighting up feathery birch or sturdy oak, and penetrating into the dark hiding-places of spruce or pine boughs, we conjured up, with the help of our kind guides, visions of the grave little maiden roaming through thèse very plantations, and storing her busy brain with a thousand impressions which neither bricks and mortar, men, nor books in after life should be able to dim. The deer, feeding beside the lazy cows, scarcely moved as we drove through the herd beneath groups of stately trees in the park; and presently we came in full view of Cheverell Manor,

"the castellated house of grey-tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows, and a great beech leaning athwart one of the flanking towers, and breaking, with its dark flattened boughs, the too formal symmetry of the front; the broad gravel-walk winding on the right, by a row of tall pines, alongside the pool — on the left branching out among swelling grassy mounds, surmounted by clumps of trees, where the red trunk of the Scotch fir glows in the descending sunlight against the bright green of limes and acacias; the great pool, where a pair of swans are swimming lazily with one leg tucked under a wing, and where the open water-lilies lie calmly accepting the kisses of the fluttering light-sparkles; the lawn, with its smooth emerald greenness, sloping down to the rougher and browner herbage of the park, from which it is invisibly fenced by a little stream that winds away from the pool, and disappears under a wooden bridge in the distant pleasure-ground."

It was all there, just as our great authoress had painted it with loving, lingering touch; and when we reached the house and, leaving the carriage, made our way with Mr. Bates's successor down to the garden, we half expected to see Lady Cheverell and Caterina carrying their cushions and embroidery across the swelling lawn, while the three gentlemen

ARBOR IN THE GARDEN.

sipped their claret within "the great Gothic windows of the dining-room."

To make the illusion more complete, a thunder-storm which had been gathering from all quarters of the heavens now approached with ominous growls and glitterings of lightning; and as the first drops of rain began to fall, we hurried down to "Mr. Bates's" cottage, under the same trees from which a smart shower fell on poor little Caterina when she ran down to Mosslands to find comfort in the companionship of the good old gardener. His successor, Mr. White, the courteous head-gardener of Arbury, gave us shelter from the storm. When the rain had abated, and he led us back over

"the pretty arched wooden bridge which formed the only entrance to Mosslands for any but webbed feet, the sun had mastered the clouds and was shining through the boughs of the tall elms that made a deep nest for the gardener's cottage—turning the rain-drops into diamonds."

A lovelier effect I have seldom seen than as we looked up a noble avenue of limes from the little bridge, on either side of the smooth waterway, which was all flecked with light and shade from the overarching trees, and broken into a thousand golden lines by the drops that fell from the tender green leaves.

We made our way along the well-kept paths through the rookery,—now, alas! deserted by its cawing tenants,—and Mr. White led us to a long grave-shaped green bed covered with ferns, which marks, so says tradition, the spot where Caterina saw something "lying among the dank leaves on the path three yards before her"; and forgetting her deadly purpose, and sinking on her knees beside it, she cried:

"Anthony, Anthony! speak to me—it is Tina—speak to me! Oh God, he is dead!"

It may be that no Anthony ever lay there dead; that no Caterina ever broke her tender heart for the heartless, worthless fellow. But so living are those creations of George Eliot's brain, that none of us could stand quite unmoved beside the green bed; and it was a relief to escape from the spot and come out of the damp shade into a blaze of sunshine and azalea-flowers in the American garden hard by, while the thunder muttered away in the distance.

Such was the early home and such the surroundings of George Eliot's girlhood. No wonder that in after years the memory of that sweet country life surged up amid the feverish work of the great world; and that she reverted to those scenes of her childhood with a fresh-

ARBURY HALL (CHEVERELL MANOR).

ness and indescribable tenderness which give a peculiar charm to the descriptive touches in her later books.

What a change, one would think, from that tranquil homestead of Griff to the close neighborhood of Coventry. Yet when at nineteen the change took place, it was a welcome one. Quiet country life could no longer satisfy the intellect that had developed itself unaided—almost unnoticed. She needed and craved for a wider sphere; and at last it came.

If you go through the quaint old city of Coventry, with its glorious spires, its "Peeping Tom," its huge factories, its narrow, irregular streets of timbered houses, you reach at last the road leading to the village of Foleshill, a mile or so outside the limits of the borough. Dirty coal-wharves and smoke-grimed houses, last remnants of the town, gradually give place to scattered cottages, dropped here and there among fields and hedge-rows, smoke-grimed too, but still green in summer. Then on the right comes a little brook with a pathway through some posts beside it. Three tall poplars in a garden fence overshadow it; and, through the trees behind, you catch a glimpse of two unpretending brown-stone, semi-detached houses, regular suburban villas, with the same carriage-drive winding up among the trees to each, the same grass-lawn with its beds of evergreens, the same little strips of garden at the back,—a mournful attempt to combine town and country; as uninspiring a spot as one can well conceive. To the first of these houses in 1841 came Mr. Evans, when he left Griff; and with him his grave, soft-voiced daughter, Mary Anne, or, as she now called herself, Marian.

"How often have I seen that pale, thoughtful face wandering along the path by the little stream," said one of her early friends, as we turned into the gate.

Her coming created quite a little sensation. "How pleasant to have that nice, clever Miss Evans among us," was the feeling of some of the neighbors; for even then she was known as a girl of remarkable power. But to her the change of residence was new life. Here for the first time she found herself within reach of the culture she had so passionately longed for, and longed for in vain, in the old home at Griff. Here her real education began. She perfected her knowledge of Latin and Greek by lessons from the Rev. T. Sheepshanks, then head-master of the Coventry Grammar School. From Signor Brezzi she took lessons in French, German, and Italian; and soon knew so much as to lead her teacher, he said, in the two former languages. Hebrew she taught herself unaided. Music lessons she also took from the organist of St. Michael's at Coventry, although, as a critic says, who knew and loved her well, "it was her own fine musical taste which made her in after years an exquisite pianoforte player." Even as a girl she had been devoted to music; and an old farmer who married a relation of her mother's recalls with pride the fine times he had when "Mary Anne" accompanied his fiddle.

But here at Foleshill, more precious than all the Latin and Greek, French and German, sprang up a friendship which gave her the sympathy she had hitherto looked for in vain. When Marian Evans first entered Mr. Charles Bray's house, Rosehill, she found herself in an atmosphere of culture and liberal thought which at last satisfied the craving of her spirit, impatient of the narrow evangelicalism in which she had been bred. "In his family," to quote the same authority, "she found sympathy with her ardent love of knowledge, and with the more enlightened views that had begun to supplant those under which (as she described it) her spirit had been grievously burdened."

How perfectly could one realize the whole picture as loving lips described it. The walks across the fields, a short cut from Foleshill to Rosehill, now partially destroyed by railway and building lots, meeting half-way the quiet young lady in her bonnet and shawl and long dark ringlets; the gentle chiding for her extravagance in coming over the fields in silk stockings and thin shoes; the talks on the stile, her humor bubbling forth in that loving and genial companionship, grave and shy as she appeared at home and among strangers; or the walk up to Rosehill to meet on the bearskin, spread under the great acacia-tree, where men of mark gathered together to discuss all things in heaven and earth. If that bearskin could speak, what words of wit and wisdom might it not have repeated from Emerson, George Coombe, Robert Mackay, Thackeray, Herbert Spencer, and many more, who all

> "listened with marked attention when one gentle woman's voice was heard to utter what they were quite sure was well matured before the lips were opened. Few if any could feel themselves her superior in general intelligence, and it was amusing one day to see the amazement of a certain Dr. L., who, venturing on a quotation from Epictetus to an unassuming young lady, was, with modest politeness, corrected in his Greek by his feminine auditor. One rare characteristic belonged to her, which gave a peculiar charm to her conversation. She had no petty egotism, no spirit of contradiction; she never talked for effect. A happy thought well expressed filled her with delight; in a moment she would seize the point and improve upon it, so that common people began to feel themselves wise in her presence, and perhaps years after she would remind them, to their pride and surprise, of the good things they had said."

The brown house is now much altered and enlarged; but its counterpart over the stone

balustrade is untouched and shows exactly what it was in Mr. Evans's day. Yet though the modest house has grown sideways and lengthways, the main building remains intact, and one is glad to know that its present occupants reverence the memory of those days of toil and thought. Mr. Evans's office is the only room which has been swallowed up by the new additions. It was close to the entrance, and in it his Saturday afternoons were spent, making up the accounts of his week's work. This fact was a source of some alarm to his daughter's young visitor, who told me he would often open the front door himself if she chanced to come on the last day of the week. His gruff welcome of "Come to see Mary Anne?" though kindly meant, never failed to make her quake in her shoes, from its grave, severe tone.

To the left were the dining-room and drawing-room, now thrown into one. In the former, over the sideboard, hung a print from Wilkie's famous picture of the "Distraint for Rent," a significant hint for a land-agent's house. In the little drawing-room Miss Evans sat in the corner by the fire to receive her visitors—the fire which she never allowed a maid to replenish. She always had a man-servant in to do it, for she could not bear, she said, to see a woman putting on coals.

Upstairs I was taken into a tiny room over the front door, with a plain square window. This was George Eliot's little study. Here to the left on entering was her desk; and upon a bracket, in the corner between it and the window, stood an exquisite statuette of Christ, looking towards her. Here she lived among her books, which covered the walls. Here she worked with ardor in the new fields of thought which her friendship with the Brays opened to her. And here, at the instigation of Mrs. Bray's brother, the late Charles Hennell, author of the "Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity," she undertook the translation of Strauss's "Leben Jesu." It was a tremendous task for a girl of twenty-five.

"The labor of rendering Strauss's masterpiece into clear, idiomatic English was by no means light, and her intimate friends of that time well remember the strain it entailed upon her,"

says the friend whom I have quoted before. But in scarcely more than a year the work was done. In 1846 the "Life of Jesus" appeared, and Strauss himself complimented the translator on her perfect success.

Out of the study opened her bedroom, looking over the little villa garden with its carriage-drive under the shady trees. But three of these trees remain—a weeping-lime, a venerable acacia, with the silvery sheen of a birch between them. In old days there were many more—so many, indeed, as to render the house gloomy in the extreme. But they served to shut off all sight of the noisy road thirty yards away, though they could not shut off the sound of the busy coal-wharf farther on, whence foul and cruel words to horse and fellow-man floated up through the still summer air, and jarred painfully on that highly strung organization, as Miss Evans sat plunged in thought and work beside her window. It was one of the penalties of a nearer approach to the civilization she had so ardently longed for in her old country life at Griff. From the study you look on the exquisite spires of Coventry, or through the tree-stems on gently swelling fields with their row of hedge-row elms against the sky. It is not a locality to kindle much enthusiasm for nature or anything else. But depend upon it, that penetrating eye and mind saw more in these uninteresting surroundings than many of the vulgar herd could see in Alps or the "eternal city" itself. Who can forget the tender poetry she manages to find in the "dreary prose" of Milby? how she tells us the sweet spring came there, notwithstanding its smoke and weaving-shops?

"The elm-tops were red with buds; the church-yard was starred with daisies; the lark showered his love-music on the flat fields; the rainbows hung over the dingy town, clothing the very roofs and chimneys in a strange, transfiguring beauty. And so it was with the human life there, which at first seemed a dismal mixture of griping worldliness, vanity, ostrich feathers, and the fumes of brandy; looking closer, you found some purity, gentleness, and unselfishness, as you may have observed a scented geranium giving forth its wholesome odors amidst blasphemy and gin in a noisy pot-house."

Next to her own bedroom came her father's—the largest room in the house. And as we opened the door, all thought of the famous author seemed to be lost in the memory of the devoted daughter; for—as her friend said with loving pride—"she was the most devoted daughter for those nine years that it is possible to imagine." Her father always spent three days in the week away from home; and those three days were Miss Evans's holidays, given up to her work and her friends. But on the evenings he was at home, not the most tempting invitation in the world would induce her to leave him.

"If I am to keep my father's house, I am going to do it thoroughly," she would say. And thoroughly she did try to do her duty, even to the matter of cooking on certain occasions. A friend recalls a visit one afternoon, when she found Marian in comical distress over her failures. The cook was ill, and Miss Evans undertook to manufacture a batter-pudding. "And when it came to table, it broke. To think that the mistress could not even make a batter-pudding!"

NUNEATON.

Trying years those must have been, when duty and inclination drew her in directly opposite directions; and the strong soul was worn and chafed by this perpetual struggle. Her friends felt this for her, and rejoiced when one year she set off with Mr. and Mrs. Bray for a little tour in the west of Scotland. But even this holiday was doomed to be cut short; for the day after she started, her father slipped in getting into bed and broke his leg. Great were the lamentations at Marian's absence—"and to think we cannot even telegraph for her—and that no letter can reach her!" Her friends who knew how she needed rest and change were secretly glad, and blessed the tardy posts and want of telegraphic communication. But when at last the news reached her, she returned instantly, and devoted herself to her father with redoubled zeal.

"I can see her trunk open all ready packed to start for St. Leonards in 1849, and how she hated to go, poor dear," her friend said, as we stood in the little bedroom. This was soon before her father's death, which took place at St. Leonards after two or three months of severe and trying illness—a terrible strain on his daughter, who never left his side. But when the end at last came her grief was unbounded, and she would have given worlds to have him back again. During a tour on the continent she made after her father's death with her friends the Brays, she could take but little pleasure in anything, so deep was her sense of loss.

She spent some months at Geneva after Mr. and Mrs. Bray's return to England, and then came back to be an inmate of their home at Rosehill for twelve months. This year was the last she spent in her native county. In 1851 she went to London to help Dr. Chapman in the work of the "Westminster Review," and except for short visits Warwickshire saw her no more.

Though far away, all her novels show how ever-present in her mind was the midland scenery in which her youth had been passed. And what has she not done for us, the dwellers in "Loamshire"? Well might she take the lines from Drayton's "Polyolbion" as the motto for one of her books:

"Upon the midlands now the industrious muse doth fall,
The shires which we the heart of England well may call.

. . . . .

"My native country thou, which so brave spirits hast bred,
If there be virtues yet remaining in the earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine own, whilst now I sing of thee,
Of all thy later brood the unworthiest though I be."

Our castles—our parks—were historical. Now our farm-houses—our "Rainbows"—our very cottages—have become immortal through the genius of George Eliot.

Rose G. Kingsley.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

XXII.

THE morning postman brought Mrs. Lapham a letter from Irene, which was chiefly significant because it made no reference whatever to the writer or her state of mind. It gave the news of her uncle's family; it told of their kindness to her; her cousin Will was going to take her and his sisters ice-boating on the river, when it froze.

By the time this letter came, Lapham had gone to his business, and the mother carried it to Penelope to talk over. "What do you make out of it?" she asked; and without waiting to be answered, she said, "I don't know as I believe in cousins marrying, a great deal; but if Irene and Will were to fix it up between 'em—" She looked vaguely at Penelope.

"It wouldn't make any difference as far as I was concerned," replied the girl, listlessly.

Mrs. Lapham lost her patience.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what, Penelope!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps it'll make a difference to you if you know that your father's in *real* trouble. He's harassed to death, and he was awake half the night, talking about it. That abominable old Rogers has got a lot of money away from him; and he's lost by others that he's helped,"—Mrs. Lapham put it in this way because she had no time to be explicit,—"and I want you should come out of your room now, and try to be of some help and comfort to him when he comes home to-night. I guess Irene wouldn't mope round much, if she was here," she could not help adding.

The girl lifted herself on her elbow. "What's that you say about father?" she demanded, eagerly. "Is he in trouble? Is he going to lose his money? Shall we have to stay in this house?"

"We may be very *glad* to stay in this house," said Mrs. Lapham, half angry with herself for having given cause for the girl's conjectures, and half with the habit of prosperity in her child, which could conceive no better of what adversity was. "And I want you should get up and show that you've got some feeling for somebody in the world besides yourself."

"Oh, I'll get *up!*" said the girl, promptly, almost cheerfully.

"I don't say it's as bad now as it looked a little while ago," said her mother, conscientiously hedging a little from the statement which she had based rather upon her feelings than her facts. "Your father thinks he'll pull through all right, and I don't know but what he will. But I want you should see if you can't do something to cheer him up and keep him from getting so perfectly down-hearted as he seems to get, under the load he's got to carry. And stop thinking about yourself awhile, and behave yourself like a sensible girl."

"Yes, yes," said the girl; "I will. You needn't be troubled about me any more."

Before she left her room she wrote a note, and when she came down she was dressed to go out-of-doors and post it herself. The note was to Corey:

"Do not come to see me any more till you hear from me. I have a reason which I cannot give you now; and you must not ask what it is."

All day she went about in a buoyant desperation, and she came down to meet her father at supper.

"Well, Persis," he said scornfully, as he sat down, "we might as well saved our good resolutions till they were wanted. I guess those English parties have gone back on Rogers."

"Do you mean he didn't come?"

"He hadn't come up to half-past five," said Lapham.

"Tchk!" uttered his wife.

"But I guess I shall pull through without Mr. Rogers," continued Lapham. "A firm that I didn't think *could* weather it is still afloat, and so far forth as the danger goes of being dragged under with it, I'm all right." Penelope came in. "Hello, Pen!" cried her father. "It ain't often I meet *you* nowadays." He put up his hand as she passed his chair, and pulled her down and kissed her.

"No," she said; "but I thought I'd come

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down to-night and cheer you up a little. I shall not talk; the sight of me will be enough."

Her father laughed out. "Mother been telling you? Well, I *was* pretty blue last night; but I guess I was more scared than hurt. How'd you like to go to the theater to-night? Sellers at the Park. Heigh?"

"Well, I don't know. Don't you think they could get along without me there?"

"No; couldn't work it at all," cried the Colonel. "Let's all go. Unless," he added, inquiringly, "there's somebody coming here?"

"There's nobody coming," said Penelope.

"Good! Then we'll go. Mother, don't you be late now."

"Oh, *I* sha'n't keep you waiting," said Mrs. Lapham. She had thought of telling what a cheerful letter she had got from Irene; but upon the whole it seemed better not to speak of Irene at all just then. After they returned from the theater, where the Colonel roared through the comedy, with continual reference of his pleasure to Penelope, to make sure that she was enjoying it too, his wife said, as if the whole affair had been for the girl's distraction rather than his, "I don't believe but what it's going to come out all right about the children;" and then she told him of the letter, and the hopes she had founded upon it.

"Well, perhaps you're right, Persis," he consented.

"I haven't seen Pen so much like herself since it happened. I declare, when I see the way she came out to-night, just to please you, I don't know as I want you should get over all your troubles right away."

"I guess there'll be enough to keep Pen going for a while yet," said the Colonel, winding up his watch.

But for a time there was a relief, which Walker noted, in the atmosphere at the office, and then came another cold wave, slighter than the first, but distinctly felt there, and succeeded by another relief. It was like the winter which was wearing on to the end of the year, with alternations of freezing weather, and mild days stretching to weeks, in which the snow and ice wholly disappeared. It was none the less winter, and none the less harassing for these fluctuations, and Lapham showed in his face and temper the effect of like fluctuations in his affairs. He grew thin and old, and both at home and at his office he was irascible to the point of offense. In these days Penelope shared with her mother the burden of their troubled home, and united with her in supporting the silence or the petulance of the gloomy, secret man who replaced the presence of jolly prosperity there. Lapham had now ceased to talk of his troubles, and savagely resented his wife's interference. "You mind your own business, Persis," he said one day, "if you've got any;" and after that she left him mainly to Penelope, who did not think of asking him questions.

"It's pretty hard on you, Pen," she said.

"That makes it easier for me," returned the girl, who did not otherwise refer to her own trouble. In her heart she had wondered a little at the absolute obedience of Corey, who had made no sign since receiving her note. She would have liked to ask her father if Corey was sick; she would have liked him to ask her why Corey did not come any more. Her mother went on:

"I don't believe your father knows *where* he stands. He works away at those papers he brings home here at night, as if he didn't half know what he was about. He always did have that close streak in him, and I don't suppose but what he's been going into things he don't want anybody else to know about, and he's kept these accounts of his own."

Sometimes he gave Penelope figures to work at, which he would not submit to his wife's nimbler arithmetic. Then she went to bed and left them sitting up till midnight, struggling with problems in which they were both weak. But she could see that the girl was a comfort to her father, and that his troubles were a defense and shelter to her. Some nights she could hear them going out together, and then she lay awake for their return from their long walk. When the hour or day of respite came again, the home felt it first. Lapham wanted to know what the news from Irene was; he joined his wife in all her cheerful speculations, and tried to make her amends for his sullen reticence and irritability. Irene was staying on at Dubuque. There came a letter from her, saying that her uncle's people wanted her to spend the winter there. "Well, let her," said Lapham. "It'll be the best thing for her." Lapham himself had letters from his brother at frequent intervals. His brother was watching the G. L. & P., which as yet had made no offer for the mills. Once, when one of these letters came, he submitted to his wife whether, in the absence of any positive information that the road wanted the property, he might not, with a good conscience, dispose of it to the best advantage to anybody who came along.

She looked wistfully at him; it was on the rise from a season of deep depression with him. "No, Si," she said; "I don't see how you could do that."

He did not assent and submit, as he had done at first, but began to rail at the unpracticality of women; and then he shut some

papers he had been looking over into his desk, and flung out of the room.

One of the papers had slipped through the crevice of the lid, and lay upon the floor. Mrs. Lapham kept on at her sewing, but after a while she picked the paper up to lay it on the desk. Then she glanced at it, and saw that it was a long column of dates and figures, recording successive sums, never large ones, paid regularly to "Wm. M." The dates covered a year, and the sum amounted at least to several hundreds.

Mrs. Lapham laid the paper down on the desk, and then she took it up again and put it into her work-basket, meaning to give it to him. When he came in she saw him looking absent-mindedly about for something, and then going to work upon his papers, apparently without it. She thought she would wait till he missed it definitely, and then give him the scrap she had picked up. It lay in her basket, and after some days it found its way under the work in it, and she forgot it.

XXIII.

Since New Year's there had scarcely been a mild day, and the streets were full of snow, growing foul under the city feet and hoofs, and renewing its purity from the skies with repeated falls, which in turn lost their whiteness, beaten down, and beaten black and hard into a solid bed like iron. The sleighing was incomparable, and the air was full of the din of bells; but Lapham's turnout was not of those that thronged the Brighton road every afternoon; the man at the livery-stable sent him word that the mare's legs were swelling.

He and Corey had little to do with each other. He did not know how Penelope had arranged it with Corey; his wife said she knew no more than he did, and he did not like to ask the girl herself, especially as Corey no longer came to the house. He saw that she was cheerfuller than she had been, and helpfuller with him and her mother. Now and then Lapham opened his troubled soul to her a little, letting his thought break into speech without preamble or conclusion. Once he said:

"Pen, I presume you know I'm in trouble."

"We all seem to be there," said the girl.

"Yes, but there's a difference between being there by your own fault and being there by somebody else's."

"I don't call it his fault," she said.

"I call it mine," said the Colonel.

The girl laughed. Her thought was of her own care, and her father's wholly of his. She must come to his ground. "What have you been doing wrong?"

"I don't know as you'd call it wrong. It's what people do all the time. But I wish I'd let stocks alone. It's what I always promised your mother I would do. But there's no use cryin' over spilt milk; or watered stock, either."

"I don't think there's much use crying about anything. If it could have been cried straight, it would have been all right from the start," said the girl, going back to her own affair; and if Lapham had not been so deeply engrossed in his, he might have seen how little she cared for all that money could do or undo. He did not observe her enough to see how variable her moods were in those days, and how often she sank from some wild gayety into abject melancholy; how at times she was fiercely defiant of nothing at all, and at others inexplicably humble and patient. But no doubt none of these signs had passed unnoticed by his wife, to whom Lapham said one day, when he came home, "Persis, what's the reason Pen don't marry Corey?"

"You know as well as I do, Silas," said Mrs. Lapham, with an inquiring look at him for what lay behind his words.

"Well, I think it's all tomfoolery, the way she's going on. There ain't any rhyme nor reason to it." He stopped, and his wife waited. "If she said the word, I could have some help from them." He hung his head, and would not meet his wife's eye.

"I guess you're in a pretty bad way, Si," she said pityingly, "or you wouldn't have come to that."

"I'm in a hole," said Lapham, "and I don't know where to turn. You won't let me do anything about those mills——"

"Yes, I'll let you," said his wife sadly.

He gave a miserable cry. "You know I can't do anything, if you do. Oh, my Lord!"

She had not seen him so low as that before. She did not know what to say. She was frightened, and could only ask, "Has it come to the worst?"

"The new house has got to go," he answered evasively.

She did not say anything. She knew that the work on the house had been stopped since the beginning of the year. Lapham had told the architect that he preferred to leave it unfinished till the spring, as there was no prospect of their being able to get into it that winter; and the architect had agreed with him that it would not hurt it to stand. Her heart was heavy for him, though she could not say so. They sat together at the table, where she had come to be with him at his belated meal. She saw that he did not eat, and

she waited for him to speak again, without urging him to take anything. They were past that.

"And I've sent orders to shut down at the Works," he added.

"Shut down at the Works!" she echoed with dismay. She could not take it in. The fire at the Works had never been out before since it was first kindled. She knew how he had prided himself upon that; how he had bragged of it to every listener, and had always lugged the fact in as the last expression of his sense of success. "Oh, Silas!"

"What's the use?" he retorted. "I saw it was coming a month ago. There are some fellows out in West Virginia that have been running the paint as hard as they could. They couldn't do much; they used to put it on the market raw. But lately they got to baking it, and now they've struck a vein of natural gas right by their works, and they pay ten cents for fuel where I pay a dollar, and they make as good a paint. Anybody can see where it's going to end. Besides, the market's overstocked. It's glutted. There wa'n't anything to do but to shut *down*, and I've *shut* down."

"I don't know what's going to become of the hands in the middle of the winter, this way," said Mrs. Lapham, laying hold of one definite thought which she could grasp in the turmoil of ruin that whirled before her eyes.

"I don't care what becomes of the hands," cried Lapham. "They've shared my luck; now let 'em share the other thing. And if you're so very sorry for the hands, I wish you'd keep a little of your pity for *me*. Don't you know what shutting down the Works means?"

"Yes, indeed I do, Silas," said his wife tenderly.

"Well, then!" He rose, leaving his supper untasted, and went into the sitting-room, where she presently found him, with that everlasting confusion of papers before him on the desk. That made her think of the paper in her work-basket, and she decided not to make the careworn, distracted man ask her for it, after all. She brought it to him.

He glanced blankly at it and then caught it from her, turning red and looking foolish. "Where'd you get that?"

"You dropped it on the floor the other night, and I picked it up. Who is 'Wm. M.'?"

"'Wm. M.'?" he repeated, looking confusedly at her, and then at the paper. "Oh, —it's nothing." He tore the paper into small pieces, and went and dropped them into the fire. When Mrs. Lapham came into the room in the morning, before he was down, she found a scrap of the paper, which must have fluttered to the hearth; and glancing at it she saw that the words were "Mrs. M." She wondered what dealings with a woman her husband could have, and she remembered the confusion he had shown about the paper, and which she had thought was because she had surprised one of his business secrets. She was still thinking of it when he came down to breakfast, heavy-eyed, tremulous, with deep seams and wrinkles in his face.

After a silence which he did not seem inclined to break, "Silas," she asked, "who is 'Mrs. M.'?"

He stared at her. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't you?" she returned mockingly. "When you do, you tell me. Do you want any more coffee?"

"No."

"Well, then, you can ring for Alice when you've finished. I've got some things to attend to." She rose abruptly, and left the room. Lapham looked after her in a dull way, and then went on with his breakfast. While he still sat at his coffee, she flung into the room again, and dashed some papers down beside his plate. "Here are some more things of yours, and I'll thank you to lock them up in your desk and not litter my room with them, if you please." Now he saw that she was angry, and it must be with him. It enraged him that in such a time of trouble she should fly out at him in that way. He left the house without trying to speak to her.

That day Corey came just before closing, and, knocking at Lapham's door, asked if he could speak with him a few moments.

"Yes," said Lapham, wheeling round in his swivel-chair and kicking another towards Corey. "Sit down. I want to talk to you. I'd ought to tell you you're wasting your time here. I spoke the other day about your placin' yourself better, and I can help you to do it, yet. There ain't going to be the outcome for the paint in the foreign markets that we expected, and I guess you better give it up."

"I don't wish to give it up," said the young fellow, setting his lips. "I've as much faith in it as ever; and I want to propose now what I hinted at in the first place. I want to put some money into the business."

"Some money!" Lapham leaned towards him, and frowned as if he had not quite understood, while he clutched the arms of his chair.

"I've got about thirty thousand dollars that I could put in, and if you don't want to consider me a partner — I remember that you objected to a partner — you can let me regard it as an investment. But I think I see the way to doing something at once in Mexico, and I should like to feel that I had something more than a drummer's interest in the venture."

The men sat looking into each other's eyes. Then Lapham leaned back in his chair, and rubbed his hand hard and slowly over his face. His features were still twisted with some strong emotion when he took it away. "Your family know about this?"

"My uncle James knows."

"He thinks it would be a good plan for you?"

"He thought that by this time I ought to be able to trust my own judgment."

"Do you suppose I could see your uncle at his office?"

"I imagine he's there."

"Well, I want to have a talk with him, one of these days." He sat pondering awhile, and then rose, and went with Corey to his door. "I guess I sha'n't change my mind about taking you into the business in that way," he said coldly. "If there was any reason why I shouldn't at first, there's more now."

"Very well, sir," answered the young man, and went to close his desk. The outer office was empty; but while Corey was putting his papers in order it was suddenly invaded by two women, who pushed by the protesting porter on the stairs and made their way towards Lapham's room. One of them was Miss Dewey, the type-writer girl, and the other was a woman whom she would resemble in face and figure twenty years hence, if she led a life of hard work varied by paroxysms of hard drinking.

"That his room, Z'rilla?" asked this woman, pointing towards Lapham's door with a hand that had not freed itself from the fringe of dirty shawl under which it had hung. She went forward without waiting for the answer, but before she could reach it the door opened, and Lapham stood filling its space.

"Look here, Colonel Lapham!" began the woman, in a high key of challenge. "I want to know if this is the way you're goin' back on me and Z'rilla?"

"What do you want?" asked Lapham.

"What do I want? What do you s'pose I want? I want the money to pay my month's rent; there ain't a bite to eat in the house; and I want some money to market."

Lapham bent a frown on the woman, under which she shrank back a step. "You've taken the wrong way to get it. Clear out!"

"I *won't* clear out!" said the woman, beginning to whimper.

"Corey!" said Lapham, in the peremptory voice of a master,— he had seemed so indifferent to Corey's presence that the young man thought he must have forgotten he was there,—"is Dennis anywhere round?"

"Yissor," said Dennis, answering for himself from the head of the stairs, and appearing in the wareroom.

Lapham spoke to the woman again. "Do you want I should call a hack, or do you want I should call an officer?"

The woman began to cry into an end of her shawl. "*I* don't know what we're goin' to do."

"You're going to clear out," said Lapham. "Call a hack, Dennis. If you ever come here again, I'll have you arrested. Mind that! Zerrilla, I shall want you early to-morrow morning."

"Yes, sir," said the girl meekly; she and her mother shrank out after the porter.

Lapham shut his door without a word.

At lunch the next day Walker made himself amends for Corey's reticence by talking a great deal. He talked about Lapham, who seemed to have, more than ever since his apparent difficulties began, the fascination of an enigma for his book-keeper, and he ended by asking, "Did you see that little circus last night?"

"What little circus?" asked Corey in his turn.

"Those two women and the old man. Dennis told me about it. I told him if he liked his place he'd better keep his mouth shut."

"That was very good advice," said Corey.

"Oh, all right, if you don't want to talk. Don't know as I should in your place," returned Walker, in the easy security he had long felt that Corey had no intention of putting on airs with him. "But I'll tell you what: the old man can't expect it of everybody. If he keeps this thing up much longer, it's going to be talked about. You can't have a woman walking into your place of business, and trying to bulldoze you before your porter, without setting your porter to thinking. And the last thing you want a porter to do is to think; for when a porter thinks, he thinks wrong."

"I don't see why even a porter couldn't think right about that affair," replied Corey. "I don't know who the woman was, though I believe she was Miss Dewey's mother; but I couldn't see that Colonel Lapham showed anything but a natural resentment of her coming to him in that way. I should have said she was some rather worthless person whom he'd been befriending, and that she had presumed upon his kindness."

"Is that so? What do you think of his never letting Miss Dewey's name go on the books?"

"That it's another proof it's a sort of charity of his. That's the only way to look at it."

"Oh, *I'm* all right." Walker lighted a cigar

and began to smoke, with his eyes closed to a fine straight line. "It won't do for a book-keeper to think wrong, any more than a porter, I suppose. But I guess you and I don't think very different about this thing."

"Not if you think as I do," replied Corey steadily; "and I know you would do that if you had seen the 'circus' yourself. A man doesn't treat people who have a disgraceful hold upon him as he treated them."

"It depends upon who he is," said Walker, taking his cigar from his mouth. "I never said the old man was afraid of anything."

"And character," continued Corey, disdaining to touch the matter further, except in generalities, "must go for something. If it's to be the prey of mere accident and appearance, then it goes for nothing."

"Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families," said Walker, with vulgar, good-humored obtuseness that filled Corey with indignation. Nothing, perhaps, removed his matter-of-fact nature farther from the commonplace than a certain generosity of instinct, which I should not be ready to say was always infallible.

That evening it was Miss Dewey's turn to wait for speech with Lapham after the others were gone. He opened his door at her knock, and stood looking at her with a worried air. "Well, what do you want, Zerrilla?" he asked, with a sort of rough kindness.

"I want to know what I'm going to do about Hen. He's back again; and he and mother have made it up, and they both got to drinking last night after I went home, and carried on so that the neighbors came in."

Lapham passed his hand over his red and heated face. "I don't know what I'm going to do. You're twice the trouble that my own family is, now. But I know what I'd do, mighty quick, if it wasn't for you, Zerrilla," he went on relentingly. "I'd shut your mother up somewheres, and if I could get that fellow off for a three years' voyage ——"

"I declare," said Miss Dewey, beginning to whimper, "it seems as if he came back just so often to spite me. He's never gone more than a year at the furthest, and you can't make it out habitual drunkenness, either, when it's just sprees. I'm at my wit's end."

"Oh, well, you mustn't cry around here," said Lapham soothingly.

"I know it," said Miss Dewey. "If I could get rid of Hen, I could manage well enough with mother. Mr. Wemmel would marry me if I could get the divorce. He's said so over and over again."

"I don't know as I like that very well," said Lapham, frowning. "I don't know as I want you should get married in any hurry again. I don't know as I like your going with anybody else just yet."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid but what it'll be all right. It'll be the best thing all round, if I can marry him."

"Well!" said Lapham impatiently; "I can't think about it now. I suppose they've cleaned everything out again?"

"Yes, they have," said Zerrilla; "there isn't a cent left."

"You're a pretty expensive lot," said Lapham. "Well, here!" He took out his pocket-book and gave her a note. "I'll be round to-night and see what can be done."

He shut himself into his room again, and Zerrilla dried her tears, put the note into her bosom, and went her way.

Lapham kept the porter nearly an hour later. It was then six o'clock, the hour at which the Laphams usually had tea; but all custom had been broken up with him during the past months, and he did not go home now. He determined, perhaps in the extremity in which a man finds relief in combating one care with another, to keep his promise to Miss Dewey, and at the moment when he might otherwise have been sitting down at his own table he was climbing the stairs to her lodging in the old-fashioned dwelling which had been portioned off into flats. It was in a region of depots, and of the cheap hotels, and "ladies' and gents'" dining-rooms, and restaurants with bars, which abound near depots; and Lapham followed to Miss Dewey's door a waiter from one of these, who bore on a salver before him a supper covered with a napkin. Zerrilla had admitted them, and at her greeting a young fellow in the shabby shore-suit of a sailor, buttoning imperfectly over the nautical blue flannel of his shirt, got up from where he had been sitting, on one side of the stove, and stood infirmly on his feet, in token of receiving the visitor. The woman who sat on the other side did not rise, but began a shrill, defiant apology.

"Well, I don't suppose but what you'll think we're livin' on the fat o' the land, right straight along, all the while. But it's just like this. When that child came in from her work, she didn't seem to have the spirit to go to cookin' anything, and I had such a bad night last night I was feelin' all broke up, and s'd I, what's the use, anyway? By the time the butcher's heaved in a lot o' bone, and made you pay for the suet he cuts away, it comes to the same thing, and why not *git* it from the rest'rant first off, and save the cost o' your fire? s'd I."

"What have you got there under your apron? A bottle?" demanded Lapham, who stood with his hat on and his hands in his

pockets, indifferent alike to the ineffective reception of the sailor and the chair Zerrilla had set him.

"Well, yes, it's a bottle," said the woman, with an assumption of virtuous frankness. "It's whisky; I got to have *some*thing to rub my rheumatism with."

"Humph!" grumbled Lapham. "You've been rubbing *his* rheumatism too, I see."

He twisted his head in the direction of the sailor, now softly and rhythmically waving to and fro on his feet.

"He hain't had a drop to-day in *this* house!" cried the woman.

"What are you doing around here?" said Lapham, turning fiercely upon him. "You've got no business ashore. Where's your ship? Do you think I'm going to let you come here and eat your wife out of house and home, and then give money to keep the concern going?"

"Just the very words I said when he first showed his face here, yist'day. Didn't I, Z'rilla?" said the woman, eagerly joining in the rebuke of her late boon companion. "You got no business here, Hen, s'd I. You can't come here to live on me and Z'rilla, s'd I. You want to go back to your ship, s'd I. That's what I said."

The sailor mumbled, with a smile of tipsy amiability for Lapham, something about the crew being discharged.

"Yes," the woman broke in, "that's always the way with these coasters. Why don't you go off on some them long v'y'ges? s'd I. It's pretty hard, when Mr. Wemmel stands ready to marry Z'rilla and provide a comfortable home for us both,—I hain't got a great many years more to live, and I *should* like to get some satisfaction out of 'em and not be beholden and dependent all my days,—to have Hen, here, blockin' the way. I tell him there'd be more money for him in the end; but he can't seem to make up his mind to it."

"Well, now, look here," said Lapham. "I don't care anything about all that. It's your own business, and I'm not going to meddle with it. But it's my business who lives off me; and so I tell you all three, I'm willing to take care of Zerrilla, and I'm willing to take care of her mother——"

"I guess if it hadn't been for that child's father," the mother interpolated, "you wouldn't been here to tell the tale, Colonel Lapham."

"I know all about that," said Lapham. "But I'll tell you what, Mr. Dewey, I'm not going to support *you*."

"I don't see what Hen's done," said the old woman, impartially.

"He hasn't done anything, and I'm going to stop it. He's got to get a ship, and he's got to get out of this. And Zerrilla needn't come back to work till he does. I'm done with you all."

"Well, I vow," said the mother, "if I ever heard anything like it! Didn't that child's father lay down his life for you? Hain't you said it yourself a hundred times? And don't she work for her money, and slave for it mornin', noon, and night? You talk as if we was beholden to you for the very bread in our mouths. I guess if it hadn't been for Jim, you wouldn't been here crowin' over us."

"You mind what I say. I mean business this time," said Lapham, turning to the door.

The woman rose and followed him, with her bottle in her hand. "Say, Colonel! what should you advise Z'rilla to do about Mr. Wemmel? I tell her there ain't any use goin' to the trouble to git a divorce without she's sure about him. Don't you think we'd ought to git him to sign a paper, or something, that he'll marry her if she gits it? I don't like to have things going at loose ends the way they are. It ain't sense. It ain't right."

Lapham made no answer to the mother anxious for her child's future, and concerned for the moral questions involved. He went out and down the stairs, and on the pavement at the lower door he almost struck against Rogers, who had a bag in his hand, and seemed to be hurrying towards one of the depots. He halted a little, as if to speak to Lapham; but Lapham turned his back abruptly upon him, and took the other direction.

The days were going by in a monotony of adversity to him, from which he could no longer escape, even at home. He attempted once or twice to talk of his troubles to his wife, but she repulsed him sharply; she seemed to despise and hate him; but he set himself doggedly to make a confession to her, and he stopped her one night, as she came into the room where he sat,—hastily upon some errand that was to take her directly away again.

"Persis, there's something I've got to tell you."

She stood still, as if fixed against her will, to listen.

"I guess you know something about it already, and I guess it's set you against me."

"Oh, I guess not, Colonel Lapham. You go your way, and I go mine. That's all."

She waited for him to speak, listening with a cold, hard smile on her face.

"I don't say it to make favor with you, because I don't want you to spare me, and I don't ask you; but I got into it through Milton K. Rogers."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Lapham contemptuously.

"I always felt the way I said about it — that it wa'n't any better than gambling, and I say so now. It's like betting on the turn of a card; and I give you my word of honor, Persis, that I never was in it at all till that scoundrel began to load me up with those wild-cat securities of his. Then it seemed to me as if I ought to try to do something to get somewhere even. I know it's no excuse; but watching the market to see what the infernal things were worth from day to day, and seeing it go up, and seeing it go down, was too much for me; and, to make a long story short, I began to buy and sell on a margin — just what I told you I never would do. I seemed to make something — I did make something; and I'd have stopped, I do believe, if I could have reached the figure I'd set in my own mind to start with; but I couldn't fetch it. I began to lose, and then I began to throw good money after bad, just as I always did with everything that Rogers ever came within a mile of. Well, what's the use? I lost the money that would have carried me out of this, and I shouldn't have had to shut down the Works, or sell the house, or ——"

Lapham stopped. His wife, who at first had listened with mystification, and then dawning incredulity, changing into a look of relief that was almost triumph, lapsed again into severity. "Silas Lapham, if you was to die the next minute, is this what you started to tell me?"

"Why, of course it is. What did you suppose I started to tell you?"

"And — look me in the eyes! — you haven't got anything else on your mind now?"

"No! There's trouble enough, the Lord knows; but there's nothing else to tell you. I suppose Pen gave you a hint about it. I dropped something to her. I've been feeling bad about it, Persis, a good while, but I hain't had the heart to speak of it. I can't expect you to say you like it. I've been a fool, I'll allow, and I've been something worse, if you choose to say so; but that's all. I haven't hurt anybody but myself — and you and the children."

Mrs. Lapham rose and said, with her face from him, as she turned towards the door, "It's all right, Silas. I sha'n't ever bring it up against you."

She fled out of the room, but all that evening she was very sweet with him, and seemed to wish in all tacit ways to atone for her past unkindness.

She made him talk of his business, and he told her of Corey's offer, and what he had done about it. She did not seem to care for his part in it, however; at which Lapham was silently disappointed a little, for he would have liked her to praise him.

"He did it on account of Pen!'

"Well, he didn't insist upon it, anyway," said Lapham, who must have obscurely expected that Corey would recognize his own magnanimity by repeating his offer. If the doubt that follows a self-devoted action — the question whether it was not after all a needless folly — is mixed, as it was in Lapham's case, with the vague belief that we might have done ourselves a good turn without great risk of hurting any one else by being a little less unselfish, it becomes a regret that is hard to bear. Since Corey spoke to him, some things had happened that gave Lapham hope again.

"I'm going to tell her about it," said his wife, and she showed herself impatient to make up for the time she had lost. "Why didn't you tell me before, Silas?"

"I didn't know we were on speaking terms before," said Lapham sadly.

"Yes, that's true," she admitted, with a conscious flush. "I hope he won't think Pen's known about it all this while."

XXIV.

That evening James Bellingham came to see Corey after dinner, and went to find him in his own room.

"I've come at the instance of Colonel Lapham," said the uncle. "He was at my office to-day, and I had a long talk with him. Did you know that he was in difficulties?"

"I fancied that he was in some sort of trouble. And I had the book-keeper's conjectures — he doesn't really know much about it."

"Well, he thinks it time — on all accounts — that you should know how he stands, and why he declined that proposition of yours. I must say he has behaved very well — like a gentleman."

"I'm not surprised."

"I am. It's hard to behave like a gentleman where your interest is vitally concerned. And Lapham doesn't strike me as a man who's in the habit of acting from the best in him always."

"Do any of us?" asked Corey.

"Not all of us, at any rate," said Bellingham. "It must have cost him something to say no to you, for he's just in that state when he believes that this or that chance, however small, would save him."

Corey was silent. "Is he really in such a bad way?"

"It's hard to tell just where he stands. I suspect that a hopeful temperament and fondness for round numbers have always caused

him to set his figures beyond his actual worth. I don't say that he's been dishonest about it, but he's had a loose way of estimating his assets; he's reckoned his wealth on the basis of his capital, and some of his capital is borrowed. He's lost heavily by some of the recent failures, and there's been a terrible shrinkage in his values. I don't mean merely in the stock of paint on hand, but in a kind of competition which has become very threatening. You know about that West Virginia paint?"

Corey nodded.

"Well, he tells me that they've struck a vein of natural gas out there which will enable them to make as good a paint as his own at a cost of manufacturing so low that they can undersell him everywhere. If this proves to be the case, it will not only drive his paint out of the market, but will reduce the value of his Works —the whole plant—at Lapham to a merely nominal figure."

"I see," said Corey dejectedly. "I've understood that he had put a great deal of money into his Works."

"Yes, and he estimated his mine there at a high figure. Of course it will be worth little or nothing if the West Virginia paint drives his out. Then, besides, Lapham has been into several things outside of his own business, and, like a good many other men who try outside things, he's kept account of them himself; and he's all mixed up about them. He's asked me to look into his affairs with him, and I've promised to do so. Whether he can be tided over his difficulties remains to be seen. I'm afraid it will take a good deal of money to do it—a great deal more than he thinks, at least. He believes comparatively little would do it. I think differently. I think that anything less than a great deal would be thrown away on him. If it were merely a question of a certain sum—even a large sum—to keep him going, it might be managed; but it's much more complicated. And, as I say, it must have been a trial to him to refuse your offer."

This did not seem to be the way in which Bellingham had meant to conclude. But he said no more; and Corey made him no response.

He remained pondering the case, now hopefully, now doubtfully, and wondering, whatever his mood was, whether Penelope knew anything of the fact with which her mother went nearly at the same moment to acquaint her.

"Of course, he's done it on your account," Mrs. Lapham could not help saying.

"Then he was very silly. Does he think I would have let him give father money? And if father lost it for him, does he suppose it would make it any easier for me? I think father acted twice as well. It was very silly."

In repeating the censure, her look was not so severe as her tone; she even smiled a little, and her mother reported to her father that she acted more like herself than she had yet since Corey's offer.

"I think, if he was to repeat his offer, she would have him now," said Mrs. Lapham.

"Well, I'll let her know if he does," said the Colonel.

"I guess he won't do it to you!" she cried.

"Who else will he do it to?" he demanded.

They perceived that they had each been talking of a different offer.

After Lapham went to his business in the morning the postman brought another letter from Irene, which was full of pleasant things that were happening to her; there was a great deal about her cousin Will, as she called him. At the end she had written, "Tell Pen I don't want she should be foolish."

"There!" said Mrs. Lapham. "I guess it's going to come out right, all round;" and it seemed as if even the Colonel's difficulties were past. "When your father gets through this, Pen," she asked impulsively, "what shall you do?"

"What have you been telling Irene about me?"

"Nothing much. What should you do?"

"It would be a good deal easier to say what I should do if father didn't," said the girl.

"I know you think it was nice in him to make your father that offer," urged the mother.

"It was nice, yes; but it was silly," said the girl. "Most nice things are silly, I suppose," she added.

She went to her room and wrote a letter. It was very long, and very carefully written; and when she read it over, she tore it into small pieces. She wrote another one, short and hurried, and tore that up too. Then she went back to her mother, in the family room, and asked to see Irene's letter, and read it over to herself. "Yes, she seems to be having a good time," she sighed. "Mother, do you think I ought to let Mr. Corey know that I know about it?"

"Well, I should think it would be a pleasure to him," said Mrs. Lapham judicially.

"I'm not so sure of that—the way I should have to tell him. I should begin by giving him a scolding. Of course, he meant well by it, but can't you see that it wasn't very flattering? How did he expect it would change me?"

"I don't believe he ever thought of that."

"Don't you? Why?"

"Because you can see that he isn't one of

that kind. He might want to please you without wanting to change you by what he did."

"Yes. He must have known that nothing would change me,—at least, nothing that he could do. I thought of that. I shouldn't like him to feel that I couldn't appreciate it, even if I did think it was silly. Should you write to him?"

"I don't see why not."

"It would be too pointed. No, I shall just let it go. I wish he hadn't done it."

"Well, he has done it."

"And I've tried to write to him about it,—two letters: one so humble and grateful that it couldn't stand up on its edge, and the other so pert and flippant. Mother, I wish you could have seen those two letters! I wish I had kept them to look at if I ever got to thinking I had any sense again. They would take the conceit out of me."

"What's the reason he don't come here any more?"

"Doesn't he come?" asked Penelope in turn, as if it were something she had not noticed particularly.

"You'd ought to know."

"Yes." She sat silent awhile. "If he doesn't come, I suppose it's because he's offended at something I did."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. I—wrote to him—a little while ago. I suppose it was very blunt, but I didn't believe he would be angry at it. But this—this that he's done shows he was angry, and that he wasn't just seizing the first chance to get out of it."

"What have you done, Pen?" demanded her mother sharply.

"Oh, I don't know. All the mischief in the world, I suppose. I'll tell you. When you first told me that father was in trouble with his business, I wrote to him not to come any more till I let him. I said I couldn't tell him why, and he hasn't been here since. I'm sure *I* don't know what it means."

Her mother looked at her with angry severity. "Well, Penelope Lapham! For a sensible child, you *are* the greatest goose I ever saw. Did you think he would come here and *see* if you wouldn't let him come?"

"He might have written," urged the girl.

Her mother made that despairing "Tchk!" with her tongue, and fell back in her chair. "I should have *despised* him if he had written. He's acted just exactly right, and you—you've acted—I don't know *how* you've acted. I'm ashamed of you. A girl that could be so sensible for her sister, and always say and do just the right thing, and then when it comes to herself to be such a *disgusting* simpleton!"

"I thought I ought to break with him at once, and not let him suppose that there was any hope for him or me if father was poor. It was my one chance, in this whole business, to do anything heroic, and I jumped at it. You mustn't think, because I can laugh at it now, that I wasn't in earnest, mother! I *was*—dead! But the Colonel has gone to ruin so gradually, that he's spoilt everything. I expected that he would be bankrupt the next day, and that then *he* would understand what I meant. But to have it drag along for a fortnight seems to take all the heroism out of it, and leave it as flat!" She looked at her mother with a smile that shone through her tears, and a pathos that quivered round her jesting lips. "It's easy enough to be sensible for other people. But when it comes to myself, there I am! Especially, when I want to do what I oughtn't so much that it seems as if doing what I didn't want to do *must* be doing what I ought! But it's been a great success one way, mother. It's helped me to keep up before the Colonel. If it hadn't been for Mr. Corey's staying away, and my feeling so indignant with him for having been badly treated by me, I shouldn't have been worth anything at all."

The tears started down her cheeks, but her mother said, "Well, now, go along, and write to him. It don't matter what you say, much; and don't be so very particular."

Her third attempt at a letter pleased her scarcely better than the rest, but she sent it, though it seemed so blunt and awkward. She wrote:

> DEAR FRIEND:
>
> I expected when I sent you that note, that you would understand, almost the next day, why I could not see you any more. You must know now, and you must not think that if anything happened to my father, I should wish you to help him. But that is no reason why I should not thank you, and I do thank you, for offering. It was like you, I will say that.
>
> Yours sincerely, PENELOPE LAPHAM.

She posted her letter, and he sent his reply in the evening, by hand:

> DEAREST:
>
> What I did was nothing, till you praised it. Everything I have and am is yours. Won't you send a line by the bearer, to say that I may come to see you? I know how you feel; but I am sure that I can make you think differently. You must consider that I loved you without a thought of your father's circumstances, and always shall. T. C.

The generous words were blurred to her eyes by the tears that sprang into them. But she could only write in answer:

> "Please do not come; I have made up my mind. As long as this trouble is hanging over us, I cannot see you. And if father is unfortunate, all is over between us."

She brought his letter to her mother, and told her what she had written in reply. Her mother was thoughtful awhile before she said, with a sigh, "Well, I hope you've begun as you can carry out, Pen."

"Oh, I shall not have to carry out at all. I shall not have to do anything. That's one comfort — the only comfort." She went away to her own room, and when Mrs. Lapham told her husband of the affair, he was silent at first, as she had been. Then he said, "I don't know as I should have wanted her to done differently; I don't know as she could. If I ever come right again, she won't have anything to feel meeching about; and if I don't, I don't want she should be beholden to anybody. And I guess that's the way she feels."

The Coreys in their turn sat in judgment on the fact which their son felt bound to bring to their knowledge.

"She has behaved very well," said Mrs. Corey, to whom her son had spoken.

"My dear," said her husband, with his laugh, "she has behaved *too* well. If she had studied the whole situation with the most artful eye to its mastery, she could not possibly have behaved better."

The process of Lapham's financial disintegration was like the course of some chronic disorder, which has fastened itself upon the constitution, but advances with continual reliefs, with apparent amelioration, and at times seems not to advance at all, when it gives hope of final recovery not only to the sufferer, but to the eye of science itself. There were moments when James Bellingham, seeing Lapham pass this crisis and that, began to fancy that he might pull through altogether; and at these moments, when his adviser could not oppose anything but experience and probability to the evidence of the fact, Lapham was buoyant with courage, and imparted his hopefulness to his household. Our theory of disaster, of sorrow, of affliction, borrowed from the poets and novelists, is that it is incessant; but every passage in our own lives and in the lives of others, so far as we have witnessed them, teaches us that this is false. The house of mourning is decorously darkened to the world, but within itself it is also the house of laughing. Bursts of gayety, as heartfelt as its grief, relieve the gloom, and the stricken survivors have their jests together, in which the thought of the dead is tenderly involved, and a fond sense, not crazier than many others, of sympathy and enjoyment beyond the silence, justifies the sunnier mood before sorrow rushes back, deploring and despairing, and making it all up again with the conventional fitness of things. Lapham's adversity had this quality in common with bereavement. It was not always like the adversity we figure in allegory; it had its moments of being like prosperity, and if upon the whole it was continual, it was not incessant. Sometimes there was a week of repeated reverses, when he had to keep his teeth set and to hold on hard to all his hopefulness; and then days came of negative result or slight success, when he was full of his jokes at the tea-table, and wanted to go to the theater, or to do something to cheer Penelope up. In some miraculous way, by some enormous stroke of success which should eclipse the brightest of his past prosperity, he expected to do what would reconcile all difficulties, not only in his own affairs, but in hers too. "You'll see," he said to his wife; "it's going to come out all right. Irene'll fix it up with Bill's boy, and then she'll be off Pen's mind; and if things go on as they've been going for the last two days, I'm going to be in a position to do the favors myself, and Pen can feel that *she's* makin' a sacrifice, and then I guess may be she'll do it. If things turn out as I expect now, and times ever *do* get any better generally, I can show Corey that I appreciate his offer. I can offer him the partnership myself then."

Even in the other moods, which came when everything had been going wrong, and there seemed no way out of the net, there were points of consolation to Lapham and his wife. They rejoiced that Irene was safe beyond the range of their anxieties, and they had a proud satisfaction that there had been no engagement between Corey and Penelope, and that it was she who had forbidden it. In the closeness of interest and sympathy in which their troubles had reunited them, they confessed to each that nothing would have been more galling to their pride than the idea that Lapham should not have been able to do everything for his daughter that the Coreys might have expected. Whatever happened now, the Coreys could not have it to say that the Laphams had tried to bring any such thing about.

Bellingham had lately suggested an assignment to Lapham, as the best way out of his difficulties. It was evident that he had not the money to meet his liabilities at present, and that he could not raise it without ruinous sacrifices, that might still end in ruin after all. If he made the assignment, Bellingham argued, he could gain time and make terms; the state of things generally would probably improve, since it could not be worse, and the market, which he had glutted with his paint, might recover and he could start again. Lapham had not agreed with him. When his reverses first began, it had seemed easy for him to give up everything, to let the people he owed take all,

so only they would let him go out with clean hands; and he had dramatized this feeling in his talk with his wife, when they spoke together of the mills on the G. L. & P. But ever since then it had been growing harder, and he could not consent even to seem to do it now in the proposed assignment. He had not found other men so very liberal or faithful with him; a good many of them appeared to have combined to hunt him down; a sense of enmity towards all his creditors asserted itself in him; he asked himself why they should not suffer a little too. Above all, he shrank from the publicity of the assignment. It was open confession that he had been a fool in some way; he could not bear to have his family—his brother the judge, especially, to whom he had always appeared the soul of business wisdom—think him imprudent or stupid. He would make any sacrifice before it came to that. He determined in parting with Bellingham to make the sacrifice which he had oftenest in his mind, because it was the hardest, and to sell his new house. That would cause the least comment. Most people would simply think that he had got a splendid offer, and with his usual luck had made a very good thing of it; others who knew a little more about him would say that he was hauling in his horns, but they could not blame him; a great many other men were doing the same in those hard times—the shrewdest and safest men; it might even have a good effect.

He went straight from Bellingham's office to the real-estate broker in whose hands he meant to put his house, for he was not the sort of man to shilly-shally when he had once made up his mind. But he found it hard to get his voice up out of his throat, when he said he guessed he would get the broker to sell that new house of his on the water side of Beacon. The broker answered cheerfully, yes; he supposed Colonel Lapham knew it was a pretty dull time in real estate? and Lapham said yes, he knew that, but he should not sell at a sacrifice, and he did not care to have the broker name him or describe the house definitely unless parties meant business. Again the broker said yes; and he added, as a joke Lapham would appreciate, that he had half a dozen houses on the water side of Beacon on the same terms; that nobody wanted to be named or to have his property described.

It did, in fact, comfort Lapham a little to find himself in the same boat with so many others; he smiled grimly, and said in his turn, yes, he guessed that was about the size of it with a good many people. But he had not the heart to tell his wife what he had done, and he sat taciturn that whole evening, without even going over his accounts, and went early to bed, where he lay tossing half the night before he fell asleep. He slept at last only upon the promise he made himself that he would withdraw the house from the broker's hands; but he went heavily to his own business in the morning without doing so. There was no such rush, anyhow, he reflected bitterly; there would be time to do that a month later, probably.

It struck him with a sort of dismay when a boy came with a note from the broker, saying that a party who had been over the house in the fall had come to him to know whether it could be bought, and was willing to pay the cost of the house up to the time he had seen it. Lapham took refuge in trying to think who the party could be; he concluded that it must have been somebody who had gone over it with the architect, and he did not like that; but he was aware that this was not an answer to the broker, and he wrote that he would give him an answer in the morning.

Now that it had come to the point, it did not seem to him that he could part with the house. So much of his hope for himself and his children had gone into it that the thought of selling it made him tremulous and sick. He could not keep about his work steadily, and with his nerves shaken by want of sleep, and the shock of this sudden and unexpected question, he left his office early, and went over to look at the house and try to bring himself to some conclusion there. The long procession of lamps on the beautiful street was flaring in the clear red of the sunset towards which it marched, and Lapham, with a lump in his throat, stopped in front of his house and looked at their multitude. They were not merely a part of the landscape; they were a part of his pride and glory, his success, his triumphant life's work which was fading into failure in his helpless hands. He ground his teeth to keep down that lump, but the moisture in his eyes blurred the lamps, and the keen, pale crimson against which it made them flicker. He turned and looked up, as he had so often done, at the window-spaces, neatly glazed for the winter with white linen, and recalled the night when he had stopped with Irene before the house, and she had said that she should never live there, and he had tried to coax her into courage about it. There was no such façade as that on the whole street, to his thinking. Through his long talks with the architect, he had come to feel almost as intimately and fondly as the architect himself the satisfying simplicity of the whole design and the delicacy of its detail. It appealed to him as an exquisite bit of harmony appeals to the unlearned ear, and he recognized the difference between this fine work and the obstreperous pretentious-

ness of the many overloaded house-fronts which Seymour had made him notice for his instruction elsewhere on the Back Bay. Now, in the depths of his gloom, he tried to think what Italian city it was where Seymour said he had first got the notion of treating brick-work in that way.

He unlocked the temporary door with the key he always carried, so that he could let himself in and out whenever he liked, and entered the house, dim and very cold with the accumulated frigidity of the whole winter in it, and looking as if the arrest of work upon it had taken place a thousand years before. It smelt of the unpainted woods and the clean, hard surfaces of the plaster, where the experiments in decoration had left it untouched; and mingled with these odors was that of some rank pigments and metallic compositions which Seymour had used in trying to realize a certain daring novelty of finish, which had not proved successful. Above all, Lapham detected the peculiar odor of his own paint, with which the architect had been greatly interested one day, when Lapham showed it to him at the office. He had asked Lapham to let him try the Persis Brand in realizing a little idea he had for the finish of Mrs. Lapham's room. If it succeeded, they could tell her what it was, for a surprise.

Lapham glanced at the bay-window in the reception-room, where he sat with his girls on the trestles when Corey first came by; and then he explored the whole house to the attic, in the light faintly admitted through the linen sashes. The floors were strewn with shavings and chips which the carpenters had left, and in the music-room these had been blown into long irregular windrows by the draughts through a wide rent in the linen sash. Lapham tried to pin it up, but failed, and stood looking out of it over the water. The ice had left the river, and the low tide lay smooth and red in the light of the sunset. The Cambridge flats showed the sad, sodden yellow of meadows stripped bare after a long sleep under snow; the hills, the naked trees, the spires and roofs had a black outline, as if they were objects in a landscape of the French school.

The whim seized Lapham to test the chimney in the music-room; it had been tried in the dining-room below, and in his girls' fire-places above, but here the hearth was still clean. He gathered some shavings and blocks together, and kindled them, and as the flame mounted gayly from them, he pulled up a nail-keg which he found there and sat down to watch it. Nothing could have been better; the chimney was a perfect success; and as Lapham glanced out of the torn linen sash he said to himself that that party, whoever he was, who had offered to buy his house might go to the devil; he would never sell it as long as he had a dollar. He said that he should pull through yet; and it suddenly came into his mind that, if he could raise the money to buy out those West Virginia fellows, he should be all right, and would have the whole game in his own hand. He slapped himself on the thigh, and wondered that he had never thought of that before; and then, lighting a cigar with a splinter from the fire, he sat down again to work the scheme out in his own mind.

He did not hear the feet heavily stamping up the stairs, and coming towards the room where he sat; and the policeman to whom the feet belonged had to call out to him, smoking at his chimney-corner, with his back turned to the door, "Hello! what are you doing here?"

"What's that to you?" retorted Lapham, wheeling half round on his nail-keg.

"I'll show you," said the officer, advancing upon him, and then stopping short as he recognized him. "Why, Colonel Lapham! I thought it was some tramp got in here!"

"Have a cigar?" said Lapham hospitably. "Sorry there ain't another nail-keg."

The officer took the cigar. "I'll smoke it outside. I've just come on, and I can't stop. Tryin' your chimney?"

"Yes, I thought I'd see how it would draw, in here. It seems to go first-rate."

The policeman looked about him with an eye of inspection. "You want to get that linen window, there, mended up."

"Yes, I'll speak to the builder about that. It can go for one night."

The policeman went to the window and failed to pin the linen together where Lapham had failed before. "*I* can't fix it." He looked round once more, and saying, "Well, good-night," went out and down the stairs.

Lapham remained by the fire till he had smoked his cigar; then he rose and stamped upon the embers that still burned with his heavy boots, and went home. He was very cheerful at supper. He told his wife that he guessed he had a sure thing of it now, and in another twenty-four hours he should tell her just how. He made Penelope go to the theater with him, and when they came out, after the play, the night was so fine that he said they must walk round by the new house and take a look at it in the starlight. He said he had been there before he came home, and tried Seymour's chimney in the music-room, and it worked like a charm.

As they drew near Beacon street they were aware of unwonted stir and tumult, and presently the still air transmitted a turmoil of sound, through which a powerful and incessant throb-

bing made itself felt. The sky had reddened above them, and turning the corner at the Public Garden, they saw a black mass of people obstructing the white perspective of the snowy street, and out of this mass a half dozen engines, whose strong heart-beats had already reached them, sent up volumes of fire-tinged smoke and steam from their funnels. Ladders were planted against the façade of a building, from the roof of which a mass of flame burnt smoothly upward, except where here and there it seemed to pull contemptuously away from the heavy streams of water which the firemen, clinging like great beetles to their ladders, poured in upon it.

Lapham had no need to walk down through the crowd, gazing and gossiping, with shouts and cries and hysterical laughter, before the burning house, to make sure that it was his.

"I guess I done it, Pen," was all he said.

Among the people who were looking at it were a party who seemed to have run out from dinner in some neighboring house; the ladies were fantastically wrapped up, as if they had flung on the first things they could seize.

"Isn't it perfectly magnificent!" cried a pretty girl. "I wouldn't have missed it on any account. Thank you *so* much, Mr. Symington, for bringing us out!"

"Ah, I thought you'd like it," said this Mr. Symington, who must have been the host; "and you can enjoy it without the least compunction, Miss Delano, for I happen to know that the house belongs to a man who could afford to burn one up for you once a year."

"Oh, do you think he would, if I came again?"

"I haven't the least doubt of it. We don't do things by halves in Boston."

"He ought to have had a coat of his non-combustible paint on it," said another gentleman of the party.

Penelope pulled her father away toward the first carriage she could reach of a number that had driven up. "Here, father! get into this."

"No, no; I couldn't ride," he answered heavily, and he walked home in silence. He greeted his wife with, "Well, Persis, our house is gone! And I guess I set it on fire myself;" and while he rummaged among the papers in his desk, still with his coat and hat on, his wife got the facts as she could from Penelope. She did not reproach him. Here was a case in which his self-reproach must be sufficiently sharp without any edge from her. Besides, her mind was full of a terrible thought.

"Oh, Silas," she faltered, "they'll think you set it on fire to get the insurance!"

Lapham was staring at a paper which he held in his hand. "I had a builder's risk on it, but it expired last week. It's a dead loss."

"Oh, thank the merciful Lord!" cried his wife.

"Merciful!" said Lapham. "Well, it's a queer way of showing it."

He went to bed, and fell into the deep sleep which sometimes follows a great moral shock. It was perhaps rather a torpor than a sleep.

XXV.

Lapham awoke confused, and in a kind of remoteness from the loss of the night before, through which it loomed mistily. But before he lifted his head from the pillow, it gathered substance and weight against which it needed all his will to bear up and live. In that moment he wished that he had not wakened, that he might never have wakened; but he rose, and faced the day and its cares.

The morning papers brought the report of the fire, and the conjectured loss. The reporters somehow had found out the fact that the loss fell entirely upon Lapham; they lighted up the hackneyed character of their statements with the picturesque interest of the coincidence that the policy had expired only the week before; heaven knows how they knew it. They said that nothing remained of the building but the walls; and Lapham, on his way to business, walked up past the smoke-stained shell. The windows looked like the eye-sockets of a skull down upon the blackened and trampled snow of the street; the pavement was a sheet of ice, and the water from the engines had frozen, like streams of tears, down the face of the house, and hung in icy tags from the window-sills and copings.

He gathered himself up as well as he could, and went on to his office. The chance of retrieval that had flashed upon him, as he sat smoking by that ruined hearth the evening before, stood him in such stead now as a sole hope may; and he said to himself that, having resolved not to sell his house, he was no more crippled by its loss than he would have been by letting his money lie idle in it; what he might have raised by mortgage on it could be made up in some other way; and if they would sell, he could still buy out the whole business of that West Virginia company, mines, plant, stock on hand, good-will, and everything, and unite it with his own. He went early in the afternoon to see Bellingham, whose expressions of condolence for his loss he cut short with as much politeness as he knew how to throw into his impatience. Bellingham seemed at first a little dazzled with

the splendid courage of his scheme; it was certainly fine in its way; but then he began to have his misgivings.

"I happen to know that they haven't got much money behind them," urged Lapham. "They'll jump at an offer."

Bellingham shook his head. "If they can show profit on the old manufacture, and prove they can make their paint still cheaper and better hereafter, they can have all the money they want. And it will be very difficult for you to raise it if you're threatened by them. With that competition, you know what your plant at Lapham would be worth, and what the shrinkage on your manufactured stock would be. Better sell out to them," he concluded, "if they will buy."

"There ain't money enough in this country to buy out my paint," said Lapham, buttoning up his coat in a quiver of resentment. "Good-afternoon, sir." Men are but grown-up boys, after all. Bellingham watched this perversely proud and obstinate child fling petulantly out of his door, and felt a sympathy for him which was as truly kind as it was helpless.

But Lapham was beginning to see through Bellingham, as he believed. Bellingham was, in his way, part of that conspiracy by which Lapham's creditors were trying to drive him to the wall. More than ever now he was glad that he had nothing to do with that cold-hearted, self-conceited race, and that the favors so far were all from his side. He was more than ever determined to show them, every one of them, high and low, that he and his children could get along without them, and prosper and triumph without them. He said to himself that if Penelope were engaged to Corey that very minute, he would make her break with him.

He knew what he should do now, and he was going to do it without loss of time. He was going on to New York to see those West Virginia people; they had their principal office there, and he intended to get at their ideas, and then he intended to make them an offer. He managed this business better than could possibly have been expected of a man in his impassioned mood. But when it came really to business, his practical instincts, alert and wary, came to his aid against the passions that lay in wait to betray after they ceased to dominate him. He found the West Virginians full of zeal and hope, but in ten minutes he knew that they had not yet tested their strength in the money market, and had not ascertained how much or how little capital they could command. Lapham himself, if he had had so much, would not have hesitated to put a million dollars into their business. He saw, as they did not see, that they had the game in their own hands, and that if they could raise the money to extend their business, they could ruin him. It was only a question of time, and he was on the ground first. He frankly proposed a union of their interests. He admitted that they had a good thing, and that he should have to fight them hard; but he meant to fight them to the death unless they could come to some sort of terms. Now, the question was whether they had better go on and make a heavy loss for both sides by competition, or whether they had better form a partnership to run both paints and command the whole market. Lapham made them three propositions, each of which was fair and open: to sell out to them altogether; to buy them out altogether; to join facilities and forces with them, and go on in an invulnerable alliance. Let them name a figure at which they would buy, a figure at which they would sell, a figure at which they would combine,—or, in other words, the amount of capital they needed.

They talked all day, going out to lunch together at the Astor House, and sitting with their knees against the counter on a row of stools before it for fifteen minutes of reflection and deglutition, with their hats on, and then returning to the basement from which they emerged. The West Virginia company's name was lettered in gilt on the wide low window, and its paint, in the form of ore, burnt, and mixed, formed a display on the window shelf. Lapham examined it and praised it; from time to time they all recurred to it together; they sent out for some of Lapham's paint and compared it, the West Virginians admitting its former superiority. They were young fellows, and country persons, like Lapham, by origin, and they looked out with the same amused, undaunted, provincial eyes at the myriad metropolitan legs passing on the pavement above the level of their window. He got on well with them. At last, they said what they would do. They said it was nonsense to talk of buying Lapham out, for they had not the money; and as for selling out, they would not do it, for they knew they had a big thing. But they would as soon use his capital to develop it as anybody else's, and if he could put in a certain sum for this purpose, they would go in with him. He should run the works at Lapham and manage the business in Boston, and they would run the works at Kanawha Falls and manage the business in New York. The two brothers with whom Lapham talked named their figure, subject to the approval of another brother at Kanawha Falls, to whom they would write, and who would telegraph his answer, so that Lapham

could have it inside of three days. But they felt perfectly sure that he would approve; and Lapham started back on the eleven o'clock train with an elation that gradually left him as he drew near Boston, where the difficulties of raising this sum were to be overcome. It seemed to him, then, that those fellows had put it up on him pretty steep, but he owned to himself that they had a sure thing, and that they were right in believing they could raise the same sum elsewhere; it would take all of it, he admitted, to make their paint pay on the scale they had the right to expect. At their age, he would not have done differently; but when he emerged, old, sore, and sleep-broken, from the sleeping-car in the Albany depot at Boston, he wished with a pathetic self-pity that they knew how a man felt at his age. A year ago, six months ago, he would have laughed at the notion that it would be hard to raise the money. But he thought ruefully of that immense stock of paint on hand, which was now a drug in the market, of his losses by Rogers and by the failures of other men, of the fire that had licked up so many thousands in a few hours; he thought with bitterness of the tens of thousands that he had gambled away in stocks, and of the commissions that the brokers had pocketed whether he won or lost; and he could not think of any securities on which he could borrow, except his house in Nankeen Square, or the mine and works at Lapham. He set his teeth in helpless rage when he thought of that property out on the G. L. & P., that ought to be worth so much, and was worth so little if the road chose to say so.

He did not go home, but spent most of the day shinning round, as he would have expressed it, and trying to see if he could raise the money. But he found that people of whom he hoped to get it were in the conspiracy which had been formed to drive him to the wall. Somehow, there seemed a sense of his embarrassments abroad. Nobody wanted to lend money on the plant at Lapham without taking time to look into the state of the business; but Lapham had no time to give, and he knew that the state of the business would not bear looking into. He could raise fifteen thousand on his Nankeen Square house, and another fifteen on his Beacon street lot, and this was all that a man who was worth a million by rights could do! He said a million, and he said it in defiance of Bellingham, who had subjected his figures to an analysis which wounded Lapham more than he chose to show at the time, for it proved that he was not so rich and not so wise as he had seemed. His hurt vanity forbade him to go to Bellingham now for help or advice; and if he could have brought himself to ask his brothers for money, it would have been useless; they were simply well-to-do Western people, but not capitalists on the scale he required.

Lapham stood in the isolation to which adversity so often seems to bring men. When its test was applied, practically or theoretically, to all those who had seemed his friends, there was none who bore it; and he thought with bitter self-contempt of the people whom he had befriended in their time of need. He said to himself that he had been a fool for that; and he scorned himself for certain acts of scrupulosity by which he had lost money in the past. Seeing the moral forces all arrayed against him, Lapham said that he would like to have the chance offered him to get even with them again; he thought he should know how to look out for himself. As he understood it, he had several days to turn about in, and he did not let one day's failure dishearten him. The morning after his return he had, in fact, a gleam of luck that gave him the greatest encouragement for the moment. A man came in to inquire about one of Rogers's wild-cat patents, as Lapham called them, and ended by buying it. He got it, of course, for less than Lapham took it for, but Lapham was glad to be rid of it for something, when he had thought it worth nothing; and when the transaction was closed, he asked the purchaser rather eagerly if he knew where Rogers was; it was Lapham's secret belief that Rogers had found there was money in the thing, and had sent the man to buy it. But it appeared that this was a mistake; the man had not come from Rogers, but had heard of the patent in another way; and Lapham was astonished in the afternoon, when his boy came to tell him that Rogers was in the outer office, and wished to speak with him.

"All right," said Lapham, and he could not command at once the severity for the reception of Rogers which he would have liked to use. He found himself, in fact, so much relaxed towards him by the morning's touch of prosperity that he asked him to sit down, gruffly, of course, but distinctly; and when Rogers said in his lifeless way, and with the effect of keeping his appointment of a month before, "Those English parties are in town, and would like to talk with you in reference to the mills," Lapham did not turn him out-of-doors.

He sat looking at him, and trying to make out what Rogers was after; for he did not believe that the English parties, if they existed, had any notion of buying his mills.

"What if they are not for sale?" he asked. "You know that I've been expecting an offer from the G. L. & P."

"I've kept watch of that. They haven't made you any offer," said Rogers quietly.

"And did you think," demanded Lapham, firing up, "that I would turn them in on somebody else as you turned them in on me, when the chances are that they won't be worth ten cents on the dollar six months from now?"

"I didn't know what you would do," said Rogers, non-committally. "I've come here to tell you that these parties stand ready to take the mills off your hands at a fair valuation—at the value I put upon them when I turned them in."

"I don't believe you!" cried Lapham brutally, but a wild, predatory hope made his heart leap so that it seemed to turn over in his breast. "I don't believe there are any such parties to begin with; and in the next place, I don't believe they would buy at any such figure; unless—unless you've lied to them, as you've lied to me. Did you tell them about the G. L. & P.?"

Rogers looked compassionately at him, but he answered, with unvaried dryness, "I did not think that necessary."

Lapham had expected this answer, and he had expected or intended to break out in furious denunciation of Rogers when he got it; but he only found himself saying, in a sort of baffled gasp, "I wonder what your game is!"

Rogers did not reply categorically, but he answered, with his impartial calm, and as if Lapham had said nothing to indicate that he differed at all with him as to disposing of the property in the way he had suggested: "If we should succeed in selling, I should be able to repay you your loans, and should have a little capital for a scheme that I think of going into."

"And do you think that I am going to steal these men's money to help you plunder somebody in a new scheme?" answered Lapham. The sneer was on behalf of virtue, but it was still a sneer.

"I suppose the money would be useful to you too, just now."

"Why?"

"Because I know that you have been trying to borrow."

At this proof of wicked omniscience in Rogers, the question whether he had better not regard the affair as a fatality, and yield to his destiny, flashed upon Lapham; but he answered, "I shall want money a great deal worse than I've ever wanted it yet, before I go into such rascally business with you. Don't you know that we might as well knock these parties down on the street, and take the money out of their pockets?"

"They have come on," answered Rogers, "from Portland to see you. I expected them some weeks ago, but they disappointed me. They arrived on the *Circassian* last night; they expected to have got in five days ago, but the passage was very stormy."

"Where are they?" asked Lapham, with helpless irrelevance, and feeling himself somehow drifted from his moorings by Rogers's shipping intelligence.

"They are at Young's. I told them we would call upon them after dinner this evening; they dine late."

"Oh, you did, did you?" asked Lapham, trying to drop another anchor for a fresh clutch on his underlying principles. "Well, now, you go and tell them that I said I wouldn't come."

"Their stay is limited," remarked Rogers. "I mentioned this evening because they were not certain they could remain over another night. But if to-morrow would suit you better——"

"Tell 'em I sha'n't come at all," roared Lapham, as much in terror as defiance, for he felt his anchor dragging. "Tell 'em I sha'n't come at all! Do you understand that?"

"I don't see why you should stickle as to the matter of going to them," said Rogers; "but if you think it will be better to have them approach you, I suppose I can bring them to you."

"No, you can't! I sha'n't let you! I sha'n't see them! I sha'n't have anything to do with them. *Now* do you understand?"

"I inferred from our last interview," persisted Rogers, unmoved by all this violent demonstration of Lapham's, "that you wished to meet these parties. You told me that you would give me time to produce them; and I have promised them that you would meet them; I have committed myself."

It was true that Lapham had defied Rogers to bring on his men, and had implied his willingness to negotiate with them. That was before he had talked the matter over with his wife, and perceived his moral responsibility in it; even she had not seen this at once. He could not enter into this explanation with Rogers; he could only say, "I said I'd give you twenty-four hours to prove yourself a liar, and you did it. I didn't say twenty-four days."

"I don't see the difference," returned Rogers. "The parties are here now, and that proves that I was acting in good faith at the time. There has been no change in the posture of affairs. You don't know now any more than you knew then that the G. L. & P. is going to want the property. If there's any difference, it's in favor of the Road's having changed its mind."

There was some sense in this, and Lapham felt it — felt it only too eagerly, as he recognized the next instant.

Rogers went on quietly: "You're not obliged to sell to these parties when you meet them; but you've allowed me to commit myself to them by the promise that you would talk with them."

"'Twa'n't a promise," said Lapham.

"It was the same thing; they have come out from England on my guaranty that there was such and such an opening for their capital; and now what am I to say to them? It places me in a ridiculous position." Rogers urged his grievance calmly, almost impersonally, making his appeal to Lapham's sense of justice. "I *can't* go back to those parties and tell them you won't see them. It's no answer to make. They've got a right to know *why* you won't see them."

"Very well, then!" cried Lapham; "I'll come and *tell* them why. Who shall I ask for? When shall I be there?"

"At eight o'clock, please," said Rogers, rising, without apparent alarm at his threat, if it was a threat. "And ask for me; I've taken a room at the hotel for the present."

"I won't keep you five minutes when I get there," said Lapham; but he did not come away till ten o'clock.

It appeared to him as if the very devil was in it. The Englishmen treated his downright refusal to sell as a piece of bluff, and talked on as though it were merely the opening of the negotiation. When he became plain with them in his anger, and told them why he would not sell, they seemed to have been prepared for this as a stroke of business, and were ready to meet it.

"Has this fellow," he demanded, twisting his head in the direction of Rogers, but disdaining to notice him otherwise, "been telling you that it's part of my game to say this? Well, sir, I can tell you, on my side, that there isn't a slipperier rascal unhung in America than Milton K. Rogers!"

The Englishmen treated this as a piece of genuine American humor, and returned to the charge with unabated courage. They owned now, that a person interested with them had been out to look at the property, and that they were satisfied with the appearance of things. They developed further the fact that they were not acting solely, or even principally, in their own behalf, but were the agents of people in England who had projected the colonization of a sort of community on the spot, somewhat after the plan of other English dreamers, and that they were satisfied, from a careful inspection, that the resources and facilities were those best calculated to develop the energy and enterprise of the proposed community. They were prepared to meet Mr. Lapham — Colonel, they begged his pardon, at the instance of Rogers — at any reasonable figure, and were quite willing to assume the risks he had pointed out. Something in the eyes of these men, something that lurked at an infinite depth below their speech, and was not really in their eyes when Lapham looked again, had flashed through him a sense of treachery in them. He had thought them the dupes of Rogers; but in that brief instant he had seen them — or thought he had seen them — his accomplices, ready to betray the interests of which they went on to speak with a certain comfortable jocosity, and a certain incredulous slight of his show of integrity. It was a deeper game than Lapham was used to, and he sat looking with a sort of admiration from one Englishman to the other, and then to Rogers, who maintained an exterior of modest neutrality, and whose air said, "I have brought you gentlemen together as the friend of all parties, and I now leave you to settle it among yourselves. I ask nothing, and expect nothing, except the small sum which shall accrue to me after the discharge of my obligations to Colonel Lapham."

While Rogers's presence expressed this, one of the Englishmen was saying, "And if you have any scruple in allowin' us to assume this risk, Colonel Lapham, perhaps you can console yourself with the fact that the loss, if there is to be any, will fall upon people who are able to bear it — upon an association of rich and charitable people. But we're quite satisfied there will be no loss," he added savingly. "All you have to do is to name your price, and we will do our best to meet it."

There was nothing in the Englishman's sophistry very shocking to Lapham. It addressed itself in him to that easy-going, not evilly intentioned, potential immorality which regards common property as common prey, and gives us the most corrupt municipal governments under the sun — which makes the poorest voter, when he has tricked into place, as unscrupulous in regard to others' money as an hereditary prince. Lapham met the Englishman's eye, and with difficulty kept himself from winking. Then he looked away, and tried to find out where he stood, or what he wanted to do. He could hardly tell. He had expected to come into that room and unmask Rogers, and have it over. But he had unmasked Rogers without any effect whatever, and the play had only begun. He had a whimsical and sarcastic sense of its being very different from the plays at the theater. He could not get up and go away in silent contempt; he could not tell the Eng-

lishmen that he believed them a pair of scoundrels and should have nothing to do with them; he could no longer treat them as innocent dupes. He remained baffled and perplexed, and the one who had not spoken hitherto remarked:

"Of course we sha'n't 'aggle about a few pound, more or less. If Colonel Lapham's figure should be a little larger than ours, I've no doubt 'e'll not be too 'ard upon us in the end."

Lapham appreciated all the intent of this subtle suggestion, and understood as plainly as if it had been said in so many words, that if they paid him a larger price, it was to be expected that a certain portion of the purchase money was to return to their own hands. Still he could not move; and it seemed to him that he could not speak.

"Ring that bell, Mr. Rogers," said the Englishman who had last spoken, glancing at the annunciator button in the wall near Rogers's head, "and 'ave up something 'ot, can't you? I should like to wet me w'istle, as you say 'ere, and Colonel Lapham seems to find it rather dry work."

Lapham jumped to his feet, and buttoned his overcoat about him. He remembered with terror the dinner at Corey's where he had disgraced and betrayed himself, and if he went into this thing at all, he was going into it sober. "I can't stop," he said, "I must be going."

"But you haven't given us an answer yet, Mr. Lapham," said the first Englishman with a successful show of dignified surprise.

"The only answer I can give you now is, *No*," said Lapham. "If you want another, you must let me have time to think it over."

"But 'ow much time?" said the other Englishman. "We're pressed for time ourselves, and we hoped for an answer—'oped for a hanswer," he corrected himself, "at once. That was our understandin' with Mr. Rogers."

"I can't let you know till morning, anyway," said Lapham, and he went out, as his custom often was, without any parting salutation. He thought Rogers might try to detain him; but Rogers had remained seated when the others got to their feet, and paid no attention to his departure.

He walked out into the night air, every pulse throbbing with the strong temptation. He knew very well those men would wait, and gladly wait, till the morning, and that the whole affair was in his hands. It made him groan in spirit to think that it was. If he had hoped that some chance might take the decision from him, there was no such chance, in the present or future, that he could see. It was for him alone to commit this rascality—if it was a rascality—or not.

He walked all the way home, letting one car after another pass him on the street, now so empty of other passing, and it was almost eleven o'clock when he reached home. A carriage stood before his house, and when he let himself in with his key, he heard talking in the family-room. It came into his head that Irene had got back unexpectedly, and that the sight of her was somehow going to make it harder for him; then he thought it might be Corey, come upon some desperate pretext to see Penelope; but when he opened the door he saw, with a certain absence of surprise, that it was Rogers. He was standing with his back to the fire-place, talking to Mrs. Lapham, and he had been shedding tears; dry tears they seemed, and they had left a sort of sandy, glistening trace on his cheeks. Apparently he was not ashamed of them, for the expression with which he met Lapham was that of a man making a desperate appeal in his own cause, which was identical with that of humanity, if not that of justice.

"I some expected," began Rogers, "to find you here——"

"No, you didn't," interrupted Lapham; "you wanted to come here and make a poor mouth to Mrs. Lapham before I got home."

"I knew that Mrs. Lapham would know what was going on," said Rogers, more candidly, but not more virtuously, for that he could not, "and I wished her to understand a point that I hadn't put to you at the hotel, and that I want you should consider. And I want you should consider me a little in this business, too; you're not the only one that's concerned, I tell you, and I've been telling Mrs. Lapham that it's my one chance; that if you don't meet me on it, my wife and children will be reduced to beggary."

"So will mine," said Lapham, "or the next thing to it."

"Well, then, I want you to give me this chance to get on my feet again. You've no right to deprive me of it; it's unchristian. In our dealings with each other we should be guided by the Golden Rule, as I was saying to Mrs. Lapham before you came in. I told her that if I knew myself, I should in your place consider the circumstances of a man in mine, who had honorably endeavored to discharge his obligations to me, and had patiently borne my undeserved suspicions. I should consider that man's family, I told Mrs. Lapham."

"Did you tell her that if I went in with you and those fellows, I should be robbing the people who trusted them?"

"I don't see what you've got to do with the people that sent them here. They are rich people, and could bear it if it came to

the worst. But there's no likelihood, now, that it will come to the worst; you can see yourself that the Road has changed its mind about buying. And here am I without a cent in the world; and my wife is an invalid. She needs comforts, she needs little luxuries, and she hasn't even the necessaries; and you want to sacrifice her to a mere idea! You don't know in the first place that the Road will ever want to buy; and if it does, the probability is that with a colony like that planted on its line, it would make very different terms from what it would with you or me. These agents are not afraid, and their principals are rich people; and if there was any loss, it would be divided up amongst them so that they wouldn't any of them feel it."

Lapham stole a troubled glance at his wife, and saw that there was no help in her. Whether she was daunted and confused in her own conscience by the outcome, so evil and disastrous, of the reparation to Rogers which she had forced her husband to make, or whether her perceptions had been blunted and darkened by the appeals which Rogers had now used, it would be difficult to say. Probably there was a mixture of both causes in the effect which her husband felt in her, and from which he turned, girding himself anew, to Rogers.

"I have no wish to recur to the past," continued Rogers, with growing superiority. "You have shown a proper spirit in regard to that, and you have done what you could to wipe it out."

"I should think I had," said Lapham. "I've used up about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars trying."

"Some of my enterprises," Rogers admitted, "have been unfortunate, seemingly; but I have hopes that they will yet turn out well — in time. I can't understand why you should be so mindful of others now, when you showed so little regard for me then. I had come to your aid at a time when you needed help, and when you got on your feet you kicked me out of the business. I don't complain, but that is the fact; and I had to begin again, after I had supposed myself settled in life, and establish myself elsewhere."

Lapham glanced again at his wife; her head had fallen; he could see that she was so rooted in her old remorse for that questionable act of his, amply and more than fully atoned for since, that she was helpless, now in the crucial moment, when he had the utmost need of her insight. He had counted upon her; he perceived now that when he had thought it was for him alone to decide, he had counted upon her just spirit to stay his own in its struggle to be just. He had not forgotten how she held out against him only a little while ago, when he asked her whether he might not rightfully sell in some such contingency as this; and it was not now that she said or even looked anything in favor of Rogers, but that she was silent against him, which dismayed Lapham. He swallowed the lump that rose in his throat, the self-pity, the pity for her, the despair, and said gently, "I guess you better go to bed, Persis. It's pretty late."

She turned towards the door, when Rogers said, with the obvious intention of detaining her through her curiosity:

"But I let that pass. And I don't ask now that you should sell to these men."

Mrs. Lapham paused, irresolute.

"What are you making this bother for, then?" demanded Lapham. "What *do* you want?"

"What I've been telling your wife here. I want you should sell to *me*. I don't say what I'm going to do with the property, and you will not have an iota of responsibility, whatever happens."

Lapham was staggered, and he saw his wife's face light up with eager question.

"I want that property," continued Rogers, "and I've got the money to buy it. What will you take for it? If it's the price you're standing out for ——"

"Persis," said Lapham, "go to bed," and he gave her a look that meant obedience for her. She went out of the door, and left him with his tempter.

"If you think I'm going to help you whip the devil round the stump, you're mistaken in your man, Milton Rogers," said Lapham, lighting a cigar. "As soon as I sold to you, you would sell to that other pair of rascals. *I* smelt 'em out in half a minute."

"They are Christian gentlemen," said Rogers. "But I don't purpose defending them; and I don't purpose telling you what I shall or shall not do with the property when it is in my hands again. The question is, Will you sell, and, if so, what is your figure? You have got nothing whatever to do with it after you've sold."

It was perfectly true. Any lawyer would have told him the same. He could not help admiring Rogers for his ingenuity, and every selfish interest of his nature joined with many obvious duties to urge him to consent. He did not see why he should refuse. There was no longer a reason. He was standing out alone for nothing, any one else would say. He smoked on as if Rogers were not there, and Rogers remained before the fire as patient as the clock ticking behind his head on the mantel, and showing the gleam of its pendu-

lum beyond his face on either side. But at last he said, "Well?"

"Well," answered Lapham, "you can't expect me to give you an answer to-night, any more than before. You know that what you've said now hasn't changed the thing a bit. I wish it had. The Lord knows, I want to be rid of the property fast enough."

"Then why don't you sell to me? Can't you see that you will not be responsible for what happens after you have sold?"

"No, I *can't* see that; but if I can by morning, I'll sell."

"Why do you expect to know any better by morning? You're wasting time for nothing!" cried Rogers, in his disappointment. "Why are you so particular? When you drove me out of the business you were not so very particular."

Lapham winced. It was certainly ridiculous for a man who had once so selfishly consulted his own interests to be stickling now about the rights of others.

"I guess nothing's going to happen overnight," he answered sullenly. "Anyway, I sha'n't say what I shall do till morning."

"What time can I see you in the morning?"

"Half-past nine."

Rogers buttoned his coat, and went out of the room without another word. Lapham followed him to close the street-door after him.

His wife called down to him from above as he approached the room again, "Well?"

"I've told him I'd let him know in the morning."

"Want I should come down and talk with you?"

"No," answered Lapham, in the proud bitterness which his isolation brought, "you couldn't do any good." He went in and shut the door, and by and by his wife heard him begin walking up and down; and then the rest of the night she lay awake and listened to him walking up and down. But when the first light whitened the window, the words of the Scripture came into her mind: "And there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. . . . And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

She could not ask him anything when they met, but he raised his dull eyes after the first silence and said, "*I* don't know what I'm going to say to Rogers."

She could not speak; she did not know what to say, and she saw her husband, when she followed him with her eyes from the window, drag heavily down toward the corner, where he was to take the horse-car.

He arrived rather later than usual at his office, and he found his letters already on his table. There was one, long and official-looking, with a printed letter-heading on the outside, and Lapham had no need to open it in order to know that it was the offer of the Great Lacustrine & Polar Railroad for his mills. But he went mechanically through the verification of his prophetic fear, which was also his sole hope, and then sat looking blankly at it.

Rogers came promptly at the appointed time, and Lapham handed him the letter. He must have taken it all in at a glance, and seen the impossibility of negotiating any further now, even with victims so pliant and willing as those Englishmen.

"You've ruined me!" Rogers broke out. "I haven't a cent left in the world! God help my poor wife!"

He went out, and Lapham remained staring at the door which closed upon him. This was his reward for standing firm for right and justice to his own destruction: to feel like a thief and a murderer.

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.

REPENTANT.

THIS summer breeze fraught with repentant sighs,
Once a fleet force no heavenly law could bind,—
Now wandering earthward in a gentler guise,
Is but the ghost of some fierce winter wind.

William H. Hayne.

ROBERSON'S MEDIUM.

IT was Rowney Mauve who described Roberson as being like one of his own still-lifes; a lot of queer stuff badly composed and out of drawing, and with his perspective all wrong. And I regret to add that it was Miss Carmine, when she heard this description and recognized its accuracy, who giggled. To say that Violet Carmine was a pickle is presenting a statement of the case that is well within bounds.

The arrival of this somewhat erratic young person in New York was unexpected, and had a rather dramatic touch about it. On a warm evening in September, while yet the dying splendor of sunset hung redly over the Jersey Highlands, Mr. Mangan Brown was sitting in a wicker chair on the veranda of his own exceedingly comfortable house in West Eleventh street. He was in the perfectly placid frame of mind that is the right of a man who has dined well and who is smoking a good cigar. In another wicker chair, similarly placid, similarly smoking a good cigar, sat Vandyke Brown. And between the two sat Rose: whose nature was so sweet at all times, that even after-dinner cigars (supposing that she had been inclined to smoke them, and she was not) could not have made it one particle sweeter. These three people were very fond of each other; and they were talking away pleasantly about nothing in particular, and were gently light-hearted, and were having a deal of enjoyment in a quiet way, as they sat there beneath their own vine and ailanthus-tree, in the light of the mellow afterglow left when the sun went down. Their perfect peacefulness can be likened only to that of a tropical calm; and, therefore, the unities of the situation were preserved, though its placidity was shattered, when the calm was broken by what with a tolerable degree of accuracy may be described as a tropical storm.

Out of a coupé that stopped with a flourish in front of Mr. Mangan Brown's gate descended a tall young woman with a good deal of color in her cheeks, and a good deal of black hair, and a pair of exceptionally bright black eyes. She carried a cage, in which was a large white cockatoo, in one hand, and with the other she opened the gate in a decisive sort of way, as though she had a right to open it; and in a positive, proprietary fashion she traversed the walk of flags to the veranda steps. Mr. Mangan Brown arose from his wicker chair—somewhat reluctantly, for he was very comfortable—and advanced to meet her.

"You must be my cousin Mangan. I am very glad to see you, Cousin Mangan. Won't you take the parrot, please?" and the young person held out the cage in her left hand, and also extended her right hand with the obvious purpose of having it shaken.

Mr. Mangan Brown did his best to discharge simultaneously the two duties thus demanded of him; but as this involved crossing his hands in an awkward sort of way, the result was not altogether graceful. "My name *is* Mangan Brown," he said diplomatically.

"Of course it is," answered the young woman, with a smile that showed what a charming mouth and what prodigiously fine teeth she had. "And my name is Violet Carmine. Don't you think Violet rather a pretty name, Cousin Mangan? My mamma gave it to me out of a novel. And don't you think that I speak very good English? I haven't a strawberry-mark on my left arm nor anything like that, you know, to prove it, but I am your cousin—your second cousin once removed—just as much as though I had strawberry-marks all over me. Don't look at me in that doubtful sort of way, Cousin Mangan; it makes me feel quite uncomfortable. I'm sure if I am willing to believe in you, you might be willing to believe in me. But here's papa's letter; just read that, and then you'll believe in me, I'm sure."

Mr. Mangan Brown, who was rather dazed by this assault, took the letter and began to read it.

"You're cousins too, I suppose," said Miss Carmine, turning to Van and Rose. "Long cousin, won't you please go out to the carriage and pay the man and bring in my things? As to you, you dear little blue-eyed cousin, I think that you are simply delightful, and I know that I shall love you with all my heart, and I must kiss you right away," and this Miss Carmine did, with a fervor that was quite in keeping with the energy of her manner and words.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," said Mr. Mangan Brown, who had finished the letter. "This is my nephew, Vandyke Brown, and this is his wife, my niece Rose; and I am sure that we all will do our best to make you comfortable while you stay with us. If I was not quite so cordial as I might have been just now, you must understand that your sudden arrival rather took me by surprise, you know. Rose, take your cousin Violet up to Caledonia's room and make her comfortable. Van will carry up her bag."

"And Rose, dear," said Miss Carmine, precisely imitating Mr. Mangan's tone and manner, "take your cousin Violet to where she will get something to eat, please. I assure you that she is almost starving." In her own proper voice she continued: "You sweet little blue-eyed thing, it was worth while coming all the way from Mexico just to have a sight of you. You are a lucky fellow, Van. I don't believe you half deserve her. Tell the truth, now, do you? But of course he'll say yes, Rose, so we need not wait for his answer. Take me along, dear, and let me wash myself and get some food. You really have no idea how hungry I am!" And Miss Carmine, with her arm around Rose's waist, vanished through the open door.

"Cool sort of hand, this cousin of ours," said Van to Mr. Mangan, when the bag and the parrot had been carried upstairs and Van had come down again to the veranda. "And who is she, anyway? She really is our cousin, I suppose."

"Yes," said Mr. Mangan, in a tone that did its best to be cheerful, "there is no doubt about the relationship; though it certainly is rather a distant one. Her great-grandfather Carmine married the sister of my grandfather, Bone Brown. Carmine had a cochineal plantation in San Domingo, and he was killed in the time of the insurrection. In fact, his slaves burnt him. His son got away and went over to Mexico, and the family has been there ever since. The present Carmine, Violet's father, has a big *hacienda* somewhere or another. We have a consignment of hides from him every year, and that's pretty much all that I know about him — except that in one of his letters he once said that he had married an American and was bringing up his daughters — I don't think he had any sons — on the American plan, teaching them to be self-confident, and that sort of thing. And," continued Mr. Mangan, reflectively, "if this young person is a fair specimen of the family, I should say that his educational methods had been, ah, quite a remarkable success."

"Yes," answered Van dryly, "I think they have. But to what fortunate circumstance do we owe the pleasure of her descent upon our inoffensive household?"

"Don't be inhospitable, Van; I'm sure she's a nice girl, though she certainly is a little — a little odd, perhaps. Why, her father writes that he has sent her up to see something of American life under my care, — he seems to take it for granted that I am married, and have a lot of daughters, — and when her visit is ended (he suggests that she shall stay with us for a year, or for six months at the least), he wants me to come down to his place with all my family, and stay a year or so with him. It's Mexican, I suppose, visiting in this fashion. I always have understood that they do not make much account of time down there."

"But how on earth did she get here? Surely she did not come up alone?"

"Really, Van," said Violet, stepping out upon the veranda briskly, just in time to hear these questions — "Really, Van, you don't look stupid, but I think you must be. I came, sir, in a delightful Pullman car, and the Señor and Señora Moreno — I wonder if they can be distant relations of yours, Cousin Mangan? it's the same name, you know — and all the thirteen, no, the fourteen, little Morenos and their nurses and servants brought me. We just filled the car nicely. And oh! we did have such a good time! Did you ever go anywhere in a Pullman car, Cousin Mangan? If you didn't, you don't know at all how nice it is. Not a bit like the horrid *diligencia*, you know. And we did have such fun! I had my dear Pablo — he's the parrot, you know; and the Señora Moreno had a — I don't know what the English name is: it's a bird that whistles and sings wonderfully; and little Joséfita had a yellow kitten; and at Chihuahua each of the seven boys bought a dear little dog. When Pablo was screaming, and the bird was whistling, and the kitten was fighting with all the little dogs at once, really we could not hear ourselves speak. It was so funny that we were laughing every bit of the time.

"And, Cousin Mangan, Señor Moreno wanted to come here with me, and give me into your hands. But I wouldn't let him, and they all stopped at a little hotel quite near here, where Spanish is spoken; for Señor Moreno does not speak a word of English, and I have done all the talking for him ever since we left Paso del Norte, — you have no idea what nice things the conductors and people have said to me about my English, — and I begged Señor Moreno to let me come in the carriage myself. I wanted to surprise you, you see. *Have* I surprised you, Cousin Mangan? Tell me truly, *have* I?"

And Mr. Mangan Brown answered, in a

tone that Miss Carmine possibly thought unnecessarily serious: "Yes, my dear, I believe that I may say with perfect truth — you have!"

NATURALLY, so quiet a household as was this — Mr. Mangan Brown's — was a good deal upset by having interjected into it such a whirlwind of a young woman as was this Miss Violet Carmine. The household was quieter than ever, of course, now that Miss Caledonia and Verona were married off. The wedding, by the way, was a prodigious success. Mr. Mangan Brown gave away the brides successively, with a defiant one-down-and-t'other-come-on air that was tremendously effective; and young Orpiment went through with the ceremony gallantly; and Mr. Gamboge, who was badly scared, most certainly would have said, "Under these circumstances Mr. Orpiment would have said, 'I will,'" if Miss Caledonia, being on the look-out for precisely this emergency, had not pinched him; and Miss Caledonia looked so young and so pretty in her gray silk and new back-hair that nobody ever would have thought her a day over forty; and Verona just looked like the lovable, dignified angel that she was.

But while Miss Carmine found no difficulty in filling with her belongings the two rooms lately occupied by Miss Caledonia and Verona, it cannot be said that she herself filled precisely the place in the household which had been filled by these its departed members. Mr. Mangan tried loyally to make the best of his Mexican kinswoman, but even he found her at times — as he deprecatingly admitted to Rose — a little wearing. He tried to convince himself that Pablo's violent remarks in the Spanish tongue at atrocious hours of the morning did not disturb him; he tried to believe that he admired the spirited playfulness of the seven little Moreno boys when they came to visit their countrywoman, and with their countrywoman and their seven Chihuahua dogs raced in and out of the parlor windows and up and down the veranda steps and all over the flower-beds in the front garden; and he tried to think that his kinswoman's habitual tendency toward the violent and the unexpected did not annoy him. But it is certain that his efforts in these and in various other directions were not at all times successful. And yet when Violet was not doing something outrageous, — which, to be sure, was not often, — she was such a frank, affectionate body that not to love her was quite impossible.

"It's not herself, it's her extraordinary education that's at fault, Van," Mr. Mangan declared, in extenuation of her expedition with Rowney Mauve and without a chaperon to Coney Island. "She's a good little thing, but what with her queer life on her father's *hacienda*, and the queer doctrines which her father and mother have got into her head, it's no wonder that her notions of propriety are a little eccentric."

Being lectured about her Coney Island trip, Violet manifested only astonishment. "Why, Cousin Mangan, I thought that here in America girls could do just as they pleased. That's what mamma has always told me. I'm sure that *she* did what she pleased when she was a girl. And mamma was very carefully brought up, and moved in very elegant society, you know. Grandpapa, you know, sold outfits at Fort Leavenworth to people going across the Plains; and he did a splendid business, too, in the Santa Fé trail. That was before the railroad, of course. Were you ever along the Santa Fé trail before the Atchison road was built, Cousin Mangan? It was a splendid trip to make. Mamma came out that way to Santa Fé in 1860 with grandpapa. They had a lovely time; just as full of excitement as possible. They had one fight with Indians before they were fifty miles out from Council Grove, and another just as they struck off from the Arkansas, and another at the crossing of the Cimarron; and they were caught in a tremendous snow-storm in the Raton mountains; and in fording the Pecos they lost a wagon and its team of six mules, and grandpapa was so angry with the head-teamster for his carelessness that he just picked him up bodily and chucked him in after the mules, and then shot at him when he tried to swim ashore; and mamma used to say, in her droll way, that they never knew whether that teamster died of drowning or shooting.

"It was in Santa Fé, you know, that papa met mamma and fell in love with her. It was very romantic. Mamma had made a bet with one of the officers of the garrison that she could ride a mustang that never had been broken; and it ran away with her, — which mamma did not mind a bit, of course, — and just as she was waving her handkerchief to the men to show that she was winning the bet, she found that the mustang was heading right for the edge of the bluff, — she was riding on the *mesa*, close by old Fort Marcy, — and as she couldn't turn him, she knew that they both were going to have their necks broken. And then papa, who was with the officers, saw her danger and galloped up just in time to lift her right out of the saddle, while both horses were running as hard as ever they could run; and papa managed to turn his horse on the very edge of the bluff, and the mustang went over the bluff and was

done for. Of course, after he had saved her life this way, and after he had fought a duel with the officer that mamma bet with, because he said that mamma had not won the bet after all, mamma had to marry him. They had a lovely wedding in the old church of San Miguel, and all the officers were there,—the officer whom papa wounded was ever so nice about it and came on crutches,—and all the best people of the town were there too, and they had a splendid banquet at the Fonda afterwards. You see, there was no trouble about their being married, for mamma was born in the church. Her mother's folks, the Smalts, were German Catholics, and, of course, her father was a Catholic too, for he was Don Patricio O'Jara, you know. The O'Jaras are a very noble family, Cousin Mangan; some of them once were kings, mamma says.

"And because she belonged to such a grand family, and because grandpapa was so rich, mamma moved in the very highest circles of Leavenworth society, you see; and I am sure that she went around with young gentlemen just as much as she pleased, for she has told me so, often. So what was the harm in my going to Coney Island with Mr. Mauve, Cousin Mangan? And we did have *such* a lovely time! Now you aren't angry with me, are you? Then kiss me, and say you're not —so. That's a dear! And now we never will say another word about the horrid place again."

Rowney Mauve, of course, knew that the Coney Island expedition was all wrong; and he had the grace to profess to be sorry when Van took it on himself to give him a lecture about it. Rowney was a rather weak vessel, morally,—as he admitted with a charming frankness, when anybody spoke to him on the subject,—and he never made any very perceptible effort to strengthen himself. It wasn't his ambition to be a whited sepulcher, he would say, with an air of cheerful resignation that, in its way, was quite irresistible. But after all, he was not half a bad fellow at bottom. His besetting sin was his laziness. Unless he had some scheme of pleasure on hand —when he would rouse up and work like a beaver—he was about as lazy as a man well could be. Had he ever buckled down to work, there was the making of a first-rate painter in him. Two or three landscapes, which by some extraordinary chance he had finished, had been quite the talk of the town and had sold promptly. But there he stopped.

"Of course, old man, I know that I could sell a lot of pictures if I painted them," he would say when Van upbraided him for his laziness. "But what's the good of it? I don't need the money. I've got more now than I know what to do with." And then he would add in the high moral key, and with the twinkle in the corners of his blue eyes that always came there in nice appreciation of his own humbug: "And I don't think it's right, Van, you know, to sell my pictures and so take the bread out of the mouths of the men who need it. No, I prefer to be, as that cheerful old father-in-law of yours once said to me, when he sent his 'Baby's First Steps' to the Young Geniuses' exhibition, and the Young Geniuses cracked it right back at him,—'a willing sacrifice for Art's great sake to other men's success.' That's a noble sentiment, isn't it? And now, what do you say to joining me on board the yacht to-morrow and sliding down to Saint Augustine for a week or two? There are some types among those stunning Minorcan girls down there, that will make you a bigger swell in art than ever, if you will catch them in time for the spring exhibition." The fact of the matter was that Rowney Mauve, in the matter of laziness, simply was incorrigible.

In connection with Miss Carmine, however, not the least trace of Rowney's laziness was perceptible. In her service he was all energy. Why, he even went so far as to finish one of his numerous unfinished pictures because—when Van and Rose brought her to his studio one day—she took a fancy to it and told him that she would like to see it completed! Among the people who knew him, this outburst of zealous labor was regarded as being little short of miraculous; and Rowney, who was rather given to contemplative consideration of his own actions, could not help at first feeling that way about it himself. As the result of careful self-analysis, however, he came to the conclusion that his sudden access of energy was not the result of a miracle, but of love!

Being really in love was a new experience for Rowney, and he did not quite understand it. At one time or another he had been spoons on lots of girls; but being spoons and being genuinely in love, as he now perceived, were conditions of the heart which bore no relation to each other whatever. Looking at his case critically, he was satisfied that his decline and fall had begun on that October day, now four months past, when he and Miss Carmine had defied the proprieties by going down together to Coney Island. They had seen the races—which Violet enjoyed immensely—and had had a capital little lunch; and after the lunch they had taken a long walk on the deserted beach toward Far Rockaway. Rowney knew all the while, of course, that they hadn't any business whatever to be off alone on a cruise of this nature; and his knowledge, I am sorry to say, made him regard the cruise in

the light of a lark of quite exceptional jollity. Violet, not having the faintest suspicion that she was anything less than a model of American decorum, simply was in raptures. With a delightful frankness she repeatedly told Rowney what a good time she was having, and how like it was to the good times that her mother, the scion of the royal house of O'Jara, used to have in company with the young Chesterfields of Fort Leavenworth society.

Altogether, it had been an original sort of an experience for Rowney; and for this easy-going young gentleman original experiences had an exceeding great charm. Looking back, therefore, in the light of subsequent events, upon that particular day, he decided that it was the Coney Island expedition that had sapped the foundations of his previously well-fortified heart. Anyhow, without regard to when it began, he felt satisfied in his own mind that he was in love now — right over head and ears!

Roberson, whose studio was just across the passage, happened to drop in upon him at the very moment that he had arrived at this, to him, astonishing conclusion. Roberson was not a very promising specimen of a confidant, but Rowney was so full of his discovery that before he could check himself he had blurted out: "Old man, I've been and gone and done it! I'm in love!"

"No? Are you though, really?" said Roberson, in his funny little mincing way. "Why, that's very interesting. And who are you in love with?"

By this time Rowney had perceived the absurdity, not to say the stupidity, of taking Roberson into his confidence. So he laughed and answered:

"With my own laziness, of course. I've been thinking what a precious ass I have been making of myself in working over this confounded picture. Now that it's finished, I don't know what to do with it, and I've wasted a solid month that I might have devoted to scientific loafing. And it's because I see my folly and am determined to be wise again that I've fallen in love with my own laziness once more."

"Oh!" said Roberson, in a tone of disappointment, "I thought that you were in earnest; and I was ever so glad, for I really am in love, Rowney, in love awfully! And — and I thought that if you were in love too, you'd like to hear about it. Wouldn't you like to hear about it, anyway?"

"Of course I would, old man. Just wait till I fill my pipe — I can be more sympathetic over a pipe, you know. Now crack away," Rowney continued, as he settled himself comfortably in a big chair and pulled hard at his pipe to give it a good start. "Now crack away, my stricken deer. Though the herd all forsake thee, thy home is still here, you know. Rest on this bosom and tell your tale of sorrow. Are you very hard hit, Roberson?"

"Oh, I am, indeed I am," groaned Roberson. "You see, it's — it's this queer Mexican girl who is staying with the Browns ——"

"The dickens it is!" exclaimed Rowney, suddenly sitting bolt upright in his chair, and glaring at Roberson through the smoke as though he wanted to glare his head off.

"Don't, please don't look at me like that, Mauve. Surely there's no reason why you should be angry with me."

"N-no," answered Rowney, slowly, "I don't think there is." And then, as he sank back in the chair, and his ferocious expression gave place to a quiet grin, he added briskly, "No, I'm sure there's not. I was surprised, that's all. I always look like that when I'm a good deal surprised."

"Well, I must say I'm glad I don't surprise you often. You have no idea how savage you looked, old fellow. I'm not easily frightened, you know," — and the little man put on a look of inoffensive defiance as he spoke, that gave him something the air of a valorously disposed lamb, — "but I do assure you that the way you looked at me gave me quite a turn. Just let me know, won't you, when you feel yourself beginning to be surprised the next time, so that I may be prepared for it?"

"I'll do better than that, Roberson; I'll promise not to let you surprise me. And now go ahead with the love-story, old man; I'm quite ashamed of myself for having interrupted you so rudely."

"There isn't any more yet to tell," said Roberson dolefully. "I wish there was."

"Nonsense, man! Why, that isn't any love-story at all. There *must* be more of it. What have you said to her? What has she said to you?"

"Nothing," answered Roberson dismally; "that's just it, you see. That's what makes me so low in my mind over it. I haven't said anything, and she hasn't said anything. If either of us had said anything, I'd know better where I was. But neither of us has spoken, and so I don't know where I am at all — not the least bit in the world." Roberson hid his face in his hands and groaned.

Presently he went on again: "I have made efforts to speak, Rowney; I've made repeated efforts — but, somehow, they've none of them come to anything. Indeed, I've never had but one fair chance; for, every time, just as I've got to the point when I was ready to say something, — something that really would have

a meaning to it, you know,—something has happened to stop me."

"And what stopped you that one time when something didn't happen to stop you?"

"You mustn't think me weak, Rowney, but—but the truth is that I was so dreadfully upset that what I wanted to say wouldn't come at all. We were sitting on the veranda,—the moon was shining, and all the rest were inside listening to Mrs. Orpiment who was singing. I couldn't have had a better chance, you see."

"I should think not!" growled Rowney.

"But the more I tried, the more the right words wouldn't come. And what do you suppose I ended by asking her?"

"If she didn't think you were an intolerable idiot. And, of course, she said 'Yes.'"

"Don't be hard on me, Mauve. You've no idea what a trying situation it was. No; what I ended by asking her was, What was the food most commonly eaten in Mexico? I didn't say it in just a commonplace way, you know. I threw a great deal of feeling into my voice, and I looked at her beseechingly. And—and I think, old fellow, that she knew that my words meant more than they expressed, for there was a strange tremor in her own voice as she answered, 'Tortillas and frijoles'; and as soon as she had uttered those brief words she got up and rushed into the parlor as though something were after her. This was a very extraordinary thing for her to do, and it shows to my mind that she did not dare to trust herself with me for a moment longer. And I am the more confirmed in this opinion by the fact that when I followed her, in a minute or two,—for at first I was too much surprised by her sudden departure to stir,—I found her leaning upon Mrs. Brown's shoulder in hysterics—laughing and crying all at once, I solemnly assure you. Don't you think there's hope for me in all this, Rowney? Don't you think that her saying 'Tortillas and frijoles' in that strange, tremulous tone, and then having hysterics after it, meant more than I could understand at the time?"

"Yes," answered Rowney decidedly, "I think it did. To be quite frank with you, Roberson, I don't think that you fully understand just what she meant even yet."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mauve. You don't know how much good you are doing me by your kind, encouraging words."

Rowney's conscience did prick him a little when Roberson said this—but only a little, for his resentment of what he styled in his own mind Roberson's confounded impudence in venturing to make love to Violet, was too keen for him to give the unlucky little man mercy in the least degree.

For a while there was silence. Mauve pulled away steadily at his pipe, and Roberson stared gloomily into vacancy, and gently wrung his hands. At last he spoke:

"Rowney, do you believe that there is anything in—in spiritualism?"

"There's dollars in it if you only can make it go. Why? Are you thinking of taking it up as a profession? It's rather a shady profession, of course, but you ought to make more out of it than you do out of your still-life stuff. The properties wouldn't take much capital to start with. Two rooms in an out-of-the-way street,—Grove street would do nicely,—some curtains, and a table—that's all you'd need to begin with. If things went along well, and you found that there was a paying demand for materializations, then you'd have to get some costumes. And what awfully good fun it will be," Rowney continued, as he warmed up to the subject. "Do you know, I've a great mind to go in with you. It will be no end of a lark."

"Oh, you don't understand me at all, Mauve. I don't want to be a medium. What I mean is, do you believe in the reality of spiritual manifestations?"

Rowney was about to say "Spiritual fiddlesticks," but checked himself, and answered diplomatically, "Well, you see I have no experience in that line, and so my opinion isn't worth having. Have you ever tackled the spirits yourself, Roberson?"

"Ye-es," answered Roberson hesitatingly, "I have."

"And what sort of a time did you have with them?"

"Well—but you won't laugh at me, will you, Mauve? I'm really in earnest, you know; and if you only want to make a joke of it, I won't go on."

"Don't you see how serious I am?"

"Well, some of the spirits did tell me very wonderful things. Do you remember that picture that I painted a year ago last winter,—peas and asparagus and Bermuda potatoes and strawberries grouped around a shad,—that I called 'The First Breath of Spring'? I don't think that you can have forgotten it, for it was a noble work. Well, the spirit of Jan Weenix told me to paint that picture, and promised me that it would bring me fortune and fame."

"Why, I saw it in your studio only yesterday, with a lot of other stuff piled up in a corner. Not much fame or fortune there, apparently. If that's the sort of game that the spirits come on you, I should say that they talk like Ananias and Sapphira."

"Hush! Don't speak that way, please. We never know what Form hovers near." (Roberson said this so earnestly that, invol-

untarily, Rowney glanced over his shoulders.) "It is true that the promise made by the spirit of Jan Weenix has not yet been fulfilled; but you know there's no telling at what moment it will be. Every time that I hear a strange step on the stairs, I say to myself, 'He comes! The Purchaser comes—and with him come Fortune and Fame!' And though I'm bound to admit I haven't seen the least sign of him yet, that only assures me that I have so much the less time to wait for his coming.

"Yes, I believe in the spirits thoroughly, Mauve. Every action of my life for years past has been guided by them. And I believe that it is because I have not their guidance in this great matter of my love that I am going all wrong."

"What's the reason they won't guide you now? Have you had a row with 'em?"

"I do wish that you wouldn't speak in that irreverent way. No; the trouble is that the medium whom I have been in the habit of consulting for years has—has gone away. In point of fact," Roberson blushed a little, "he has been arrested for swindling. It is a great outrage, of course, and I am desperately sorry for him. But I am more sorry for myself. You see, getting a new medium is a very difficult matter. It is not only that he must be a good medium intrinsically, but he must possess a nature that easily becomes *en rapport* with mine. When I began this conversation it was in the faint hope that you also might be a believer and might be able to help me in my quest; but I see now that this hope has no foundation. I must search on, alone; and until I find what I require I shall toss aimlessly upon the ocean of life like a rudderless ship in a storm. Don't think me ungrateful, old man, because I am so melancholy. Your sympathy has cheered me up ever so much. Indeed, I haven't been so light-hearted since I don't know when." And with tears in his eyes and sorrow stamped upon every line of his face, Roberson gently minced his way out of the room.

"I say, Roberson," Rowney called after him, "I've a notion that I know a medium who is just the very card you want. I'll look him up, and if he's what I think he is, I'll pass him along to you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you very much, Mauve," said Roberson, putting his head in at the door again. "It's ever so good of you to think of taking this trouble on my account. But if you will find me a new medium,—a good one, you know, that I can trust implicitly,—you really will make a new man of me;" and uttering these hopeful words, Roberson closed the door.

For an hour or more Rowney Mauve continued to sit and smoke in the big chair. During this period he grinned frequently, and once he laughed aloud. When at last he stood up and knocked the ashes from his third pipe, it was with the satisfied air of a man who has formulated an Idea.

At the outset of this narrative the fact has been mentioned that Violet Carmine was a pickle. The additional fact may be appropriately mentioned here that a residence of five months in the stimulating atmosphere of New York had not by any means tended to make her less picklesome. Except in the case of Mr. Mangan Brown, who stood by her loyally, she was the despair of the Eleventh street household, and she was not favorably commented upon abroad. After that dinner at the Gamboges',—when Violet flirted so outrageously with young Orpiment that even Verona's placid spirit was ruffled,—Mrs. Gamboge said to Mr. Gamboge, in the privacy of their own chamber, that she was very sure that this wild Mexican-Irish girl would bring all their gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave. Mr. Gamboge, who had rather a soft spot in his heart for Violet, and to whom the mystery of Miss Caledonia's back-hair was a mystery no longer, glanced shrewdly at the toilet-table, grinned in a manner that was highly exasperating, and made no reply. Mr. Gamboge regretted his adoption of this line of rejoinder; but Mrs. Gamboge—having suffered peace to be restored when she found herself in possession of the India shawl for which her heart had panted all winter long—inclined to the opinion that brutality was not without its compensating advantages, after all.

And being a pickle, Violet threw herself heart and soul into the part assigned to her by Rowney Mauve in the realization of his Idea.

"It's delightful, Rowney." ("Mamma always used to call her gentlemen friends at Fort Leavenworth by their first names, Cousin Mangan. I am sure that you might let me do what mamma did," Miss Carmine had observed with dignity when Mr. Mangan had suggested to her one day that this somewhat unceremonious mode of address might be modified advantageously.)

"It's delightful, Rowney. Really, I didn't think that you had the wit to think of doing anything so funny. Of course, I'll keep as dark about it as possible. If that sweet little Rose were to get wind of it, I believe she'd faint; and funny little old Cousin Caledonia would have a fit; and Van would be seriously horrified and disagreeable. And even Cousin Mangan, who is the dearest dear that ever was, wouldn't like it, and he'd end by coaxing me out of it, I'm sure. And I don't want

to be coaxed out of it, Rowney, for it will be the best bit of fun that I ever had anything to do with. But I'll have to have somebody along, you know. And I'll tell you who it will be — that nice Rose d'Antimoine! She's just as bad as they all say I am — I don't think that I'm very bad, Rowney; do you? — only she's sly, and knows how to pretend that she isn't. May I tell her about it, and ask her to take a hand? You'd better say 'Yes,' for unless she comes in I'll stay out, you know."

Rowney, who though acquainted only with the society of young American women, was unacquainted with the natural young American woman's instinct of self-preservation, which is most shrewdly manifested in her determination always to have one of her sex with her in her escapades, was rather staggered by this proposition, and was disposed to raise objections to it. But Miss Carmine gave him to understand in short order that his objections could not be entertained for a moment. He would do what she wanted, she told him decidedly, or he would not do anything at all; and Rowney, not altogether unwillingly, for he did not want to get Violet into a scrape, gave in. Therefore, the aid of Madame d'Antimoine was sought, and was given with effusion, for marriage had not tended to make her take a view of life much more serious than that which she had entertained when her scandalous flirtation with the "Marquis" had driven poor Jaune almost to extremities. So these three lively young people laid their reprehensible heads together — and if Roberson's ears did not burn, it was no fault of theirs.

It was the morning after this conference that Rowney Mauve dropped in upon Roberson in his studio.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you, Mauve," said Roberson. "I was just wishing for somebody to come in to tell me about this thing. I'm not satisfied with it exactly, and yet I don't know what there is wrong about it, either. I must explain, though, what I'm driving at. I call it 'The Real and the Ideal'— though I've been thinking that possibly 'High Life and Low Life' will be better. On this side, you see, I have a pile of turnips and a cabbage and a mackerel, and on this side a vase of roses and a glass globe with gold-fish in it. The idea's capital — contrast, and that sort of thing, you know. But somehow the picture don't seem to come together. I've changed the composition two or three times, but I don't seem to get what I want. I do wish that you'd give me your advice about it. What you honestly think, you know."

"To tell the truth, Roberson, the way you've got it now,— the things all along in a row like that,— it looks a good deal like ninepins after the first ball has cracked into 'em."

"No? does it though? Why, I do believe you're right, Mauve. I've been thinking myself that perhaps the things were too scattery. And yet, I think there's a good effect in the way that they rise gradually from this one turnip here on the left to the roses on the right. I can't paint out those roses again, they're too good. Don't you think that they're better than Lambdin's? I do. But I might move the globe of gold-fish over to the left, and then have the mackerel and the vegetables along in a row between it and the roses. How do you think that would do? I've got to do something in a hurry, for the mackerel I am using for a model is beginning to smell horribly. I hope you don't find it very bad. I put carbolic acid over it this morning. Oh, dear! Mauve, I don't seem to be able to do anything in these days, now — now," and Roberson's voice became lower, and had a tone of awe in it, "that I no longer have a Guide, you know."

"That's just what I came to speak to you about, Roberson."

"Goodness gracious! Mauve, you don't mean to say that you have — that you have found a Medium?" exclaimed Roberson in great excitement, springing up from his chair, and dropping his palette and maulstick with a clatter.

"That is just what I do mean to say, old man; but I wish that you wouldn't jump around so. It disturbs the atmosphere, and fans the fish, you know."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. Just wait a minute and I'll put some more carbolic acid on it. But tell me about him. Is he really a good medium? Have you tested him? Is he knocks, or voice, or a slate? is he ——"

"He isn't a 'he' at all; he's a she."

"A 'she'?"

"Yes; a woman medium, you know."

"Oh," said Roberson, doubtfully, and with less brightness in his face, "I've never tried a woman medium. Do you think they're apt to be as good as men?"

"Not as a rule," Rowney answered, in the grave, careful tone of one who had given the subject a very thorough investigation and whose decision was final. "No, not as a rule; but, as an exception, yes. Dugald Stewart, in his admirable chapter on clairvoyance,— spiritualism hadn't come up in his day, you know,— says that 'the delicate, super-sensitive nerve-fiber of women renders them far more keenly acute to psychic influences than are men. It is for this reason that women, and women only, have given us trustworthy evidences of clairvoyant phenomena.' The eminent Professor Crookes, during his re-

cent exhaustive and most fruitful experiments upon the element to which he has given the name of psychic force, has arrived at a conclusion which substantially is identical with that arrived at by the great Scotch philosopher. He says, clearly and positively: 'While the majority of my experiments with women have been failures, it is a notable fact that of all my experiments, the only ones which have been completely and entirely satisfactory have been those in which the operating force was a woman; and from this fact I conclude that only in the exquisitely sensitive nervous structure of women can proper *media* for the most interesting, most astonishing class of psychic phenomena be found.' Now, what can you say in opposition to this positively expressed opinion of the great English scientist? Surely, Roberson, you will not have the temerity, not to say the downright impudence, to set up your opinion, based only on your own meager experience, against that of this profound investigator,—against the dictum of the man who has invented the Radiometer?"

Roberson was greatly astonished, as well as greatly impressed, by this eloquent and learned outburst; and he was a good deal puzzled later, when his most diligent search through the works of the authors named failed to discover the passages, or anything at all like them, that Rowney had quoted.

"What a wonderful fellow you are, Mauve!" he said admiringly. "I had no idea that you had gone into the matter in this serious way."

"Well, when I set out to know anything, I do like to know it pretty thoroughly," Rowney answered airily. "But I hope that what I've said has weakened your prejudice against women mediums. A man of your strong intellect, Roberson, has no right to entertain a prejudice like that. Of course, though, if you don't believe in women mediums, we will say no more about this one that I have found for you."

"Oh, please don't speak that way, Mauve; I see that I have been very foolish, and I want to meet this one very much indeed. Who is she?"

"She's a Theosoph."

"A what?"

"A Theosoph—a member of that wonderful and mysterious Oriental Cult that Madame Polavatsky has expounded so ably. But of course you know all about Theosophism."

"I—I know about it in a general way, you know. It's something like animal magnetism, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's something of that general nature"—Rowney found that he was getting into rather deep water himself, and he floundered a little in getting out of it. "Yes, it's like animal magnetism in a general sort of way. And having this magnetic basis, you see, of course it affords a wonderfully perfect channel for communication with the spirit world."

"Of course," Roberson assented.

"And this particular medium," Rowney continued, speaking with confidence again, now that the awkward turn in the conversation was safely past, "is without exception the most extraordinary medium that even Theosophism has produced. She does everything that ordinary mediums do, and some most astonishing things that they don't. Of course you've seen materializations, Roberson?"

"Oh, yes, repeatedly."

"But of people who were dead?"

"Of course."

"Well, this Theosoph will show you, will actually show you, materializations of the living!"

"You don't say!" said Roberson, greatly interested.

"It's a fact, I assure you. This has never been done before, and even she has been able to do it only recently—after twelve years of study among the oldest Pajamas of the Cult in India. It's wonderful! And, what is more, she can materialize inanimate objects—can make things in distant places appear visibly before your eyes. Of course she can do the trance business, and knocks, and slate-writing, and all that sort of thing, you might say, with one hand."

"Wonderful!—Wonderful!" exclaimed Roberson.

"Right you are, my boy. She is the most wonderful medium that the world, at least the Western world, has ever known. She is—she is what a Colorado newspaper person would call a regular daisy, and no mistake!"

"And when can I see her, and where? Oh, Mauve, my heart is beginning to brighten again. I'm sure that she will set me in the right way again about my pictures and—and about Violet, you know."

It was with some difficulty that Rowney restrained his strong desire to box Roberson's ears for this free use of Miss Carmine's name. But he did restrain himself, and answered: "You shall see her this very night, and in my studio. She is here in New York only for a day or two,—she starts for India again at the end of this week,—and has no regular place for her séances, so I have arranged with her to come to my studio this evening at eight o'clock. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, yes; and thank you a thousand times, Mauve. I shall be grateful to you all my life for what you have done."

"Will you, though? Don't be too sure about that," said Rowney, with a queer smile. "Good-bye till eight o'clock. Phew! how that fish does speak for itself!"

Egyptian darkness reigned in Rowney Mauve's studio when Roberson entered it at eight o'clock that evening. Roberson did not more than half like this gloom and mystery. Rowney, leading him to a seat, felt that he was trembling. "Has the Indian lady come yet?" he asked in a shaky voice.

"The Theosoph? Yes, here she is. Permit me to present to you, Madam, an earnest seeker after truth."

"It is well," was answered in a deep voice, that quavered as though with suppressed emotion. "What seeks this earnest seeker?"

"Now crack away and ask about the picture. You'd better begin with that, and take the other matter afterward," Rowney whispered.

"Mustn't I call up an advising spirit first? That's the usual way of beginning a séance, you know."

"Oh, of course; that's what I meant you to do," Rowney answered, in some slight confusion.

"Is the spirit of Jan Weenix present?" asked Roberson.

There was a regular volley of raps, and then the deep voice answered, "He is!"

("*It* is; there is no sex in spirits," murmured Rowney, *sotto voce.*)

"I am ever so glad to meet you again," Roberson said, quite in the tone of one who greets an old friend after a long separation. "I'm dreadfully muddled about this new picture of mine — 'High Life and Low Life,' you know. Won't you please tell me what I must do to get it right?"

"Behold it as the great Weenix himself has painted it!" and the deep voice was deeper, and also shakier, than ever.

"Now you will see one of the wonderful materializations that I told you about," Rowney whispered. "Only the most highly gifted even of the Theosophs can do this sort of thing. Look!"

In one corner of the room there appeared a soft, hazy glow, covering a space of about three feet square. The haze passed slowly away, and as the brightness increased a picture became visible. It was Roberson's picture, sure enough; but the composition had been modified materially. The rose-bush was in the center; on one side of it was the glass globe filled with vegetables; on the other side was the mackerel, standing straight up on its tail; while the four gold-fish, standing on their tails and touching fins, were circling around it in a waltz.

"Oh!" was all that Roberson could say on beholding this astonishing rearrangement of his work.

"Now, isn't that wonderful?" Rowney asked impressively.

"Ye-es, it certainly is," Roberson answered, with hesitation. "At least, it's very wonderful as a materialization; indeed, I never saw anything like it. But — but really, you know, Mauve, this arrangement of the picture is a most extraordinary one. Is it possible, do you think, that a malignant spirit has obtained control of the medium? You know that does happen sometimes."

"Like getting the wrong fellow at the telephone?" suggested Rowney.

"Precisely," Roberson answered.

"And what do you do then? With the telephone you ring for the exchange again and swear at them. But that wouldn't do with the spirits, I suppose."

"Of course not," said Roberson, a good deal horrified. "No; the proper thing to do when this happens is to drop all attempts to communicate with the spirit that has been called, and the effort of which to come has been frustrated, and to continue the séance with others less susceptible to malignant influences."

"With the Theosophs the custom differs a little. Being more potent than ordinary mediums, they usually insist upon the attendance of the spirit called. Still, it might be well in this case to adopt the plan that you mention. Suppose you go right ahead and demand a materialization of Miss Carmine and then have things out with her?"

"You don't mean to say that the medium can do that?"

"Indeed I do. Didn't I tell you that these Theosophs could materialize living people? You don't seem to understand, Roberson, what a tremendous power is here at our command. But I'll manage it for you." And Rowney continued, in a deep, solemn tone, "Madam, I conjure you to compel the visible presence of the spirit of Violet Carmine!"

As Rowney ceased speaking, the materialized picture vanished, the hazy light disappeared, and profound darkness came again. Then the phenomenon of the gradual appearance of the light was repeated; but this time they beheld behind the misty veil, not Roberson's reconstructed picture, but the wraith of Violet herself! Oddly enough, the beautiful apparition seemed to be doing its best not to laugh.

Roberson was so overpowered by this astounding sight that he was speechless. It was monstrous, this awful power that could subject a living being to its sway, so far be-

yond anything that he ever had encountered in the course of his spiritual investigations, that a great fear seized him. Cold perspiration started upon his forehead and his knees shook.

"Well, you goose, now that I'm here, haven't you anything to say for yourself? Can't you even ask me about what people eat in Mexico?" Voice, tone, and manner were Violet's to the life. It was too much for Roberson. His demoralization was complete.

"Mauve! Mauve! for heaven's sake help me to get away! This is no ordinary medium. It is the very Power of Evil that we have invoked!"

"That's a pretty compliment to pay a lady, now, isn't it?" and the apparition spoke with a certain amount of sharpness. "As I didn't come here to be called bad names, I shall leave; and the next time that you have a chance to speak to me, you will be apt to know it, my lad!" With these decisive words, Miss Carmine's wraith faded away, and the misty light slowly vanished into darkness.

"Oh, take me away! take me away!" moaned Roberson feebly. In his terror he had sunk down in a little heap of misery upon the floor.

"All right, old man. Just wait half a minute, though, until I speak a word to the Theosoph."

Roberson heard Rowney cross the room, perceived a momentary gleam of light,— such as might come when a curtain that conceals a lamp is quickly raised and quickly dropped again,— and then came the sound of whispering. Roberson's fear was leaving him a little now; but in the darkness, without Rowney to guide him, he did not dare to stir. Suddenly the whispering, becoming less guarded, was audible.

"You sha'n't! Go away!"

"I shall! I can't help it! You've no idea what a lovely ghost you made!"

Then there was a sound of a scuffle, that ended in a crash, and there, seen in a blaze of light over the fallen screen, was Rowney Mauve in the very act of kissing Violet Carmine. The whole apparatus of the trick was disclosed. In the part of the screen that remained standing was the square hole where the picture had been visible; and the gradual coming and going of the light, and its mistiness, were accounted for by the dozen or so of gauze curtains, arranged to draw back one by one. And there was the picture itself— even more shocking when seen clearly than when hidden by the misty veil. On the outer side of the screen, where she could manage the curtains, stood Rose d'Antimoine.

As he sat there on the floor and perceived by these several disclosures how careful the preparations had been for making a fool of him, and as he painfully realized how admirably well he had been fooled, fear ceased to hold possession of Roberson, and in its place came spiteful rage.

"It's a nasty, mean trick that you have played on me; and I'll get even with you for it, see if I don't! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, every one of you; and I'll make you ashamed, too, before I get through with you."

"Oh, come, now, old fellow, it was only a joke, you know. Don't be unreasonable about it and raise a row."

"You may think it a joke, Mauve, to have these ladies here at your studio at night, and to go on in that scandalous way with Miss Carmine; but I don't think that either Mr. d'Antimoine or Mr. Brown will see much of a joke in it! Oh, you'll all repent this! I'll teach you to play tricks! I'll fix you, you mean things!" Roberson's voice, never a deep one, rose to a shrill treble as he delivered these threats, and in a perfect little whirl of fury he rushed out of the room.

The fact must be admitted that the three conspirators, being thus delivered over into the hands of their intended victim, were pretty badly crest-fallen. They knew that Roberson certainly had it in his power to make things exceedingly unpleasant for them; and they knew, too, that he certainly intended to use his power to the very uttermost. Decidedly the outlook was not a cheerful one. As they left the studio and the wreck of their spirit-raising apparatus, they all three were in a chastened and melancholy frame of mind.

"THERE's been a dreadful rumpus, Rowney," Violet said when, as they had agreed, they met in the friendly shelter of Madame d'Antimoine's drawing-room the next afternoon. "That mean little Roberson has told everybody everything, and — and hot water's no name for it! Mr. and Mrs. d'Antimoine have had a regular squabble, though they've made things up now; and Rose has been crying till her lovely blue eyes are all swollen and ugly; and Van is in a perfect Apache rage; and Verona is dignifiedly disagreeable; and little Mrs. Gamboge got so excited and indignant that her back-hair all went crooked and nearly came off, and she had to go upstairs and fix it; and dear little Mr. Gamboge looks solemnly at me, and I heard him say as I came by the parlor door, 'I am sure that Mr. Orpiment would not have hesitated to characterize such conduct as highly reprehensible.' And the wo-worst of all, Rowney," and Violet's voice broke, and her eyes had tears in them, "is that Cousin Mangan won't

"IT'S A NASTY, MEAN TRICK!"

get comfortably angry and have it out with me, but is just miserable and mopes. All that he said to me was, 'Mr. Roberson has told me something that I have been very sorry to hear, my child,' and his voice didn't sound right, and I know that he wanted to cry. Oh, Rowney, I'm the most wretched girl in the world!"

Rowney was feeling pretty low in his mind already, and this frank avowal of her misery by Violet made him feel a great deal lower; and he was cut the more keenly because neither by her words nor her manner did she imply that he was the cause of it — as he most certainly was.

"I am very, very sorry," he said.

"Yes, I'm sure you are, Rowney; and it's ever so good of you, you dear boy. You see — you see," and Violet blushed delightfully, "what upsets them all so is your — your kissing me that way. Of course I know that you didn't mean anything by it, and I'm sure I don't see why they make such a fuss about it. Mamma has told me that several of her gentlemen friends at Fort Leavenworth used to kiss her whenever they got a chance, and that she always used to box their ears whenever they did it. Now I wonder," Violet continued, struck by a happy thought, "I wonder if it's because I didn't box your ears that they all object to it so? Because if it is, you know, I might do it yet! Shall I?" and she looked at him half inquiringly, half with a most bewitching sauciness. The comfort of telling her troubles to so sympathetic a listener was having a very reviving effect upon her. She certainly did not look at all like the most wretched girl in the world now.

Rowney moved a little closer to her — they were sitting on the sofa — and took her hand in his. "Violet!"

She started. He never had called her Violet before. But she did not take away her hand.

"Violet!" Rowney's voice had not its usual mocking tone, but was quite grave, and had a strange ring of tenderness in it. "My little girl, there's just one way for me to get you out of the scrape that I've got you into, and that's to marry you. May I?"

"Oh, Rowney! Do you mean to run away with me?"

"Well, I hadn't exactly contemplated running away with you, I confess," said Rowney, grinning a little in spite of himself.

"Hadn't you, though?" Violet answered, with a touch of disappointment. "Why, grandpapa ran away with grandmamma, and they had a lovely time. Colonel Smalt, that was grandmamma's father, you know, started right out after them with dogs and a shot-gun, and chased them for two whole days. And at last they came to a river that they had to swim their horses across, and the Colonel, who was close behind them, swam after them. And his horse was dead beat, and couldn't

swim; and the Colonel would have been drowned if grandpapa had not come back and rescued him. And the Colonel insisted upon fighting grandpapa right there in the water, and he did cut him pretty badly; and it was not until grandpapa held him under water until he was nearly drowned that the Colonel gave in. And then grandpapa carried him safely ashore, and after that, of course, they were the best of friends. Wasn't it all delightful? I've heard mamma say again and again how much she was disappointed because papa did not run away with her. So don't you think, don't you really think, Rowney, that you'd better run away with me, dear?"

"And have Mr. Mangan Brown and Van and Mr. Gamboge galloping after us, and swimming the Hudson, and peppering us with shot-guns?"

"Yes! yes! Oh, *do* do it, Rowney. It would be such splendid fun, and would be so very romantic!"

"All right. If you really want to run away, I'd just as lief have things arranged that way as any other, and it certainly will save a lot of trouble. But don't count too much on the shot-guns, for I don't think it probable that Mr. Mangan Brown and Mr. Gamboge will come out strong in that direction; it isn't exactly their line. And now let me have a kiss; just one to — to make it a bargain, you know."

And Madame d'Antimoine, coming in at this moment, assumed an air of stately benevolence and said, "Ah, my children, is it thus? Let me then give to you the blessing, as is done by the good mamma in the play!"

Mr. Mangan Brown did not adopt the shot-gun policy. Indeed, this policy was rendered quite impracticable by the fact that Rowney and Violet, immediately upon accomplishing their marriage, did their running away on board of Rowney's yacht — a mode of departure that Violet approved of rapturously, because, as she said with much truth, "it was so like eloping with a real pirate." But Mr. Mangan felt pretty dismal over it, and wrote a very apologetic account of his stewardship to Señor Carmine. He tried to make the best of things, of course, pointing out that in the matters of family and fortune Rowney really was quite a desirable son-in-law; but even after he had made the best of it, he could not help admitting to himself that the situation was one that a prudent parent scarcely could be expected very heartily to enjoy. And he was most agreeably surprised, therefore, a month or so later, when Señor Carmine's letter escaped from the Mexican post-office and came to him laden with olive-branches instead of the thunderbolts which he had feared. Violet's father was not angry; on the contrary, he seemed to be highly pleased with "the excellent match" that his daughter had made, and expressed his unqualified approval of the "spirited way" in which she had made it. "She has done honor to herself, to her mother, and to the education that she has received," Señor Carmine declared, "and we are very grateful to you for giving her the opportunity that she has so well improved." The letter concluded with a most urgent invitation for Mr. Mangan to come down for six months or a year, and to bring with him Mr. and Mrs. Gamboge, Van and Rose, Verona and young Orpiment, and Monsieur and Madame d'Antimoine — with all of whom, this hospitable Mexican gentleman wrote, he had made a very pleasant acquaintance in his daughter's letters. And inclosed in this communication was a note, signed Brigida O'Jara de Carmine, of which the theme was a breezy laudation of the love that defies conventionalities and laughs at locksmiths and is the true parent of romance!

"Well, since they take it this way," said Mr. Mangan Brown, with a great sigh of relief, as he laid down the letters, "I must say that I'm glad she's gone. At my time of life close association with such a — such a very volcanic young woman as Violet is — is rather overwhelming. It's like being the Czar of Russia and having the leading Nihilist right in the house with me. And it is a great comfort, just when I thought that everything was ending shockingly, to find that everything has ended pleasantly. For — except that Violet has left that confounded parrot behind her — everything *has* ended pleasantly, after all."

And only Roberson, among those who had enjoyed the rather mixed pleasure of Miss Carmine's acquaintance during her sojourn in New York, dissented from the optimistic view of the situation thus formulated by Mr. Mangan Brown. In this matter Roberson was not optimistic: he was a pessimist of the deepest dye. When he came to know what a boomerang his revenge had turned out to be, he forswore both love and spiritualism, and settled down to art with the stony calmness of despair. And it is a notable fact — though a fact not unparalleled — that the longer he painted the more abominably bad his still-lifes were!

Ivory Black.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE COLONIES.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

"THE ONE-HOSS SHAY." (FROM AN ETCHING BY W. H. SHELTON, BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER.)

[This etching corresponds with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's recollection and with some ancient examples.]

I.

EQUIPAGES AND TRAVEL.

IN the first half of the seventeenth century there were many in England who regarded coaches as novel and ostentatious superfluities, that were, moreover, particularly injurious to the muddy roads of the time. In America, until the eighteenth century was well under way, traveling by coach, beyond the immediate vicinity of the greater towns was rendered almost impossible by the innumerable river-mouths and estuaries that intersected the belt of inhabited territory along the coast. Foot-passengers traversed the narrow streams by means of tree-trunks felled across them; wider rivers could be passed only by finding a canoe at some plantation upon the bank. On some main thoroughfares there were regular ferries, at which the traveler might count on getting over in a canoe, provided he could find the ferryman; but he could only get his saddle-horse over by leading him, swimming alongside. Even after wheeled vehicles were used, it was often necessary in ferrying to take them apart, or to straddle the carriage into two canoes lashed together, or to let the wheels hang over the side of a small boat, or to tow the carriage behind through the water, and to carry the horse with his fore feet in one, and his hind feet in the other of two canoes bound together. The German immigrants appear to have introduced the ferry-boat running with pulleys upon a rope stretched across the river —the boat being set obliquely to the current, and propelled by the force of the stream against the gunwales.

The Virginia planter of the richer sort, who was said to live with more show and luxury "than a country gentleman in England on an estate of three or four thousand pounds a year," showed a strong liking for the stately six-horse coach, with postilions; but it was not until 1720 that wheeled carriages were recognized in the legal price-list of the Virginia ferries. In the other colonies, also, the coach was valued as a sign of official or family dignity, and some of the richer Carolinians carried "their luxury so far as to have carriages, horses, coachmen, and all, imported from England"; but in Carolina, and everywhere north of Virginia, the light open

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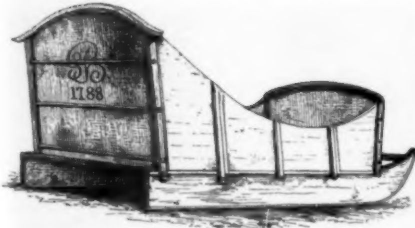
"chair" or the covered chaise was generally preferred. These were better suited to the roughness and sinuosity of the roads than the coach. The chaise was a kind of two-wheeled gig, having a top, and drawn sometimes by one, and sometimes by two horses; the chair had two wheels, but no top; the sulky, which was much used, differed from the chair chiefly in having room for but one person. All these seem to have been hung on straps, or thorough-braces, instead of springs. Boston ladies in the middle of the eighteenth century took the air in chaises or chairs, with negro drivers. Boston gentlemen also affected negro attendants when they drove their chairs or rode on saddle-horses. But in rural regions, from Pennsylvania northward, ladies took delight in driving about alone in open chairs, to the amazement of European travelers, who deemed that a paradise in which women could travel without protection. Philadelphians were fond of a long, light, covered wagon, with benches, which would carry a dozen persons in an excursion to the country. Sedan-chairs were occasionally used in the cities. The Dutch introduced sleighs into New York at a very early date; but sleighs for pleasure, though known in Boston about 1700, only came into general use in the northern provinces at a somewhat later period. The first stage wagon in the colonies was run from Trenton to New Brunswick, twice a week, during the summer of 1738. It was a link in the tedious land and water journey from Philadelphia to New York, and travelers were promised that it would be "fitted up with benches, and covered over, so that passengers may sit easy and dry."

American wheeled vehicles belonged almost entirely to the eighteenth century; the primitive, and always the commonest, means of land travel in the colonies was the saddle-horse. At the time of the beginning of American settlement English peers were wont to carry their spouses behind them on horseback from London to their country-seats, and even princesses rode on pillions, wearing caps of waxed linen to shelter their heads from the rain. In the eighteenth century the English were accounted the only European people that were fond of traveling in the saddle. In like manner American colonists, especially during the first hundred years or more, rode on horseback to church, to picnics, to weddings, to funerals, and on journeys, often carrying their wives behind them. Sometimes two or three children were stacked on in front of the saddle. One horse was often made to carry two men. By the "ride-and-tie" method, a horse was yet further economized; one man, or a man and woman, would ride a mile or two, and then leave the animal by the roadside for another person or persons to mount when they should come up with him, the first party going on afoot until their alternates had ridden past them, and left the horse tied again by the roadside. Two men and their wives sometimes went to church with one horse, by this device. Where a saddle could not be had, a sheep-skin or a bear-skin served instead. A lady when alone rode on a side-saddle; when behind a gentleman she sat on a pillion, which was a cushion buckled to the saddle. A church surrounded on all sides by saddle-horses tied to the trees and fences reminded the traveler of the outskirts of an English horse-fair. Stories are told of Virginians walking two miles to catch a horse to ride one, and of Marylanders walking six or eight miles for a horse to ride five miles to church.

The planter in the Chesapeake region was well-nigh inseparable from his steed; traveling, church-going, visiting, fighting, hunting, and even sometimes fishing, were done on

BROOKLYN FERRY-HOUSE AND FERRY-BOATS. SITE OF THE PRESENT FULTON FERRY, FROM A VIEW OF NEW YORK IN 1746.



AN AMERICAN SLEIGH OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

horseback. The scouts and rangers against the Indians, the Indian traders, the lawyers, the doctors, the parsons, and the peddlers of the southern colonies were all mounted. Comparatively few of the colonists except peddlers ever journeyed by land so far as to reach a neighboring province. The badness of the roads made travel irksome, if not dangerous, and pious people wrote "Laus Deo" in their almanac diaries when they got back with whole bones from a twenty-mile ride into the country. The taverns, whose signs hung on "a kind of gallows" across the road, bearing the portrait of some king or great man, were almost as formidable obstacles to travel as the rough roads and dangerous ferries. Innkeepers in many cases persisted in lodging two strangers in the same bed, often without changing the linen used by its previous occupants, and the beds for guests were frequently all included in one large room. From these roadside inns the hospitality of the colonists sometimes afforded a deliverance. In the South especially travelers were often able entirely to avoid the wretched and extortionate "ordinaries," as they were called.

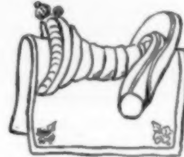
When a magistrate or other dignitary made a journey, gentlemen of each town escorted him a few miles on the way, usually bidding him adieu at some stream or boundary. "Not one creature accompanies us to the ferry," writes Judge Sewall with indignation on one occasion. Fifty horsemen escorted Whitefield into Philadelphia in 1745, and eight hundred mounted gentlemen went out to meet one of the proprietors of Pennsylvania. Indeed, it was but common courtesy for a company of gentlemen to meet, a long way off, a governor or a commissioner from another province, and to form a voluntary guard of honor, bringing him in great state to his destination, with no end of wine, punch, and other "treats" on the way, and no end of dinners and dances after his arrival.

COACH, SUPPOSED TO BE THAT OF RIP VAN DAM. (FROM A PRINT OF THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH IN NEW YORK, 1731.)

II.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

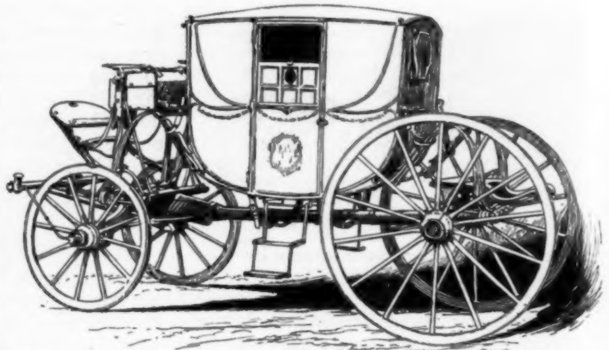
THE traveler Josselyn gives us a glimpse of seventeenth-century "gallants," promenading with their sweethearts, on Boston Common, from a little before sunset till the nine o'clock bell gave warning of the lawfully established bed-time. This picture of twilight and love lends a touch of human feeling to the severely regulated life of the Puritan country. But even love-making in that time was made to keep to the path appointed by those in authority. Fines, imprisonments, and corporal punishment were the penalties denounced in New England against him who should inveigle the affections of any "maide, or maide servant," unless her parents or guardians should "give way and allowance in that respect." Nor were such laws dead letters. In all the colonies sentiment was less regarded than it is now. The worldly estate of the parties was weighed in even balances, and there were sometimes conditional marriage treaties between the parents, before the young people were consulted. Judge Sewall's daughter Betty hid herself in her father's coach for hours one night, to avoid meeting an unwelcome suitor approved by her father. Sometimes marriage agreements between the parents of the betrothed extended even to arrangements for bequests to be left to the young people, as "incorridgement for a livelihood." The newspapers of the later period, following English examples, not only praised the bride, but did not hesitate to mention her "large fortune," that people might know the elements of the bridegroom's happiness.



ENGLISH SADDLE OF THE STUART PERIOD. (FROM MEYRICK'S "ANCIENT ARMOUR.")

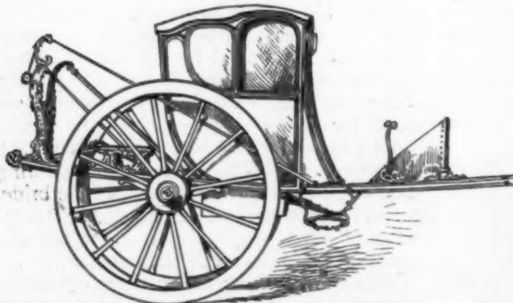
But if passion was under more constraint from self-interest among people of the upper class, it was less restrained by refinement in

the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than it is in our time. There was a good deal of stiff external formality in good society, but far less of real modesty in all classes than in modern times. The New England law-givers declare that great evils had resulted from certain social recreations, which would be regarded as quite harmless now; and the large number of offenses against sexual morality, brought to light in the proceedings of churches and courts of law in all the colonies, make one suspect that this was not a merely puritanic scruple. The books, the newspapers, the plays, even the law and court proceedings, and the very sermons of the colonial time, manifest a comparative coarseness and lack of reserve in thought and feeling. The smallness of most of the houses, the numerousness of families, the rustic manners of a new country, the rude, untempered physical life begotten of hardy living, the primitive barbarism lingering in the race, and the prevailing laxity of morals in the mother country, all tended to promote an irregularity that could not be corrected by the most stringent secular and ecclesiastical discipline. There were many illegitimate births in all the colonies, nor was the evil confined to families of the lower order. Puritan churches often exacted a public apology from their members for such sins, and the not infrequent spectacle of a young girl making confession of her offense in meeting probably spread the contagion it was meant to arrest. Beyond the influence of the more strenuous religious movements, such as puritanism, quakerism, and what may be comprehensively called Whitefieldism, men were under comparatively slight restraints from society. In the South a taste for gallant adventures, though very hurtful to a woman, was quite as likely to be beneficial as otherwise to the standing of a gentleman.



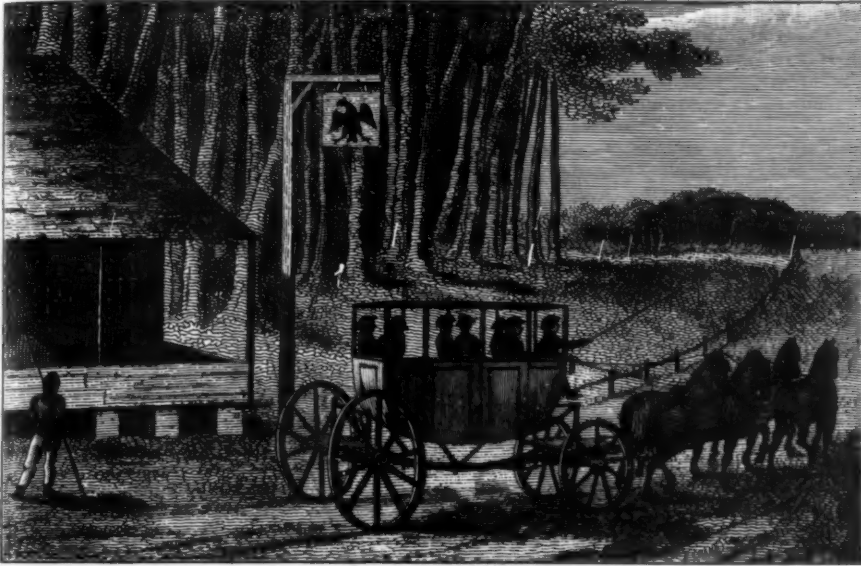
BEEKMAN FAMILY COACH OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD, IN THE POSSESSION OF GERARD BEEKMAN, ESQ.

The mode of courtship known as bundling or tarrying — the very name of which one hesitates to write to-day — was prevalent in certain regions of New England, especially in the Connecticut Valley. The practice existed in many parts of Europe, and is said still to linger in Wales. It was no doubt brought from England by early immigrants. That it could flourish throughout the whole colonial age, alongside a system of doctrine and practice so austere as that enforced by New England divines and magistrates, is but one of many instances of the failure of law and restraining precept to work a refinement of manners. That during much more than a century after the settlement this practice found none to challenge it on grounds of modesty and moral tendency, goes to show how powerful is the sanction of traditional custom. Even when it was attacked by Jonathan Edwards and other innovators, the attempt to abolish it was met by violent opposition and no end of ridicule. Edwards seems to think that as "among people who pretend to uphold their credit," it was peculiar to New England; and there appears to be no evidence that it was practiced elsewhere in America, except in parts of Pennsylvania, where the custom is a matter of court record so late as 1845, and where it probably still lingers in out-of-the-way places among people both of English and of German extraction.



A CHAISE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (FROM "L'ART DU MENUISIER-CARROSSIER," 1771.)

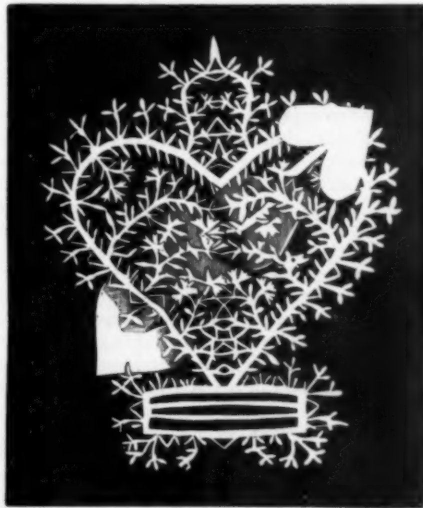
A certain grossness in the relations of the sexes was a trait of



AMERICAN STAGE-COACH OF 1795, FROM "WELD'S TRAVELS." (PROBABLY SIMILAR IN FORM TO THOSE OF THE LATER COLONIAL PERIOD.)

eighteenth-century life, not confined to rustics and people in humble stations. In the "Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia," the writer complains more than once of the freedoms of certain married gentlemen of her acquaintance, "who seized me and kissed me a dozen times in spite of all the resistance I could make." Miss Sarah Eve, of Philadelphia, has likewise recorded in a private journal her objections to the affectionate salutations bestowed on her in company by a Dr. S. "One hates to be always kissed," she says, "especially as it is attended with so many inconveniences; it decomposes the œconomy of one's *handkerchief*, it disorders one's *high Roll*, and it ruffles the serenity of one's countenance." Perhaps it was the partial default of refined feeling that made stately and ceremonious manners seem so proper to the upper class of that day; such usages were a fence by which society protected itself from itself. But eighteenth-century proprieties were rather thin and external; they had an educational value, no doubt, but conventional hypocrisies scantly served to hide the rudeness of the Englishmen of the time.

Marriage ceremonies and festivities in America differed but little from those which prevailed in the mother country. The widest divergence was in New England, where the Puritans, abhorring the Catholic classification which put marriage among the sacraments, were repelled to the other extreme, and forbade ministers to lend any ecclesiastical sanction to a wedding. But the earliest New Englanders celebrated a public betrothal, or, as they styled it, "a contraction," and on this occasion a minister sometimes preached a



CUT-PAPER VALENTINE OF 1764. (VIRGINIA.)

sermon. A merely civil marriage could hardly continue long in a community where the benedictions of religion were sought on so many other occasions; where the birth of a child, the illness and the recovery of the sick, birthday anniversaries, the entrance into a new house, and even the planning of a bridge, gave occasion for prayer and psalm-singing. Indeed, a marriage performed as at first by a magistrate was accompanied by psalms sung by the guests and by prayers; and as the seventeenth century drew to its close, the Puritan minister resumed the function of solemnizing marriages.

TANKARD PRESENTED ON HER WEDDING DAY TO SARAH RAPELJE, THE FIRST WHITE PERSON BORN IN NEW NETHERLANDS. NOW IN POSSESSION OF MISS SARAH A. JOHNSON OF BROOKLYN. (SEE "CENTURY MAGAZINE," APRIL, 1885, PAGE 889.)

The Quakers, of course, were married without intervention of parson or magistrate, by "passing the meeting." Even in the colonies in which the Church of England was established, marriages usually took place in private houses,—a divergence from English usage growing out of the circumstances of people in a new country. But it was everywhere enacted that the banns should be published. This was in some places done at church service, as in England, or by putting a notice on the court-house door. In New England the publication was sometimes made at the week-day lecture, at town-meeting, or by affixing a notice to the door or in the vestibule of the meeting-house, or to a post set up for this express purpose. Publication seems to have been sometimes evaded by ingenuity. The Friends in Pennsylvania took care to enjoin that the notice should be posted at a meeting-house, "with the fair publication side outward." The better sort of people in some of the colonies were accustomed to buy exemption from publishing the banns, by paying a fee to the governor for a license, and the governor's revenue from this source was very considerable. Ministers in remote places sometimes purchased a supply of licenses signed in blank and issued them at a profit.

English colonists in the hardest pioneer surroundings took a patriotic pride in celebrating what was called "a merry English wedding." The festivities in different places varied only in detail; in all the colonies a genteel wedding was a distressingly expensive and protracted affair. There was no end of eating, and drinking, and dancing, of dinners, teas, and suppers. The guests were often supplied with one meal before the marriage, and then feasted without stint afterward. These festivities, on one ground or another, were in some places kept up two or three days, and sometimes even much longer. The minister finished the service by kissing the bride; then all the gentlemen present followed his example; and in some regions the bridegroom meanwhile went about the room kissing each of the ladies in turn. There were brides who received the salutations of a hundred and fifty gentlemen in a day. As if this were not enough, the gentlemen called on the bride afterward, and this call was colloquially known as "going to kiss the bride." In some parts of the Puritan country kissing at weddings was discountenanced, but there were other regions of New England in which it was practiced with the greatest latitude and fervor. In Philadelphia the Quaker bride, having to "pass the meeting" twice, had to submit to a double ordeal of the sort, and the wedding expenses, despite the strenuous injunctions of yearly meetings, were greatly increased by the twofold festivity.

I have seen no direct evidence that the colonial gentry followed the yet ruder English wedding customs of the time. But provincials loyally follow the customs of a metropolis, and I doubt not a colonial wedding in good society was attended by observances as indecorous as those of a nobleman of the same period. Certainly stocking-throwing and other such customs long lingered among the backwoodsmen of the colonies, as did many other ancient wedding usages. Among the German immigrants, the bride did not throw her shoe for the guests to scramble for as she entered her chamber, after the manner of the noble ladies of Germany in other times; but at a "Pennsylvania Dutch" wedding the guests strove by dexterity or craft to steal a shoe from the bride's foot during the day. If the groomsmen failed to prevent this, they were obliged to redeem the shoe from the bosom of the lucky thief with a bottle of wine. The ancient wedding sport known in parts of the British Islands as "riding for the kail," or "for the broose," — that is, a pot of spiced broth,— and elsewhere called "riding for the ribbon," took the form among the Scotch-Irish in America of a dare-devil race over perilous roads to secure a bottle of whisky with a ribbon about its neck, which awaited the swiftest and most reckless horseman on his arrival at the house of the bride's father. There were yet other practices,— far-reaching shadows of the usages of more barbarous ages, when brides were carried off by force. A wedding party in the backwoods as it approached the bride's house would sometimes find its progress arrested by wild grape-vines tied across the way, or great trees felled in the road in sport or malice by the neighbors. Sometimes, indeed, they would be startled by a sudden volley with blank cartridges fired by men in ambuscade. This old Irish practice, and other such horse-play, was most congenial to woodsmen and Indian-fighters, in whom physical life overflowed all bounds.

A custom, no doubt of very ancient origin, prevailed in some Massachusetts villages, by which a group of the non-invited would now and then seize the bride and gently lead her off to an inn or other suitable place of detention until the bridegroom consented to redeem her by providing entertainment for the captors. But in the staidest parts of New England puritanism succeeded in suppressing or modifying some of the more brutal wedding customs of the time. Sack-posset was eaten, perhaps even in the bridal chamber, but it was taken solemnly with the singing of a psalm before and a grace afterward. The health and toasts to posterity, which had been, according to immemorial usage, drunk in the wedding chamber after the bedding of the bride and groom, were omitted, and in their place prayers were offered that the children of the newly married might prove worthy of a godly ancestry. Old English blood and rude traditions would now and then break forth; it was necessary in 1651 to forbid all dancing in taverns on the occasion of weddings, such dancing having produced many "abuses and disorders."

Where church-going was practiced, as in New England, the "coming out groom and bride" on the Sunday after the wedding was a notable part of the solemnities. In Sewall's diary one may see the bride's family escorting the newly married pair to church, marching in double file, six couples in all, conscious that they were the spectacle of the little street, and the observed of all in the church.

The eccentric custom, known in England, of a widow's wearing no garment at her second marriage but a shift, from a belief that by her surrendering before marriage all her property but this, her new husband would escape liability for any debts contracted by her or her former husband, was followed in a few instances in the middle colonies. One Pennsylvania bridegroom saved appearances by meeting the slightly clad bride half-way from her own house to his, and announcing in the presence of witnesses that the wedding clothes which he proceeded to put on her with his own hands were only lent to the widow for the occasion.

III.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

In 1655 the Virginia Assembly, in order to check the waste of powder at drinking frolics, and to prevent false alarms, ordained that no person should "shoot guns at drinkeing (marriages and funeralls onely excepted)." And indeed the colonial funeral deserved to rank as a festive occasion — a time of much eating and a great deal of drinking. Whole pipes of Madeira with several hogsheads of beer were consumed at single funerals in New York, to say nothing of the food eaten and the tobacco smoked by the friends and neighbors who made a day of it, and now and then also a night of it, in honor of the departed. In Pennsylvania five hundred guests were sometimes served with punch and cake at a funeral; the refreshments were distributed not only in the house, but to guests standing all up and down the road. The cost of the wine at one funeral in Virginia came to more than four thousand pounds of tobacco. In more than

one colony, legislative interference was required to keep the friends of the deceased from eating and drinking his widow and orphans out of house and home. South Carolinians excelled in the sumptuousness of their funerals, as they did in all other forms of hospitality and social ostentation; a profusion of all kinds of liquors, tea, coffee, and other articles were distributed at their cheerful obsequies. In New England funeral festivities were more moderate in the matter of eating and drinking. Cake and cheese were distributed, and tables were sometimes spread in Massachusetts, and wine or beer was served as on other solemn occasions; but feasting at such times appears not to have been so general as in the middle and southern colonies, where funerals were sometimes occasions of disgraceful drunkenness and riot. A New Jersey governor provided in his will against the occurrence at his funeral of rudeness, "that may be occationed By To Much Strong Lickquor"; and a Virginia clergyman took the bold course of wholly forbidding the distribution of liquors at his burial.

But meats and drinks, though costly, were not always the chief expense at a funeral. The "underbearers," who carried the coffin, walking with their heads and shoulders covered with the pall-cloth, were provided with plain gloves. This pall was hired for the occasion; its corners were upheld by persons of social dignity who were the pall-bearers, and who were provided with gloves of a costlier kind. Gloves were also given to the minister, and often to a great many of the friends. The present of a pair of gloves was an approved form of invitation to a funeral, though in some places invitation cards with wide black borders were used. Among the Dutch at Albany, one hears of a "special" invitation to a funeral being given by sending to the house of the person invited "a linen scarf, a pair of silk gloves, a bottle of old Madeira, and two funeral cakes." At one Massachusetts funeral seven hundred pairs of gloves were sent, at another a thousand, and three thousand at yet another. So many gloves were received by persons of wide social connections, that a considerable revenue was derived from the sale of them. Mourning rings were one of the heaviest charges at an upper-class funeral; they were sent to the minister and pall-bearers, and sometimes to a wide circle of friends. One Boston minister estimated the rings and gloves he received as worth fifteen pounds per annum. Two hundred rings were distributed at a funeral in Boston in 1738. Scarfs, often of silk, were given to the pall-bearers, ministers, and others, and they were worn for a considerable time after the funeral as a badge of respect for the dead. Families sometimes dissipated a large portion of their estates in funeral pomp. As early as 1656 the Virginia Assembly began to struggle with this pernicious extravagance, and some of the other colonial legislatures, as well as voluntary associations of the people, sought at various times to abate funeral expenses; but the solemn pledge against the use of funeral scarfs and gloves embodied in the Articles of Association prescribed by the first Congress in 1774, shows how well the old customs had held their own against the reformers.

In New England the tolling of a "death-bell" as an announcement immediately after the decease of any person came in probably with the introduction of bells. The earliest New Englanders had no religious service of any sort at a funeral; they followed the corpse and filled the grave in silence, lest they should "confirme the popish error, . . . that prayer is to bee used for the dead or over the dead." But eulogistic verses, or ingenious laudatory anagrams of the name of the deceased, were often pinned to the bier, and by degrees some towns deviated from the general practice by having suitable prayers at the house before the burial of the dead, or a short speech at the grave. Another custom, probably confined to New England, was that of presenting to friends at the funeral suitably serious books as memorials of the occasion. Funeral sermons there were, but these were not preached at the time of burial. In some of the southern colonies a clergyman's fee for a funeral sermon was fixed by law. In following the coffin to the grave, great formality was observed; some man of dignity "led" the chief mourner. If the cortège had far to go, and the chief mourner was a widow, she sometimes rode on horseback behind her escort. The funeral of the Philadelphia printer-poet, Aquilla Rose, in 1723, was on this wise:

> "A worthy merchant did the widow lead,—
> And these both mounted on a stately steed.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Thus was he carried—like a king—in state,
> And what still adds a further lustre to 't,
> Some rode well mounted, others walked afoot."

At the funeral of a young child the bier was sometimes borne by girls clad in white, and wearing long white veils. Now and then, among people attached to the English Church, a funeral took place by torch-light, but night burials were never common in the colonies. There was an early custom of firing volleys at the grave of a person of great distinction or of high rank, and this even where the per-

son buried was a lady. A barrel and a half of powder was consumed in the endeavor to do proper honor to Winthrop, the chief founder of Massachusetts.

IV.

SPORTS OF THE WOODS AND WATERS.

THE abundant supply of game in the forest and of fish in the waters was the supreme good fortune of the pioneer and his chief bane. The poorest need rarely lack for fresh meat, but the fascination of the chase was destructive to habits of industry. Mechanics deserted their trades and many of the lower classes neglected to provide for their families, falling into a savage's hand-to-mouth way of depending on the dog, the gun, the trap, and the fishing-line for a living. The agriculture of the colonies was lowered in character from the perpetual temptation offered by well-stocked woods and virgin streams; in North Carolina the evil was so great that the woods became at length infested by hunters who led a half-savage life in defiance of law. Deer were most sought for, and many were the ways of making war on them. The settlers early learned a favorite Indian method of hunting them. A hunter inclosed himself in a deer-skin, so as to peer out of the breast of a mock stag at his game, and, thus disguised, was able to get almost into the midst of the unsuspecting herd. Sometimes a horse was trained to walk gently by his master's side, shielding the man from sight. As the woods were full of horses, the deer took no alarm until the rifle had brought down its victim. Trees were felled to tempt the deer to browse upon the tender twigs, while the hunter lay in wait behind the boughs. Night-hunting was then as now a common method; a negro with a flaring torch went before the sportsman, who killed the dazed animal while it was looking into the light; or the hunter floated up to his game in a canoe with a blazing fire in the middle of it. In the Carolinas and the up-country of Virginia, deer were run down with dogs by sportsmen on horseback; but along the coast the frequent bays and rivers rendered dogs and horses of no avail. The Virginians drove sharp stakes where the deer were accustomed to leap into a field of peas; on these stakes they would find the animals impaled in the morning. The great iron traps set for deer in New Jersey and Pennsylvania were found dangerous to men. A favorite way of capturing these creatures in Pennsylvania, and of ridding the land of bears and wolves at the same time, was to get up a "drive." The name and the method of procedure resembled the "drift of the forest" in England, by which all the animals in waste or common ground were brought together and their ownership settled. In Pennsylvania a ring of men surrounded a great tract of country, and then in exact order, carefully regulated, drew inward toward a center, inclosing deer, bears, wolves, turkeys, and other game, shooting the animals as they made desperate efforts to escape. New England swamps were "beat up" for wolves in a similar way. The excitement of such a day of slaughter, increasing to the very last, may be easily imagined. A more common and destructive device was that of "fire-hunting." A band of men would set fire to the leaves around a circle of five miles or more; this fire, running inwards from all sides, drove the frightened deer and other game to the center, where they were easily slaughtered by the hunters outside the blazing circle. This mode of hunting was at length forbidden in several of the colonies, partly because it was dangerous to property, and partly because, as wild creatures grew scarce, it became desirable to preserve the game from extermination. The slaughter and waste of venison was excessive at the first coming of fire-arms. One planter's household in Maryland was said to have had eighty deer in ninety days, and dry bread was at length thought preferable to a meat of which everybody was tired.

The South Carolinians made the deer-hunt a prime social pastime. For this they gathered regularly at club-houses, from which they started the chase, running the deer with hounds; the sportsmen following with tremendous swiftness on horseback, regardless of underbrush and more dangerous obstacles. Little lads rode pell-mell with the rest, and boys of ten years could show trophies from deer they had killed. Foxes were also hunted by men on horseback, especially in Virginia and Maryland, where the traditions of English country gentlemen were preserved. But there was little that resembled the English sport; the American deer or fox hunter endured fatigues and discomforts, and exposed himself to perils, never dreamed of by an English sportsman of that time, whose worst dangers were ditches and hedge-rows, and whose stags were carted home alive to be chased another day. One of the many devices for taking foxes in New England was to bait them with a sledge-load of heads of the cod-fish, the hunter shooting them from behind a paled fence. One man sometimes killed ten in a night. Wolves were caught on mackerel hooks, bound together with thread, wrapped with wool and dipped in tallow. Other colonial

methods of capturing wolves were by pits lightly covered so as to let them fall in; by pens of logs slanting inward, open at the top and baited within; and by traps and spring-guns. Smaller "vermin," opossums, raccoons, and such like, were hunted then as now by small boys, negroes, and mongrel dogs. Squirrels were prized above most other sorts of game, and were also shot as pernicious consumers of the farmers' grains; matches were made between groups of men, and squirrel scalps were counted at night to decide which party had won. The wild turkey is the prince of all game birds. The colonists hunted it not chiefly for sport, but for its delicious meat; and for taking it they "had many pretty devices besides the gun," such as traps that would catch a whole flock at once. Fires built at night near their roosting-trees so bewildered the turkeys, that one might shoot at them more than once before they would take wing.

The flight of migrating pigeons at certain seasons, darkening the very sky with their multitude, is a phenomenon little known in this generation to people east of the Alleghany mountains; and inconceivable to one who has not seen it. But in colonial days such flocks were seen all along the coast. Cotton Mather, with characteristic fondness for the improbable, suggested to the Royal Society that these birds migrated to and fro between the earth and a satellite near at hand, but invisible. Their abundance at certain seasons was a great relief to the poor in the more settled regions. They were shot down with guns fired into the wide flocks without definite aim; they were taken in nets, they were beaten off their roosts at night by negroes and others with poles, and they were knocked down with sticks as they flew low over the house-tops in Philadelphia. In the Boston market they were sometimes sold at a rate as low as a cent a dozen. Waterfowl in their season were almost as abundant as the pigeons.

There were many other beasts and birds captured and killed by other devices. But these will serve to show what life in all but the most densely settled regions was,— a school, not of industry, but rather of happy-go-lucky vagabondage. It was also a rare school for soldiers. The rustic colonists were accustomed from boyhood to make war on the creatures of the forest by cunning, courage, and marksmanship. With hardship and woodcraft they were familiar from childhood. A traveler in the colonies about 1774 says: "As all the country people are brought up to the Use of Fire Arms from Meer Children, they in general handle a Musket more dextrously and with greater ease than almost any other Set of People in the World." It was this training that made them more than a match for Indians, and superior to British veterans in fighting against the French in the woods. In the rebellion against the imperial power, it was their habitual endurance of the fatigues of the march and the privations of the camp, with their deadly marksmanship, that made them so formidable. These life-long hunters were never raw troops, and in a crisis like that which culminated at Bennington and Saratoga, the farm-houses poured out riflemen and soldiers ready-made by all the training of their lives. When beaten from towns and forts in the Carolinas, the soldiers became partisan rangers, living in the recesses of the familiar forests, and picking off an English officer with as little ruth as they felt in shooting a stag, and with much more exultation.

It would be tedious, if it were possible, to describe the various methods used by the colonists for taking fish. Beverley, about 1700, mentions "Trolls, Casting-Netts, Setting-Netts, Hand-fishing and Angling," as well as "Spilyards," which last were long lines "staked out in the River, and hung with a great many Hooks on short strings, fasten'd to the main Line, about three or four Foot asunder." Seines were widely used, and seem to have been also known as sieves or "sives" in some places. Weirs were in use, and these were rather an improvement on Indian devices than an introduction of the English "hedges."

The New Englanders went in multitudes, as the Indians before them had been wont to do, to the falls of the rivers to intercept the ascending shad and salmon. The vast crowds of men gathered at the fishing season made a sort of merry-meeting, and there was much drunkenness and reveling. From these assemblages men went away with their horses laden with fish. Shad were too plentiful; incredible stories are told of three thousand taken at a haul; they sold for from one to two cents apiece of our present money, and were held so cheap that the salmon were sometimes picked out of a net and the shad rejected. Well-to-do people only ate shad on the sly, lest they should be suspected of not having a good supply of pork.

The colonists may have brought the art of spearing fish "with a harping iron or gigg" from the mother country, where in some places trout were thus taken by torchlight, but it is more likely that in this they took lessons from the expert savages. The Virginians and Marylanders had a method all their own: riding their horses into the water on the shoal beaches of their rivers, they speared fish torch in hand, much as a Centaur might have done. Hardly

less picturesque were the Connecticut River fishermen when they waded into the water holding a flaring torch of birch-bark, while they caught lampreys by seizing them in their mittened hand.

Notwithstanding all the wholesale ways of fishing which were practiced without remorse and with small hinderance from the laws, one catches now and then a glimpse of a quiet angler of the true Izaak Walton breed. Such was the Virginia historian Beverley, who gently intimates rather than boasts of his success in saying: "I have set in the shade at the Heads of the Rivers Angling, and spent as much time in taking the Fish off the Hook as in waiting for their taking it." In the same restful tone the colonial historian of New York digresses to let us know that the long, lazy summer voyage by sloop from New York to Albany was "exceedingly diverting to such as are fond of angling."

V.

THE TURF AND OTHER OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS.

AMERICAN hunting and fishing took on American forms; but horse-racing, a sport at that time peculiar to Englishmen, followed in the main the fashions of the English turf. The Virginians probably had something like a horse-race as soon as there were horses in the plantation. The races run in the colonies were of two sorts. The first was a regular formal race, over a set course, for a silver bowl, tray, tankard, or other piece of plate. Such great events, whose results convulsed the good society of the little provinces, had their chief capitals at the race-courses in the vicinity of New York, Annapolis, Williamsburg, and Charleston. There were other courses, notably one at Philadelphia after 1760, but these were the chief. To each of these came at stated seasons all the gay world of the neighborhood in apery of the English aristocracy, enjoying themselves like children in imitating their betters, and rejoicing in the patriotic belief that they were planting the institutions of Old England on a new continent. And indeed every form of gayety, revelry, pomp, and pleasure-getting known to English people flourished in the American racing seasons, and in the latest years of the colonies the races on this side the ocean came to rival those of England in the speed of the horses, the character of the attendance, and the extravagance of the betting. The circular courses were a mile in length, and were traversed four times in each heat. Where two four-mile heats out of three were needed to win a race, endurance was a prime requisite in a horse. The horses of Virginia, the best in the colonies, achieved a four-mile heat "in eight or nine minutes"; the imported horse Flimnap ran the first four-mile heat of his race with Little David at Charleston, in 1773, in eight minutes and seventeen seconds. Successful horses became heroes of popular admiration, and were followed by applauding crowds and discussed in drawing-rooms by the ladies, who were ardent partisans in the contests of the turf. Roger, a famous South Carolina horse, was retired from the course by a formal announcement in the "Gazette," accompanied by a poetic eulogy of his virtues and achievements.

On the prosperity of these great races the well-being of fashionable society seemed somehow to depend, and to attend them was a kind of duty for every man of the world and every lady of social pretensions. But there were innumerable less formal races, which were run merely for the sport to be gotten out of them. In North Carolina and the up-country of Virginia quarter-races were much esteemed, and a breed of horses was cherished with no remarkable staying qualities, but capable of running a quarter of a mile at a tremendous speed. "Quarter-courses" usually consisted of two parallel paths, and were run by two horses at a time; as each horse was required to keep to his own track, and the race was short, there was little skill in the riding; it was merely a question of initial velocity. But these thundering dashes, where all was staked on a few seconds of exalted effort, delighted the common people, who traveled long miles to witness them, and to see the chance excitement of "fist-fights," and other accidents, that were sure to fall out in an excited crowd. The infatuated Marylanders took advantage of every great assemblage of people, even of Quaker yearly meetings, to test the speed of their horses. But the horse-race, a sport so closely bound to English traditions, began to suffer a change when practiced on quarter-courses, at county courts, at fairs, by cross-road taverns, and at Quaker yearly meetings. Those peculiarly American forms of the race, the trotting-match and the pacing-match, had come into being, if not into vogue, long before the expiration of the colonial period.

Another peculiarly English sport, of which some of the colonists were inordinately fond, was the cock-fight, which found its chief home in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, where men would travel fifty miles to see a main, and where they brought choice game-cocks from England. The delight taken in this inhuman sport by those of the highest social standing and the best education, is only

one of a thousand marks of the lack of compassion in the man of that time, who did not like to kill a wolf outright, but kept him in order to "have some sport with his dogs" in baiting him to death, or dragged him alive, tied to a horse's tail. Says Wood, in "New England's Prospect," "No ducking ponds can afford more delight than a lame cormorant and two or three lusty dogges." This love of fierce and cruel sport was in the fiber, and had the sanction of ancient usage and aristocratic example. Bears and bulls were baited in England, and an important vote in Parliament was lost in 1699 by the absence of members at the baiting of a tiger by dogs. Even horses were baited to death by dogs in England; this cruelty, shown in drawings of the fourteenth century, was relished as late as 1667. Englishmen on both sides of the sea cultivated some of the tastes of beasts of prey.

Holy days, parish wakes, and other such outlets for the animal spirits of the populace, having been omitted or suppressed in New England, the militia training became a sort of substitute. Even this was sometimes sanctified by prayer, and by psalm-singing at such length as once provoked remonstrance from the rank and file; but it was also cheered by "a noble dinner," for the Puritans were by no means poor livers. In 1675 we find many Boston gentlemen and gentlewomen dining in tents on the common, at a training; there were also "great firings" during the day, so that it made quite a good old English frolic. Now and then the irksomeness of military drill and manœuvre was turned into play by a sham-fight—one party rigging themselves up like Indians, to be ignominiously defeated at the close of a battle of blank cartridges. Training-day prevailed everywhere except in Quaker latitudes, and it was more a time of merry-making than of any efficient military drill. Byrd tells of the militia of a county in southern Virginia "exercising in a pasture," and says there were "women enough in attendance to form a more invincible corps."

There were usually other amusements than evolutions and the manual of arms at a militia muster in the country. Running, leaping, wrestling, cudgel, stool-ball, nine-pins, quoits, fencing, and back-sword or single-stick were practiced. But the favorite competition on training-days was in shooting at a mark for a silk handkerchief or other prize, or a wager. In New England in the seventeenth century this was directly connected with the military training; for they shot in cold blood at what appears to have been an image or outline of a man, and there were grave debates as to who had won the prize, the one who had shot the target in the neck or he who lodged a fatal ball in the bowels.

Target-shooting was by no means confined to days of training. In a country where marksmanship was a means of livelihood and of defense from ever-impending danger, it became the kind of skill most highly valued, and the manliest sort of distinction. So unerring was the aim of Virginia up-countrymen, that one of them would volunteer to hold a board nine inches square in his fingers or between his knees, while a comrade a hundred paces off shot through it. A British officer, prisoner during the revolution, was pounced upon by a wildcat, and would have been killed had not his companion in the hunt, a Virginia rifleman, shot the brute without hurting the officer. In New York the eve of Christmas and the eve of New Year's Day were always celebrated by shooting at turkeys. In South Carolina marksmanship was the supreme accomplishment; target-shooting took the place of the auction and the raffle. A beef was often distributed by shooting for it at a target no larger than a silver dollar. The best shot got the best cut, and so on down; but those whose shots failed of coming near to the center were quite ruled out.

The fairs held in some of the middle and southern colonies took old English forms; the very ancient court of pipowder, for the trial of disputes and offenses arising at the fair, was established in some of them. People attending the fairs were usually exempted from arrest for offenses or debts, and all kinds of old English sports were used to attract a crowd. A beaver hat worth eight pounds and a pair of boots were prizes in a foot-race at a fair in South Carolina. A live goose was often hung head downward; whoever, riding at full speed, plucked the well-greased head from the goose, was declared victor and carried off the fowl. A greased pig was given to him who could catch it and hold it by the tail, and the ludicrous efforts of one and another to do this caused great hilarity. A laced hat was hung on top of a greased pole, to be the property of any one who could climb up and take it. Then there were sack-races and other forms of rude fun suited to an age of great animal spirits and little refinement. The excitement of the rabble was increased whenever a strapping young woman entered the foot-race or engaged in a wrestling match. To all these delights bull-baiting was sometimes added. Traveling shows of various sorts increased the attractiveness of the fair. The advertisement of a fair on Long Island in 1728 closes with this climax: "It is expected that the Lyon will be there to be seen."

A catalogue of the outdoor sports in that out-

door age would be tedious. There was no end of noise; guns were fired at weddings and at funerals, at "merry-meetings" or drinking bouts, on training-days, and, except in New England, at Christmas and New Year's, as well as on every special occasion of rejoicing besides. Guns often welcomed a distinguished person on arrival, and the din of guns was the last public adieu. People of all ranks loved active sports. Golf and foot-ball obstructed the streets of some of the towns. By a sort of natural selection, the sports now and then took their cue from the laborious occupations of the people. The whalers on Nantucket strove to excel in an ancient English sport called "pitching the bar," while the Maine and New Hampshire lumbermen liked above all things to match, yoke against yoke, their great yellow oxen in drawing loads as a test of strength. There were among the farming people sharp competitions in reaping with the sickle, boisterous corn-shuckings, wood-choppings, and wood-hauling matches.

In all those amusements that require ice and snow, such as sleighing, coasting, and skating, the Dutch were foremost, having brought their liking for such sports from the fatherland. The wide descent of State street in Albany was long a famous resort of young people with sleds, and it was no doubt the original home of the coasting frolic in America. The maze of ponds, marshes, and watered meadows on Manhattan Island made a noble skating-park; marketmen even brought back-loads of provisions into New York on skates. But skating, which was introduced from Holland to England by Charles II., was known in Boston before 1700. At the close of the colonial time Philadelphians prided themselves on their graceful skating and their famous swimming.

Whichever way we turn, we are impressed with the love which the colonists of every grade had for the out-of-doors. Houses chafed them. New York and Philadelphia followed if they did not go ahead of London in the proportionate number of their suburban "gardens" or places of pleasure resort. Some of these commanded delightful prospects of the rivers and bays, and "entertained gentlemen and ladies in the genteelest manner." To the tea-garden came the town-people, sometimes to eat a breakfast in the dewy coolness of the morning, or to take a lunch on butter, crackers, and cheese, with dried beef, ham, pickled salmon, and bread, or to eat hot rolls with coffee, or, better still, "soft waffles with tea," in the freshness of a summer twilight. Certain gardens were noted for their mead; the "Tea-water Pump Garden" in New York was famous not so much for its tea or its water as for its punch. There were also gardens of a more public sort which, following the example of the Vauxhall and Ranelagh of London, entertained their guests with concerts, "weather permitting."

Suburban taverns were much resorted to. The New Yorkers especially affected fish-dinners at an inn perched on Brooklyn Heights; they were also fond of driving in chaises to a bi-weekly turtle-feast at a retreat on the shores of East River, taking pains to come back over what was known as the Kissing Bridge, "where," as a traveler of the time tells us, "it is part of the etiquette to salute the lady who has put herself under your protection." To eat and drink with zest and to be ardently gallant to the ladies were two cardinal traits of gentlemanliness.

Philadelphians amused themselves in much the same way. They had fishing-clubs and club-houses at convenient places on the rivers; they rejoiced in what were playfully termed "feeding parties"; they incessantly drove into the country in wagons, as though the little city of the time were already too strait for them. Albany people went on all-day picnics, or alighted in a surprise-party at some settler's cabin "in the bush," where feasting and dancing filled the day. Norfolk, though but inconsiderable as a city, had its "Old Pleasure House" by the seaside; and everywhere town-people delighted in suburban excursions. The country people were, perhaps, equally fond of moving about. The Long Islanders mounted their horses,—each horse carrying its couple, a man in the saddle and a woman on the croup,—and, taking with them wine, and cream, and sugar, feasted like gypsies on the wild berries which grew in such plenty as to dye the fields red. Joyous, excursion-loving, simple-minded were the men and women of that time; fond above all things of society, of the fresh air, of excitement, and of eating and drinking. The barbecue had great attractions for the people of the middle and southern colonies; indeed, the ox or pig, roasted whole, even had a considerable political influence in some of the provinces.

VI.

HOLIDAYS AND FESTIVALS.

ONE of the curious effects of the migration of English to America was the weakening of the hold of the old English festivals. All the church days were sedulously disregarded in New England, and elsewhere they suffered some decay. The unfamiliar aspect of the seasons may have had something to do with

this; the decline of the religious spirit, and the exigencies of the first years in a new country, had no doubt even more influence. In 1719 the Virginia clergy tell the Bishop of London that their parishioners observe "no Holy days except those of Christmas day and Good Friday, being unwilling to loose their dayly labour." There was probably a revival of interest in the church festivals in the later years of colonial dependence, when English ways were more in fashion with the rich. Outside of New England Christmas was always observed, but with something less than the old English fervor, and with a good deal less than the old English disorder. On eastern Long Island, which was as distinctly Puritan as Connecticut, the Yule log continued to be burned at Christmas until the open fire-place disappeared; and the custom of hanging up the children's stockings on Christmas eve, and filling them with cakes made in images of little boys, continued there in spite of Puritan prejudices against all church days. In New England, the English custom of counting March the first month was in use until the change from old to new style; but the Puritans probably had a preference for the continental mode of counting. As early as 1697 a "levet" was sounded under Judge Sewall's window on the morning of the 1st of January; and on January 1st, 1700, old style, which he seems to have regarded as the beginning of 1701, he caused to be recited by the town bell-man a poem of his own on the opening of the eighteenth century.

New Year's Day was celebrated among the New York Dutch by the calls of the gentlemen on their lady friends; it is perhaps the only distinctly Dutch custom that afterward came into widespread use in the United States. New Year's Day, and the church festivals kept alike by the Dutch and the English, brought an intermission of labor to the New York slaves, who gathered in throngs to devote themselves to wild frolics. The Brooklyn fields were crowded with them on New Year's Day, at Easter, at Whitsuntide, or "Pinxter," as the Dutch called it, and on "San Claus Day"—the feast of St. Nicholas.

It was complained in 1724 that the Virginians paid little attention to the two anniversaries of the gunpowder treason—the 5th of November and the 30th of January. But the former of these was celebrated in some of the northern colonies by fire-works, by burning an effigy of Guy Fawkes, or by carrying about the village two hideous pumpkin faces, supposed to represent the Pope and the devil, and then consigning them to a bonfire. The pale shadow of this old celebration reaches to our time; boys in some New England coast towns still light their bonfires on the 5th of November, though quite unable to tell what for. In the region about New York forgetfulness has gone further; stacks of barrels are burned, not on the 5th, but on the evening of the November election day, by lads both Catholic and Protestant, none of whom have any interest in the gunpowder plot, or any suspicion that they are perpetuating in disguise a custom handed down to them from ancestors loyal to the throne and Parliament of England.

Like most things that come to stay, the autumn thanksgiving feast of New England grew so gradually that its development is not easily traced. Days occasionally set apart for thanksgiving were known in Europe before the Reformation, and were in frequent use among Protestants afterward. The early New Englanders appointed fasts and thanksgivings on proper occasions without reference to the season. Some of the first thanksgivings were for harvests, for the safe arrival of ships with provisions, and for the success of the arms of the Protestants in Germany. There were also fast days and thanksgiving days kept by single churches, and private fasts and private thanksgivings set apart by individuals and observed in retirement. Public thanksgiving for the harvest, and for the other blessings of a year that was near its end, occurred frequently in the autumn and easily became customary. Christmas and other church festivals had been severely put down; the very names of the months were at first changed to numeral designations, "not out of any pevish humour of singularity, . . . but of purpose to prevent the Heathenish and Popish observation of Dayes, Moneths and Yeares, that they may be forgotten among the people of the Lord." But custom is stronger than precept, and when the Thanksgiving holiday became annual, it borrowed many of the best and most essential features of the old English Christmas. It was a day of family reunion on which the Puritans ate turkey and pumpkin pies instead of boars' heads and plum-pudding. Thanksgiving Day was long in settling down to its present fixity of season; it is even on record that one prudent town took the liberty of postponing its celebration of the day for a week in order to get molasses with which to sweeten the pumpkin pies.

VII.

SOCIAL LIFE WITHIN DOORS.

CLUBS were more affected by gentlemen in colonial times than they are now, but the club of that day was not a rich corporation possessing

a club-house with luxurious up-fittings, a restaurant and a library, parlors, billiard rooms, and art galleries. It was simply a company of gentlemen meeting on a given evening of each week at a tavern. Some clubs could not get enough of the tavern by meeting weekly. "The Governor's Club" of Philadelphia, presumably made up of men of the highest fashion, were accustomed in 1744 to assemble every night at a tavern, "where they pass away a few hours in the Pleasure of Conversation and a Cheerful Glass."

This club appears to have had a great personage for its center and nucleus, but a common basis of association in the colonial clubs was origin, and this naturally enough, for the immigrants of various nationalities had not yet had time to assimilate. New York had its Irish club, its French club, and so on. Each of these met weekly at the tavern at six in the evening. Even general society was divided into groups by the patriotic attachments and clannish feelings of the immigrants and their children. In a center of fashion like Annapolis or Philadelphia, for example, the Scots' Society gave a ball, or held "an assembly" in the language of the time, on St. Andrew's Day; while the "English Society," as it was called, had its festivals on the King's birthday, and on St. George's; the Welsh "Society of Ancient Britons" danced to St. David with leeks in their hats, and the Irish to St. Patrick of blessed memory. The young gentlemen of American nativity found themselves without a patron saint or a holiday; but with American notions of congruity, they canonized, by their own authority, King

GOLD SNUFF-BOX OF RALPH IZARD, ESQ., NOW IN POSSESSION OF DR. G. E. MANIGAULT OF CHARLESTON.

Tammany, a Delaware chief long dead, and celebrated his feast on the old English May-day, which they ushered in with bell-ringings, as though it were a veritable saint's day. These lively native Americans danced at their assemblies with bucks' tails dangling from their hats; some of them were accustomed to enter the ball-room painted and dressed like savages, and to entertain the ladies and gentlemen with the spectacle of an Indian dance and the music of a whooping war-song.

The savages themselves were not more fond of dancing than the colonists who came after them. Dancing-schools were forbidden in New England by the authorities, but dancing could not be repressed in an age in which the range of conversation was necessarily narrow, and the appetite for physical activity and excitement almost insatiable. From the most eastern forest settlements of Maine to the southern frontier of Georgia, people in town, village, and country were everywhere indefatigably fond of dancing. Fiddlers were sure of employment; but failing a fiddler, the dance might go on without him, some one volunteering to

TOP OF THE IZARD SNUFF-BOX, WITH PORTRAIT IN ENAMEL OF MRS. IZARD (MISS DELANCEY OF NEW YORK). SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL.

SILVERWARE FROM THE BULL PRINGLE MANSION, CHARLESTON, S. C.

guide the dancing by humming the tunes. In less fashionable companies, when music could not be had to dance by, such ancient, jolly, and unreserved plays as rimming-the-thimble, cut-and-tailor, grinding-the-bottle, dropping-the-glove, brother-I-am-bobbed, threading-the-needle, wooing-a-widow, and so on, were substituted.

In centers of fashion, like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Annapolis, Williamsburg, and Charleston, there were regular assemblies where one might meet "handsome, well-dressed, compleat gentlemen," and "a brilliant appearance of lovely well-dressed women," according to the testimony of eye-witnesses. The richness of the costumes at these balls was set off by the stateliness of the ceremonies. The account-book of the Philadelphia Assembly of 1748 has been preserved; we can see there how wine was provided by the hogshead; tea and coffee two pounds at a time. Card-tables were set out for those who preferred gaming to dancing, and the playing of ladies and gentlemen, often for high stakes, added to the excitement of the evening. Early in the eighteenth century Virginia families remote from the capital held regular assemblies in the several county court-houses. But dancing did not wait upon formal assemblies or invited parties; night after night, week in and week out, the young people sojourning in a Virginia planter's house could dance with unflagging enjoyment. Among New Englanders, in the later colonial times, the launching of a ship, the raising of a house, the assembling of a county court, and the ordination of a minister were good occasions for dancing, as were many other public and private festivities. Winter parties gathered in sleighs and drove merrily to some neighboring village, where they at once took possession of the inn and spent the evening in vigorous dancing. Not even in old age did the New Englanders quite give up the pleasures of the dance, if we may believe a careful Italian traveler who knew them just after the close of the Revolution; and the South Carolinians held their places in the ball-room to almost as late a period.

Fashionable assemblies and parties in the little provincial capitals began their evenings with the graceful and formal minuet. For this minuet a gentleman sometimes craved the honor of a lady's hand by a note written a week in advance of the time. After the minuet came the country dances, but less fashionable people loved livelier movement. The Virginians were famous for their animated jigs; Pennsylvanians and the Scotch-Irish everywhere were infatuated with the "hip-sesaw." But whatever the dance or the assembly, the lady appears to have been assigned for the entire evening to one partner, with whom she did the greater part of her dancing.

Gaming was a vice almost universal. Young men often lost large estates in a short time by reckless betting at cards and billiards, and the lower orders followed them afar off by wasting time and money at truck and shuffle-board. Raffles were common, and lotteries were an approved resort for raising money to build bridges or churches and to accomplish other laudable things. The ladies of New York were considered virtuous above many others of their sex because of the moderation of their gambling.

VIII.

WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

In such a society as this we are examining, women were chiefly esteemed for their good health, sprightliness, beauty, and housewifery.

As in all new countries, women were scarce, and the demand exceeded the supply. Few remained unmarried; and she was usually an irretrievable old maid who passed twenty without a husband. The education of girls was of the slightest; the female mind was thought quite unsuited to bear more than the rudiments of reading and writing. But there were various "fine works," such as the making of needlework cornucopias, the painful elaboration of shell-work, and the making of flowers from silk cuttings, that were taught to girls of wealth as a mark of upper-class breeding. Battledore was thought very suitable to young ladies of leisure. Some were able to accompany their own singing upon the guitar; the virginal, the spinet, and the harpsichord—quaint ancestors of our piano—were known to some of the most musical among people of wealth. Just before the beginning of the Revolution there began to be found in a very few houses an instrument hardly less primitive than these, which is set down in some of the diaries of the day as a "forte-pianer."

SILVERWARE OF THE COLONIAL PERIOD, BELONGING TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE SENATOR BARNWELL OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

If some of our foremothers were intelligent and thoughtful, it was rather by natural gift than from instruction. Men of cultivation seem to have found it a little irksome to get down to the level of topics deemed sufficiently simple for the understanding of women. "Conversation with ladies," says William Byrd, "is like whipped syllabub, very pretty, but nothing in it." The most accomplished gentlemen of that time thought it necessary to treat their lady friends to flattery so gross that it would not be bearable now. Byrd, great lord that he was, repaid his lady friends for courteous and hospitable entertainment at their houses by kissing them at his departure, and excused himself for leaving one gentleman's house by assuring the lady that her beauty would spoil his devotions if he remained.

IX.

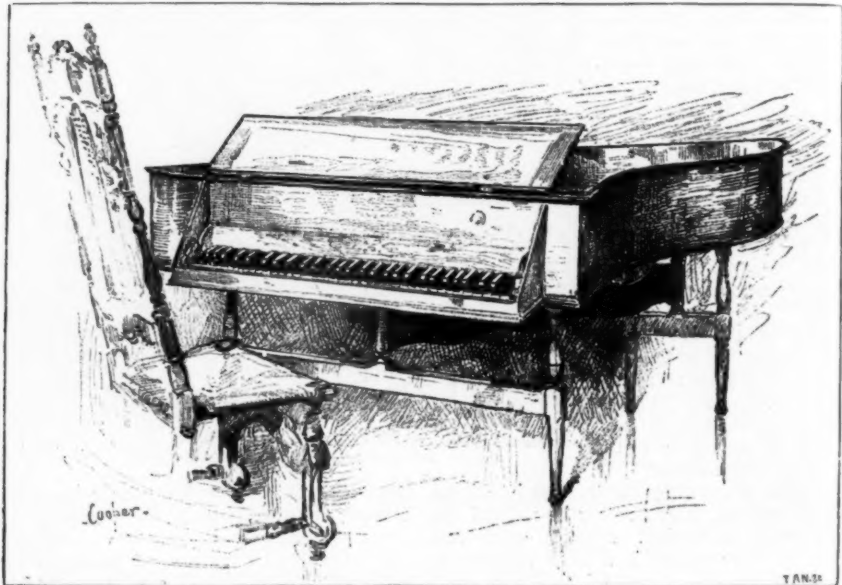
THE THEATER.

Of the drama proper we have no distinct record until near the middle of the eighteenth century. Shows there were in plenty; and so show-hungry were the people that it took little to make an exhibition. "The Lyon, the king of Beasts," was carried from place to place in 1728, on a cart drawn by four oxen, with as much noise as though he had been a whole menagerie. In 1732 the cub of a polar bear was brought to Boston by a whaler, and put on exhibition. His arrival was heralded in the gazettes of the various colonies. A lonesome camel went the rounds in 1740. There were also exhibitions of legerdemain; there were various performances on the slack and tight rope by men and women and little boys, with fetters on their feet, with wheelbarrows ahead of them, and so on; there was a woman that spun around like an animated top, while eight swords were pointed at her eyes, mouth, and heart. A solar microscope, a camera obscura, ingenious shell-work, "eight prospects of London," a musical clock, and puppets representing Joseph's dream, were shown at various times, to say nothing of such monstrosities as the remarkable cat with "one head, eight legs, and two tails."

As early as 1724 there was a variety show in a booth on Society Hill in Philadelphia, to which there were sold tickets for the stage, pit, and gallery. Corams and jigs to be danced on the rope, and other feats, were prominently advertised, and the sixth item on the programme reads: "You are entertained with the comical humor of your old friend Pickle Herring." This show was evidently a reproduction of one of the half-acrobatic, half-dramatic performances in the booths at the great London fairs, and the "comical humor" of "Pickle Herring" was no doubt one of those little plays called "drolls." Such shows were probably well known, since there was a "playhouse" in New York in 1733, and a "theatre" at Charleston in 1735, many years before

the earliest mention we have of the production of any regular drama in the colonies. But it is not impossible that there were vagabond players in the English settlements from an early period. Mention is made of "a play" at Williamsburg on the King's birthday in 1718.

The origin of the first group of actors of whose performance any record has yet been discovered is as obscure as though the players had come out of the ground. From a private diary we hear of them performing "Addison's Cato," in Philadelphia, in 1749, to the great disgust of the Quakers and those in authority, who took measures in the following January to prevent their continuing a course calculated to "draw money from inconsiderate people." It was probably this hostile action which sent "Murray & Kean," the managers of this venture, to New York, where they set up in a wooden building in Nassau street, in which, in 1750, they essayed, among other things, "The Historical Tragedy of King Richard III., wrote originally by Shakspeare, and alter'd by Colley Cibber, Esq." About the same time "two young Englishmen," probably the same adventurers, stirred up a lively hornet's-nest by producing "Otway's Orphan," with the help of amateurs, in a Boston coffeehouse. Prompt and severe legislation put down this attempt of stage-players to gain an entrance to New England, and kept the drama out of Boston for the rest of the colonial period. Murray and Kean's company in New York were a sorry lot; the actors were mostly taken from other callings; one of the actresses was a "redemptioner," or indentured servant, the proceeds of whose benefit were appropriated to buy her freedom. The members of the company appear to have left debts and a bad reputation behind. For such a troupe a frequent change of air is desirable.



SPINNET IN THE ROOMS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

In this same year "The New York Company," as it styled itself, played in Williamsburg, Virginia, and its members were just opening a new brick theater at Annapolis in 1752, when the arrival from England of what was doubtless the first well-organized company of players in the colonies seems to have dissipated this makeshift troupe.

In 1752, when the English theater, led by Garrick, was in the most brilliant period of its history, William Hallam, of the Goodman's Fields theater, sent to America his brother, Lewis Hallam, at the head of a company of actors, twelve in all, who were to open their colonial career at Williamsburg. The Hallams probably chose the capital of Virginia because the inhabitants of that colony were known to be rich, leisurely, and society-loving people, with enough of refinement to enjoy plays, and with few religious scruples against anything that tended to make life pleasant to the upper

THE FIRST MRS. LEWIS HALLAM, AFTERWARD MRS. DOUGLASS, AS DARAXA IN "EDWARD AND ELEÑORA." (FROM A PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

classes. Long before this period, and long afterward, the reading aloud of plays, romances, and operas was a pastime in Virginia country houses on rainy days, Sunday afternoons, and when no fiddler could be had in the evening.

Twenty-four plays had been selected and cast before Lewis Hallam and his company left London on the "Charming Sally," no doubt a tobacco-ship returning light for a cargo. On her unsteady deck, day after day, during the long voyage, the actors diligently rehearsed the plays with which they proposed to cheer the hearts of people in the New World. Williamsburg must have proved a disappointment to them. There were not more than a thousand people, white and black, in the village. The buildings, except the capitol, the college, and the so-called "palace" of the governor, were insignificant, and there were only about a dozen "gentlemen's" families resident in the place. In the outskirts of the town a warehouse was fitted up for a theater. The woods were all about it, and the actors could shoot squirrels from the windows. When the time arrived for the opening of the theater, the company were much disheartened. It seemed during the long still hours of the day that they had come on a fool's errand to act dramas in the woods. But as evening drew on, the whole scene changed like a work of magic. The roads leading into Williamsburg were thronged with out-of-date vehicles of every sort, driven by negroes and filled with gayly dressed ladies, whose gallants rode on horseback alongside. The treasury was replenished, the theater was crowded, and Shakspere was acted on the continent probably for the first time by a trained and competent company. The "Merchant of Venice" and Garrick's farce of "Lethe" were played; and at the close the actors found themselves surrounded by groups of planters congratulating them, and after the Virginia fashion offering them the hospitality of their houses.

When the "season" at Williamsburg was over, the company got "a character" from the Governor of Virginia, and proceeded to play in the new brick theater in the gay and luxurious little capital of Maryland. From Annapolis a tour was

INTERIOR OF JOHN STREET THEATER, BUILT IN 1767. (FROM A PRINT OF 1791 IN THE COLLECTION OF DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.)

made to other places among the drama-loving Marylanders, and in 1753, a year after their arrival in Virginia, Hallam's company reached New York. So far the actors had found their career in the colonies open and their success easy. But New England, except Rhode Island, was double-barred against them, and to gain admittance to Philadelphia required strenuous importunity and careful diplomacy. From this time forward to the Revolution, under the management of the senior Lewis Hallam, and then of Douglass, Mrs. Hallam's second husband, the company held exclusive possession of the American stage. They ranged from Newport to Charleston, and diversified their journeys by excursions to the West Indies.

PORTRAIT OF MRS. MORRIS, OF THE "AMERICAN COMPANY." (FROM A RARE PRINT IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS J. MCKEE, ESQ.)

The theaters built by this company in the colonial cities were, for the most part, little more than inclosed sheds, and were generally painted red. The scenery was very indifferent. At the opening in Williamsburg in 1752, the local music-master, with a harpsichord, furnished the music. By the time they arrived in New York, the next year, a violinist had been imported, who was also a dancer; orchestra and ballet were thus comprised in one man. Of the earliest actors we know little, except that the first Lewis Hallam was an excellent low comedian, and his wife a woman of beauty and an actress of more than ordinary merit. Their son, Lewis Hallam the second, who on the opening night at Williamsburg made his début as a lad of twelve by breaking down in a part that gave him but one line to speak, early became, and long remained, the leading actor on this side of the sea. He was "a veritable Garrick" on the American stage, though he had but a tolerant reception at Covent Garden. His articulation was not so good as his acting; he was accused of mouthing and ranting, but the critic who lays this charge concedes that he was "thorough master of all the tricks of his trade." His versatility was considerable: Josiah Quincy's sentence, "Hallam has merit in every character he acts," is sustained by the general tradition. As Mungo in "The Padlock," he is thought to have been the first to portray negro character from observation. The American company, as it was constituted before the Revolution, succeeded better in comedy than tragedy, and its members were accounted by an intelligent Englishman "equal to the best actors in the provincial English theatres" of the time.

The seats were classified into boxes, pit, and gallery. Some of the boxes were placed in such proximity to the stage as to be virtually a part of it. The boxes could only be entered from the stage, and seats were sometimes sold on the stage itself. Gentlemen made free to go behind the scenes, and to loiter in full view on the stage, showing their gallantry by disturbing attentions to the actresses. Managers were ever publishing notices that no one would be admitted behind the scenes, and were ever allowing their rule to be broken by those whose position in society entitled them to do lawless things without rebuke. Smoking was allowed in the theater, and liquors were served to people in the pit.

Play-bills were distributed to places of business and to residences on the day before the performance. Seats were reserved for ladies by sending negro slaves as early as three or four o'clock in the afternoon to occupy them until their mistresses arrived; in 1762 a system of reserving seats in the boxes was introduced. When an actor received a benefit, he offered tickets at his lodgings, that he might have the opportunity of receiving personally the favors of friends and admirers; the beneficiary actor or actress was even expected to show respect for leading ladies and gentlemen by waiting on them at their houses to crave their patronage. Plays began at six o'clock, and gentlemen were entreated to come early, as "it would be a great inconvenience" to these gentlemen "to be kept out late." In the early years of this century, and no doubt before the Revolution, Shakspere's and other plays were ruthlessly cut down in New York theaters, in order not to break over this habit

of keeping early hours, the only virtuous practice that was universally prevalent in that age.

In all communities where Puritanism or Quakerism was strong, the opposition to the theater was very violent. To soften this hostility and maintain the liberty of playing, the actors gave benefits to many objects — to the poor of various cities, to a charity school, to buy an organ for a college chapel, to assist in building a hospital in New York, and to the Pennsylvania Hospital, the managers of which institution were roundly abused for accepting money from such a source. The actors pleaded their own cause in various prologues; they took a peculiar "benefit of clergy" once by reciting a prologue written for them by a clergyman, and again by acting a play written by a Scotch divine. On the return of the company to New York from the West Indies, in 1758, the opposition broke out in that city, which had been their northern stronghold, and it was only after a severe struggle that the manager succeeded in getting permission to play. Religious feeling had been wrought to a high tension in the middle of the eighteenth century by the labors of Whitefield, Edwards, Tennent, and other famous revivalists. Much of the opposition had its source in a puritanic aversion to amusements, but it was greatly reënforced by the licentious freedom of some of the pieces relished by the play-goers of that time, a freedom that would be intolerable in any decorous place of amusement to-day. Nor did the loud dressing and irregular lives of some of the players help the standing of the drama with serious people who judged by other than artistic standards.

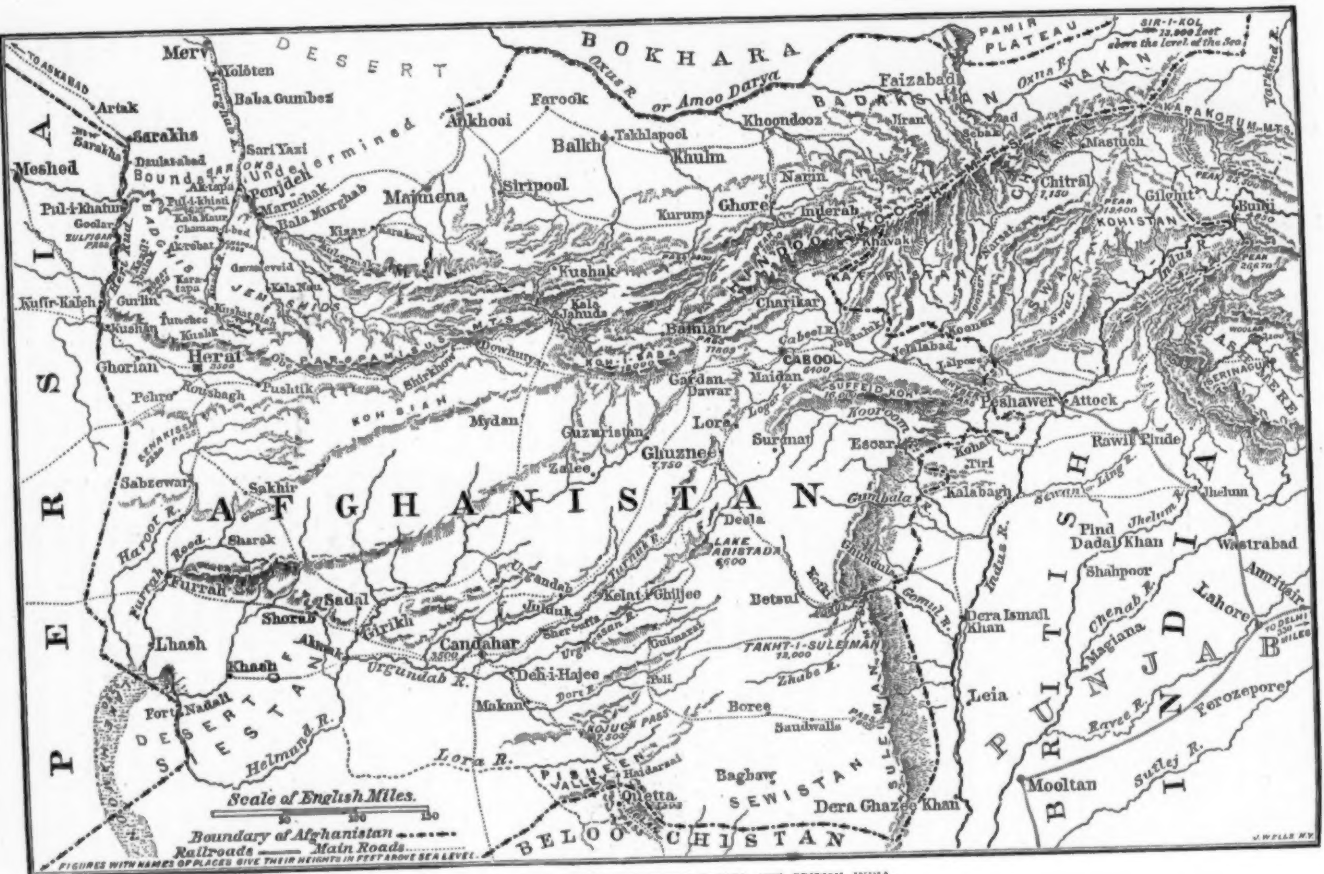
The managers adopted many ingenious devices for avoiding the legal impediments thrown in their way in several places. One ruse was to advertise a play, as Douglass did in Newport, as "a series of moral dialogues in five parts," giving a syllabus of the good instruction to be got out of "Othello," for example. Another device was to announce the opening of a "Histrionic Academy."

The southern colonists were exceedingly fond of the theater, and of all kindred gayeties. Virginians of the highest standing, not content with seeing plays at the theater, and reading them for home amusement, organized amateur companies of their own. In South Carolina it was a sort of article of faith with the upper classes that town life should atone for the irksomeness of time spent "in the swamps." They not only welcomed the American company when it came, but they conducted a series of fashionable concerts, paying in 1773 a salary of fifty guineas the season to a French-horn player, and ten times as much for a first violinist.

LEWIS HALLAM THE SECOND.
(FROM A MINIATURE, BY PERMISSION OF MR. EDWIN BOOTH.)

The American theater had after a while to contend with a new and unlooked-for enemy. The movement in the colonies against the encroachments of the British Parliament involved an underlying movement toward democratic equality. Nearly all modern democratic movements, especially those of the eighteenth century, have been characterized by what may be called a political Puritanism — an overflow of the reforming spirit. It was this which made some of the French revolutionists so austere in matters of dress and food. In America the outburst against the stamp-act in 1765 brought the destruction, by a New York mob, of a theater building. This curious logic of feeling was not confined to the vulgar. The patriot Josiah Quincy, though capable of enjoying and admiring Hallam's acting, yet declares that he would oppose the introduction of the theater in any State of which he was a citizen. When at length the revolutionary storm broke, the theater was one of the first things to go down. The Articles of Association, by which the Continental Congress of 1774 sought to pledge the colonists to put themselves into a state of warlike self-denial, contain a promise to "discountenance and discourage" "all horse-racing and all kinds of gaming, cock-fighting, exhibitions of shews, plays, and other expensive diversions and entertainments." Peyton Randolph, president of the Congress, wrote a letter to Douglass, the head of the American company, inclosing the resolution. If this had been law, a loop-hole might have been found; but the manager who should have disregarded the expressed wish of the Congress at this time would have looked the lightning in the face. The actors sailed for the West Indies, to return northward, like migratory birds of song, when storms should have blown over.

Edward Eggleston.



MAP OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND BRITISH INDIA.

THE GATE OF INDIA.

FROM their northern dominions, securely protected at the rear by eternal ice and snow, and desert wilderness, the Russian Tsars have watched for a hundred years the growth of the world's commerce, and contemplated the scheme of out-flanking the whole of Europe, to reach one of its greatest sources of wealth — India.

As long ago as the time of Alexander the First and Napoleon the First, a project was entertained by the two of sending an army of 35,000 men, through Persia, by way of Herat, into India. Whether the Russian policy of the last fifty years has really contemplated an ultimate descent into India, or whether its object is, as she protests, merely the necessity of keeping the Turcomans in subjection, her military forces in that region have steadily increased, and steadily pushed their outposts farther south-eastward.

But there is another view of this south-eastward movement. Russia in Europe has a population of about 86,000,000, comprising at least one quarter of the entire population of Europe, besides 9,000,000 in Asia. For the growth in numbers, intelligence and energy of this vast population there is no outlet in any direction but to the south-east. To the northward there is nothing but ice and snow. To the southward and south-westward are the denser populations and the great standing armies of western Europe. To the east is the vast level expanse of Siberia, which, though a fertile country south of the latitude of St. Petersburg, and capable of supporting a population equal to that of western Europe, is too far from the sea or any great navigable water, too remote from the world's great markets to induce a movement of population in that direction. Russian energy, therefore, finds no sufficient field of expansion except on this line to the south-eastward, which may lead either to India or to the Arabian Sea. In the last half-century the other nations of western Europe have built up great and prosperous colonies in all parts of the world. But the Russian population, more distant from the seas, has felt the pressure of circumstances similar to those which in ancient times drove the Huns from the very regions lately traversed by the Russians,— a pressure which precipitated the swarms of Huns upon imperial Rome, and which may yet precipitate the Russians from Bokhara upon Cabool, or even, as feared by the Turkish generals, from Armenia upon Constantinople.

From St. Petersburg it is 1200 miles by rail to Odessa. The latter place is also connected by rail with the general railway system of Europe. Draw a line on the map straight south-eastward from Odessa to the nearest point of India, on the lower Indus, and it falls near to Batoum on the Black Sea, Baku and Michaelovsk on the Caspian, and Herat and the Bolan Pass in Afghanistan. On three-fifths of this great line of over 2800 miles, communication has been opened in the last five years by the completion of the Batoum-Baku railroad, and the Trans-Caspian railroad, and by steamers on the Black and Caspian Seas, until it is now only eight days' journey from St. Petersburg to Kezil Arvat, within 450 miles of Herat. How much farther than Kezil Arvat the railroad has really progressed in the last year or so, is carefully concealed by the Russian officials, who will allow no inquisitive foreign travelers to proceed that far. But two years ago there was a tramway from Kezil Arvat to Askabad, which may have already been turned into a railroad.

But in case the route across the Black Sea was impracticable, owing to the presence of an enemy's fleet, there is a nearly all-rail route around the Black Sea. This is by rail from, say, Moscow, *via* Koslow and Rostov to Vladi-kavkas on the northern slope of the Caucasus, 1063 miles; from Vladi-kavkas over the Caucasus by the wagon road in the Dariel Pass, 133 miles to Tiflis; thence to Baku by rail 305 miles; thence across the Caspian 220 miles to Michaelovsk, and thence 300 miles by rail to Askabad on the Persian frontier, which is only 300 miles from Herat. The whole distance of 2000 miles from Moscow to Askabad could be traversed by troops in ten days. In April, also, the Russian Government authorized the extension of the railroad from Vladi-kavkas 150 miles to Petrovsk on the Caspian Sea. When this line is completed, as it probably will be this summer, the entire distance from Moscow to Askabad will be 1800 miles, all of which will be railroad except the 400 by sea from Petrovsk to Michaelovsk.

There has also been a project to build a railroad from Kezil Arvat, about 300 miles eastward to Khiva. This would give Russia direct railroad connection with Turkestan, and steamers could ply on the Oxus from Khiva to Bokhara.

England, uneasy at these expanding schemes and this steady progress, has built a railroad from Kurachee on the lower Indus, 450 miles

MAP OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND BRITISH INDIA.

north-westward, up into the mountains to the Afghan border, at the Bolan Pass. Russia has steadily protested that she has no designs upon India, and has invited England to extend her Kurachee railroad 600 miles farther to Herat, and so make a nearly all-rail route by which the trading Englishman could go from England to India, 4500 miles, in nine or ten days.

The quickest present route is through France and Italy to Brindisi, and thence by the Red Sea to Bombay, about 5500 miles in about twenty days; or by steamer all the way, *via* Malta, Alexandria, and the Red Sea, 6000 miles, in about twenty-four days. The Russian route would undoubtedly be a great economy of time and distance, but as two-thirds of it would lie through Russian territory, John Bull regards it with great distrust, and every once in a while prepares to stop the "Russian advance toward India," by force of arms. Last March the attempt to settle the boundary between Russia and Afghanistan at last brought the Russians and English face to face, on the western border of a mountain country, which is likely to be the theater of any war between Russia and England; because, within its territory are the few mountain passes — at the utmost four or five — which are the only means of access to India anywhere on its entire land boundary of nearly 2500 miles. Of these the Khyber Pass is the chief, and after this the Bolan. The others are the Kurm, the Gomal, and the Saki Sarwar. These are the gates of which Herat is called the key, though possession of the key does not by any means imply a passage through them, but only the access to their vicinity.

Strictly speaking, both England and Russia are trespassers on the territory of the Ameer of Afghanistan, who is an independent potentate. The war between England and Afghanistan in 1878 was brought about by the Ameer receiving an Embassy from Russia and refusing to receive one from the Viceroy of India. It resulted in a loss of many thousands of British soldiers in the various battles in the passes, and, finally, in the placing of Abdurrahman on the throne with an annual subsidy from England, instead of Shere Ali, without one. The war, however, was too recent not to have left in the minds of many of the present Afghan soldiers bloody memories, which would be revived by the presence of some of the very British officers as allies who, seven years ago, were enemies. It has even been a Russian boast that the Ameer was alone, among the Afghans, in desiring British alliance. From the beginning of the Russo-Afghan dispute, England, therefore, had stood in the embarrassing position of an ally who mistrusts the friendship of the people whose territory she is undertaking to defend. Under these circumstances it is not probable that any British force will take the risk of putting five or six hundred miles of deserts and mountains between itself and its base of supplies, to fight the Russians in western Afghanistan. Whatever fighting there may be in Afghanistan between British and Russians, will necessarily be nearer to Cabool.

Within a radius of about 400 miles from the city of Cabool, lies one of the strangest, wildest, most diversified, and historically interesting countries in the world. Here the great mountain ranges of the Himalaya, the Soliman, the Beloor Taugh, and the Siah Coh, which traverse the vast continent of Asia from China to Persia, and from Siberia to the Indian Ocean, are all converged into a titanic jumble. Within this territory are embraced portions of the tropical plains of India, the bleak steppes of Tartary, and the high plateau of Iran. These are separated from one another by such bewildering mazes of snow-clad, impassable mountains, that soldiers and travelers have called it "an awful country." "Awful," or awe-inspiring, indeed it is; a maze of mountains full of surprises to the explorer, who finds here not only different climates, but different tribes having different customs and in some cases speaking different languages.

Almost in the center of this district, and within about a hundred miles of the city of Cabool, are the peaks of Hindoo Coosh, Coonde, Soliman, Suffaid Coh, Siah Coh, and many others, varying in height from 16,000 to 20,000 feet above the sea level. How these compare with others in better-known parts of the world, may be seen when it is said, that, of the great peaks of the Swiss Alps, the Matterhorn has an altitude of only 14,856 feet, and Mont Blanc only 15,670. feet. If the whole mountain system of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with all the greatest peaks, were crowded into the area of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, it would be a region much less rugged, less elevated and difficult, than that within a radius of 300 miles from the city of Cabool. The city itself, though surrounded by high mountains, is 6400 feet above the sea. The city of Ghuznee, ninety miles to the south of it, is at an elevation of 7,700 feet, and the entire road between the two averages 8,000 feet, one of the passes, the Lion's Mouth, being at an elevation of 9,000 feet. Heavy snows lie on the city of Ghuznee, sometimes until the end of March, while 200 miles to the east is the tropic valley of the Indus. The group of these four great captains, Hin-

doo Coosh, Coonde, Suffaid Coh, and Soliman, represents almost in the limit of one view nearly all the important mountain ranges on the continent: From the peak of Hindoo Coosh, seventy-five miles north-west of Cabool, the range of the same name extends nearly 1000 miles eastward at an average height of 18,000 or 19,000 feet, in one unbroken, treeless wall of stone. In all that distance there is not a pass that leads over an altitude less than 12,000 feet above the sea. That of Kawah, the most easterly one yet discovered (about longitude 70° east), is at an altitude of 13,500 feet, and even the Bamian Pass, 100 miles farther west, which leads entirely around the western end of Hindoo Coosh, is at an altitude of about 9,000 feet. Nor is there any break in this tremendous barrier, even at the end of 1,000 miles eastward from the peak of Hindoo Coosh, for there the range is developed into that of Himalaya, which is higher still, thus making an impassable barrier along the northern border of India, from Afghanistan to Burmah. From the peak to Coonde northward, extends the range of Beloor Taugh, the "Cloudy Mountains," which form part of the western rampart of that vast high plateau of Central Asia, called the plain of Pamir, the "Roof of the World." About eighty miles south of Coonde is the peak of Suffaid Coh, the "White Mountain,"—so called by the natives from its continual cap of snow,—and from here southward into Beloochistan, extends the range of Soliman,—not so lofty in its whole extent as the Hindoo Coosh, but still at various points reaching up into the thin atmosphere, beyond the range of vegetation and animal life.

But this vital knot in the mountain system of Asia is also the place where the two great elevated plateaux of the continent find their only point of approximation. Here the plateau of Pamir almost connects with that of Iran. Here, too, the lower-lying, habitable plains of Tartary and the Caspian, come closest to the warmer plains of Hindostan—indeed, nothing separates them but this very knot of mountains, traversed by a pass about 300 miles long from Hindoo Coosh through Cabool and Peshauwer to the Indus. From the two sides of Hindoo Coosh the streams run into the Caspian Sea and the Indian Ocean; while from the snows on the eastern side of Beloor Taugh run rivers that after many hundreds of miles are lost in the sands and solitudes of the great Mongolian Desert in China. Such is this one culminating point of all the great physical features of Asia.

The Khyber Pass is a deep gorge, but in many places comparatively a mere crack or crevice. Down this for a distance of about 150 miles rushes the Cabool River, delayed and placid for a while near Gundamut, about the upper end of this 150 miles, and again near Jellalabad farther down, and still again in the plain of Peshauwer, but rapid and torrent-like between each of these places. Jellalabad is on a mountain as compared to Peshauwer, and Gundamut is on a mountain as compared to Jellalabad. Between the plain of Peshauwer and the higher one of Jellalabad is the Khyber Pass, a deep ravine about thirty miles long, shut in by cliffs that in some places present walls 600 or 700 feet high.

The Emperor Baber in his first journey eastward from Cabool (1504), coming from his bleak plains of Tartary, was struck with wonder not only at the greatness, but the suddenness of the change in the face of nature, and afterwards wrote in his commentaries: "I had never before seen the hot climates or the Indian country. When I came to the Pass, I saw another world; the grass, the trees, the birds, the animals, the tribes of men,—all was new; I was astonished." "The road"—says Mr. Elphinstone, in his account of his embassy to Cabool in 1808—

"is often along the bed of torrents, and is extremely dangerous in the event of sudden falls of rain from the hills. In quiet times the Khybers have stations in different parts of the pass to collect an authorized toll from passengers, but in times of trouble they are all on the alert. If a single traveler attempts to make his way through, the noise of his horse's feet sounds up the long narrow valleys, and soon brings the Khybers in troops from the hills and ravines. But if they expect a caravan, they assemble in hundreds on the side of a hill, and sit patiently with their matchlocks in their hands, watching its approach."

This Khyber Pass is indeed the "Gate of India," for the road through it and over the Bamian Pass, 150 miles north-westward, near the mountain of Hindoo Coosh, is the only route practicable for artillery across that vast wall of mountains anywhere between Burmah and Beloochistan, a distance of nearly 2300 miles, which covers nearly the whole land boundary of India from the Bay of Bengal to the mouth of the Indus. This mountain wall is a great ethnological barrier which in all ages has separated widely different races of men, and in all the ages prior to the eighteenth century, whatever of conquest or commerce or immigration came to disturb or change India, either for better or for worse, flowed and ebbed through this narrow gate of the Khyber Passes, crossing the Indus where the Cabool rushes into it with wild commotion near the fort of Attock. The little district which embraces these mountain passes vertebrates the whole history of mankind down to the time of the discovery of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope;

and if its rocky walls possessed the phonographic power of preserving and repeating the sounds which they have once echoed, they would tell the history of the world. For up and down this narrow ravine in the Khybeer Hills, under the shadows of its forests of pine, and oak, and wild olive, have passed either the armies or the emissaries of almost every important nation in Europe and Asia.

It was about the beginning of the eighteenth century that the British East India Company, after a struggling and precarious existence of a hundred years, had just begun to be a political power in India. The Emperor Arungzebe, the last great sovereign of the Mogul empire, was dead (1707), and the Mahratta chiefs of Central India were endeavoring to build anew the Hindoo empire on the ruins of that of the Moguls, which, though still keeping up the semblance of state, was fast crumbling away. It is at about this period that the character of Indian history seems to change. It is here that the European and the modern are joined on to the Oriental and the old. But history enables us to conjure up visible phantoms of the men who traversed these mountain passes in the olden time, and around these the past may be galvanized into life again:

It is the year 1738, and Nadir Shah with all his army, has crossed the Indus, ravaged all the north-western provinces of India, and, finally, captured the capital, Delhi, and made the Mogul a prisoner. After occupying Delhi for some months, and ordering a massacre of many thousands of people, he has marched back, carrying with him a booty to the value of 100,000,000 dollars, in which is the famous Koh-i-noor diamond. Nadir Shah, the man whose father was only a maker of sheepskin caps at Kelat, with grim humor proposed as a token of friendship to the fallen Mogul monarch that they should exchange turbans — because in the turban of the latter he saw the great diamond, which is presumed to be worth somewhere between five and ten millions of dollars.

Nine years later (1750) the passes resound to the tramp of another great army going to invade India. It is Ahmed Shah Abdalli, the founder of the Afghan empire. He is of the native Afghan tribe of Abdallis, of which he has changed the name to Durannees, and calls himself "Ahmed Shah Duranny." He goes down to cross the Indus at Attock — where every conqueror before and after him has crossed. Making only a flying invasion this time, he will cross again next year with a larger army; and still again a third time in 1752, and then will capture and plunder the oft-captured capital city of Delhi, and carry off the treasure which seems ever to accumulate there. And now, again a fifth time, in 1760, with an army of over 40,000 horsemen, and 2000 camels, he clatters down the passes to cross the Indus at Attock, and in the Punjaub is "joined by three of the native princes, swelling his whole army to 41,800 horse, 38,000 foot, with some eighty pieces of artillery." "This" — says a Persian writer (Casa Raja Pundit) who was present at the battle of Paniput — "I know to have been precisely the state of the Mussulman army, but the irregulars who accompanied these troops were four times that number, thus swelling Ahmed's army to above 300,000."

This is the last great invasion of India by an Oriental army, Oriental not only in its numbers, but in its *personnel:* there are Afghan horsemen, dressed like Persians in gay-colored clothes and low sheep-skin caps, armed with Persian hilted swords, some with matchlocks, the stocks of which are strange-looking hooks, shaped like a sickle, and intended to go under the arm; and some with short blunderbusses, with extremely thin barrels and diminutive stocks. The housings of their horses are of leopard and lion skins. There are great numbers of camels, on each of which are mounted two musketeers, armed with larger blunderbusses, and several hundred camels on which are mounted pieces of light cannon, and "shuternels," or swivels.

To oppose this army is that of the Mahratta king, Biswas-rao, who has within a few months nearly overturned the feeble Mogul government, and is now entrenched with 55,000 horse, 15,000 foot, and a vast number of irregular and independent troops, and camp followwers on the fatal field of Paniput, where the empire of India has twice before in former years (1526 and 1556) been lost and won.

Setting his army down before this entrenched camp, the stern Mussulman, Ahmed, — whose orders, says the Persian writer, "were everywhere obeyed like destiny," — directs a little red tent to be pitched for him half a "cos" in advance of his camp, and to this every morning before sunrise he goes out to pray, and then with a troop of horse rides forty or fifty miles every day to visit every post of the army. After three months of investment, with all supplies cut off, the Mahrattas in despair march out of their lines on the 7th of January, 1761, and opening fire with all their artillery, thus announce their resolve to give battle and die; for well they know that if vanquished they will find no quarter.

The Persian vakeel, or news-writer,— Casa Raja Pundit,— telling the story of that terrible battle, which lasted from noon till sunset, says: "Of every description of people, men, women and children, there were 500,000 souls

in the Mahratta camp, of whom the greatest part were killed or taken prisoners." The headless body of the Mahratta king was found and recognized only by his jewels."

This great battle put an end not only to the Mahratta power, but also to the Mogul government and left anarchy in all India. But now these Duraunee Afghans, after having done such terrible work, were tired of the plains of India, and having mutinied against even their stern Ahmed, obliged him to abandon his project of seizing the empire of India, and to lead them back with their plunder to their mountains about Cabool.

But now again the curtain is lifted on another era of the past — the Middle Ages. It is the year 1398, and through the snows on the lofty Pass of Kawah, seventy-five miles north of Cabool, a cloud of Tartar horsemen under Timour are descending on the city. Everything gives way before them, and as they swarm down through the rocky passes below Jellalabad they collect such a multitude of prisoners — whom they are afraid to liberate lest they should have to fight them again on their return — that by the time they have reached the historic crossing-place of the Indus at Attock, the number of captives is over 100,000. And still as they go on across the plains of the Punjaub the number increases until, just before the great battle near Delhi, Timour orders all the fighting men among the captives (over 100,000) to be slaughtered, so that in case of necessity for retreat the Cabool passes may not be closed by these captives flying back in advance to their native cliffs and valleys.

A hundred and twenty-eight years after Timour comes his descendant Baber, who having conquered Cabool and from that city as a base of operations has already crossed the Indus at Attock four times in twenty years, crosses now a fifth time (1525) with a greater army than ever before, and goes down to fight the *first* great battle of Paniput and capture Delhi, and thus establish that great empire of the Moguls in Hindostan which will last for nearly 300 years.

But again the scene shifts to an era anterior to that of the Moguls. It is the year 977, and Sebuctagi, the Persian Sultan of Ghuzni, after reducing Cabool, has marched down through these passes with such an overwhelming army that, though the Brahmin Jeypul opposed him at the crossing at Attock with an army of 200,000 foot and 100,000 horse, Jeypul's army has been completely routed.

After Sebuctagi comes his son Mahmood the "Scourge of India," the most zealous Mohammedan bigot of his time,— the meaning of whose name, "Mahmood," according to Gibbon, is "The slave of the slave of the slave of the Prophet," — and who invaded India twelve times in twenty-five years, and each time except the last advancing by way of Cabool and the Khyber passes.

It was about the year 700 that, to use an Oriental metaphor, "the star of Islam first shone on the plains of Hind," and though there is scarcely even an outline of the event, there is enough to show that it came from the direction of Cabool. Down in the plains of India, 130 miles northwest from Delhi, is a place called Hisar, of which the ancient name was *A'si*, "a sword," and "often," says an old description of the place (referring to the eighth century), "did the warriors of the mountains of Cabool find their graves before A'si."

But now the figures of a still earlier time come into view, and in that long era from the seventh century all the way back to the first, and even beyond it to the time when Christianity and Mohammedanism were as yet unborn, there are indistinct outlines of armies of Tartars and Persians and Afghans trooping down these Khyber passes to their conquests and plunder in India. And intermingled with these are long caravans, partly of traders and partly of religious pilgrims, from Thibet, Tartary, and China, and even from Siberia, going down to worship at the numberless holy places of Buddhism in India; to seek for the ruins of the sacred city of Kapilavastu, where Buddha was born, or to look upon the sacred Bo-tree where he was enlightened by celestial wisdom, so that he was able to solve the mystery of this mortal life. In the valley of Bamian, where all these swarms of pilgrims going in and of missionaries going out, crossing the mountains by the Bamian Pass, there are great rock-cut temples like those of Abu Simbul in Egypt. Here stand two gigantic statues, male and female, the former 160 and the latter 130 feet high, inside of which are winding stairs by which the pilgrims may ascend to the heads of the statues, and look out of their eyes toward the holy land; and on the rocks down near Peshauwer and Attock are engraved the edicts of Dharmaroska, the great Buddhist king of northern India, inculcating the practice of virtue, the construction of roads and hospitals, and abolishing capital punishment. But among all this throng of pilgrims — some in their garments of rags, adopted to indicate their humility, and some in their sacred yellow robes sprinkled with dust — which pours in and out the passes for nearly a thousand years down to the seventh century, we recognize but two figures distinctly: Fa-Hien, who came from China in the fourth century, and Hiuen-Thsang, who came from the same

country early in the seventh century,—the latter to find that while Buddhism was spreading so rapidly in all the rest of Asia, it was as rapidly declining in India, and that the green banner of the Prophet of Islam had already been seen east of the Indus.

But now once again the Genius of the Past waves his wand, and the head of a column of horse comes around a turn in the road. The foremost riders are men of fair complexion, except for the weather bronze of two or three years' campaigning. Their dress and arms are different from any of those of later days. They wear close-fitting, long-sleeved jackets of woolen cloth, and tight-fitting pantaloons of the same. They wear either breastplates of brass, or cuirasses made of many plates of the same which come down to the waist, and in some cases below. Greaves of thick leather cover the front part of their legs. On their heads are high helmets, some of leather and some of brass, with strong stiff visors. The tops of their helmets are ornamented with stiff, closely cut hair from their horses' manes. They carry short straight swords of brass. Upright behind the right shoulder of each are two spears, the butts of which rest in sockets by the right foot. Their sheep-skin over-jackets and cloaks hang behind them on their horses. These men are Greeks, the advance guard of a great army of Macedonians, Greeks, Phrygians, Bactrians, and men of all the countries of Asia Minor. The time is the year 327 before Christ, and the man who directs the march of this great army is Alexander the Great. He will go down to cross the Indus at Attock, and push his conquest as far east as the Hyphasis (Sutlej), where his Macedonians, appalled at the distance from their homes and the recklessness with which he plunges farther into the unknown world of the Orient, refuse to follow.

Two hundred years earlier (525 B. C.), there is a misty outline of an invasion by an army of Darius, king of Persia.

And still the swarms of human beings seem as great in the ancient as in the later days, and away back in the past, beyond the reach of chronology, tradition shows an out-pouring of an Aryan race from the plains of Tartary, downward through these passes, to conquer and extinguish the aboriginal "dark race" of India.

Notwithstanding these oft-recurring tidal waves of invasion, there was a constant current of commerce flowing through the Bamian and Khyber passes—almost the only connection indeed that India had with the outer world. From the earliest times recorded in history, the routes of trade between the Levant and India had been by way of Baalbec and Balkh to these passes. In the latter part of the thirteenth century the Genoese, having assisted Michael Paleologus to recapture Constantinople, were given such commercial privileges as made them masters of the Black Sea. From here they soon pushed their factories and trading-posts to the eastern shores of the Caspian, and by the way of Balkh and Cabool carried on an extensive trade with India until they were shut out of the Black Sea by the Turks in 1453. But even yet the commercial usages of the traders on the Caspian recall the commercial supremacy of the Genoese.

One of the most remarkable things in connection with all this tide of conquest and immigration that has flowed through these mountain passes is that it has always been inward. There has never been any considerable movement of people out of India. No army of Hindoos or of any other race that had become naturalized there ever went out to conquer other countries. The Aryans went in from the north to conquer the aborigines and establish the Hindoo empire. The Persians and Arabs went in from the west to conquer the Hindoos and establish the Mussulman empire; and again the Tartars went in to establish the Mogul empire, which in turn faded away under the attacks of the Persians, the Afghans, and the British. At one time, indeed, the Mogul emperors did include Afghanistan in their dominions, but it was before the Tartar spirit had succumbed to the opiate influence of India. What came out of India—and particularly by way of this its historic gate—was measureless wealth, and one great religion; wealth which for ages set the rest of the world in a tumult of contention between the nations to have control of its source, and a religion which, though it has almost faded out in India itself, still causes one-third of the human race to turn their thoughts to India as the land of Buddha's birth and death.

But the historic interest which is concentrated around this Oriental gate, in the mountain passes of Afghanistan, also extends to the Afghans themselves; their traditions of their own origin are among the most curious of all peoples in Asia. They claim their descent from the Israelites, and say they are the representatives of a part of the lost ten tribes of Israel, who never returned from the Assyrian captivity, into which they were carried by their conqueror, Tiglath-pileser, in the year 721 B. C. All the Afghan accounts of their own nation begin with the recital of the principal events in Hebrew history, from Abraham down to the time of the Assyrian captivity. These traditions do not differ very essentially from the biblical accounts of the same events, except in some cases, in which both accounts are evidently of an apocryphal

and mythical character. The Afghans claim that they are descended from Melic Talut (King Saul); that Melic Talut had two sons, Berkia and Imria, that the son of Berkia was called Afghan, from whom are descended the Afghans, and the son of Imria was called Usbee. Their traditions, however, are here at variance with the biblical genealogies, which do not mention any such sons of Saul. The Afghan tradition also brings King Saul into notice, in a mythical account of an event which is differently described in the Bible (I Samuel, chap. v). The Afghan account—published in the researches of the Asiatic Society of Bengal in 1787—is as follows:

> "In a war which raged between the children of Israel and the Amalekites, the latter, being victorious, plundered the Jews and obtained possession of the ark of the covenant. Considering this the god of the Jews, they threw it into the fire, which did not affect it. They afterwards attempted to cleave it with axes, but without success. Every individual who treated it with indignity was punished by some misfortune for his temerity. They then placed it in their temple, but all their idols bowed to it. At length they fastened it upon a cow, which they turned loose in the wilderness."

Melic Talut—continues the Afghan tradition—restored the ark, and was consequently made King of Israel.

Tiglath-pileser, who took the whole of Israel into captivity, distributed them among the north-east provinces of his empire. From the time of this captivity, ten of the tribes drop out of the biblical history. But the Afghan account is that a portion of these "lost tribes" withdrew to the mountains of Ghore, in the present Afghanistan, and another portion to the vicinity of Mecca, in Arabia.

This claim of the Afghans to have descended from the Jews was regarded with respect by many distinguished Oriental scholars, among whom was Sir William Jones, the founder of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

As another evidence of the probability of their Jewish descent, the Afghan historians all claim that the children of Israel, both in Ghore and in Arabia, preserved their knowledge of the Unity of God. "When the select of creatures, Mohammed, appeared upon earth," says the Afghan tradition, "his fame reached the Afghans, who sought him in multitudes."

The tribal nomenclature of the Afghans is as copious, in proportion to the numbers of the people, as that of the aborigines of America,—with names, indeed, that in many cases strangely recall the sound of those of America. There are the Durannees, Ghiljis, Sheerannees, Vizerees, Berdurannees, Eusofzys, Turcolannees, Khybeers, and a host of others. The dominant tribe is the Durannees, whose country—without any exact boundary lines—embraces a large part of western Afghanistan, and whose principal cities are Herat and Candahar. The total number of this tribe has probably never been above a million souls, and yet by their ascendancy of the other tribes they once founded a government at Candahar, which was obeyed from the Caspian to the Ganges. The Ghiljis, which are the second in numbers, control all the Cabool Valley above Jellalabad. About the year 1000, A. D., they established, under their Sultan Mahmood of Ghuznee, an empire which extended from the Tigris to the Ganges, and from the Jaxartes to the Persian Gulf, a territory as great as the United States. The other tribes are remarkable chiefly for the great diversity of their customs and degrees of civilization. Some, like the Khybeers, are dwellers in the hills and mountain gorges, which they seldom leave, while others, like the Naussers, are wandering pastoral people, who have no country of their own. Mr. Elphinstone, in his "History of Cabool," described the Naussers as assembling twice a year to make their semi-annual migrations in search of new pasturage for their flocks. In the autumn it is from the mountains to the plains of Damaun, near the Indus, and in the spring back again to the mountains. The bustle and disorder attendant upon the movement in one body of twelve or fifteen thousand families, with such a great assemblage of sheep and cattle and camels, the fights with their old enemies the Vizerees, who waylay them in the mountain passes, the long marches over barren wastes and through unfrequented mountain defiles in search of subsistence for their flocks,—present, altogether, a picture of pastoral life more like that of Abraham than is to be found anywhere else in the world.

W. L. Fawcett.

MISTRAL.*

A STRONG emotion seizes me as I write the name of Mistral. That name, so full of sound, brings back to me my youth like a wind blown suddenly from the past; I see a vision of blue sky and I feel an impression of delightful warmth. It gladdens me as once the bells of Avignon made me happy, when, escaping the north and the tumult of Paris, I heard their chimes ring out through the limpid dawns of Provence.

I met Mistral for the first time in 1859. He was just being "born into celebrity" by his first poem, "Mirèio," and came to Paris to give his thanks to Lamartine, who had made himself the godfather, the herald, of this budding fame. I was ten years younger than Mistral, who himself was not thirty. So I was almost a boy still, but a boy already smudged with printer's ink; as a rhymester my name had begun to get about among the newspapers and be read in the reviews, and I had begun with all my might, with all my lungs, and all my heart, to blow away on my little trumpet in honor of the great poet of my own province.

I had a room as big as your hand in the Hôtel du Sénat, Rue de Tournon, where my next-door neighbor was a student called Gambetta; it was thither Mistral was brought to see me by the poet Adolphe Dumas. A big, fine-looking chap, but lame, this Dumas was known through a few tragedies which were not lacking in cleverness. A native of a little village close by Mistral's place, he instituted himself Mistral's guide about Paris. Well, well, it seems as if it were yesterday (so clearly have I held it in memory), that little dinner in my small bedroom in the Rue de Tournon, twenty-five years ago!

Mistral, large, powerfully built, sunbrowned, with his head carried proudly, his ample bust buttoned into a frock-coat, was a good representative, notwithstanding that garment, of the fine type of peasantry that belongs to the valley of the Rhone. He wore the military mustache and long imperial, but his own spirit and the vivacity of the poet were easily visible on his lofty forehead, in his widely opened eyes and the dark and deep pupils in which lurked a little rustic suspicion of everything having to do with Paris, that city so much feared and respected! Very agreeable, very courteous, he spoke and answered with a soft and singing voice, at once attractive from its musical quality. But now and then the voice rose high; he forgot to be polite and smiling as soon as he was asked why he wrote in Provençal. You may believe Mistral was roused at that; he almost lost his temper; then, with a fieriness entirely southern: "Why? — why I write in Provençal? Because Provençal is my language — the language of the land where I was born. Because my father, my mother, speak Provençal. It was in Provençal I was rocked in my infancy. Everybody about me in the village speaks it — that beautiful tongue of Provence; women plucking the olives, little ones trotting about the roads in the sun, speak no other tongue. The farmer speaks it to his oxen, the village priest among us preaches from his pulpit in Provençal, and it is in Provençal that the very birds sing their songs!"

French! To him that language was only a foreign tongue learned at school. He told us about his life, spoke of his boyhood passed in the open country among the vineyards and olive orchards, described for us the farm near Maillane where he was born and brought up, the village into which every Tuesday the whole family marched — father, mother, children, and servants — in order to hear the mass read. The farm near Maillane where Mistral grew up is the very farm of Mirèio, the *Mas des Micocouliers*, with its solid thatch of boughs casting deep shade on the tiled walk, with its beautiful fountain running into the fish-pond, its hives of bees that festoon with their swarms the great *micocoulier* trees. Under the *micocouliers* of Mirèio, there it was that the poet was born.

His father, whom I never knew, but whom I imagine to myself one of those old-fashioned peasants, unflinching in labor, proud of property amassed, and whose glory it is to see their sons in the robe of the priest or the lawyer, instead of the peasant's frock, — this father of Mistral, dreaming doubtless for his boy Frederick a larger horizon than the few roods of cultivated land he owned, wanted to turn him into a man of learning; so he sent him at an early age to the Avignon Lyceum.

*American readers are greatly indebted to Miss Harriet W. Preston for a knowledge of the Provençal revival. See her translation of Mistral's "Mirèio" into English verse; also her book on "Troubadours and Trouvères, New and Old," both published by Roberts Bros., Boston; also her article in "The Atlantic" for November, 1884, on "Mistral's Nerto." See also this magazine for May, 1872: article on Mistral by M. E. M., with translation of the song of Magali by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks. Another American who has made versified translations from the modern Provençals is Mr. Alvey A. Adee, of the State Department. — ED.

With what bitterness did he not tell us of those sorrowful days at college, where the free spirit of his childhood, used to the open air and broad sunshine of the fields, found itself suddenly imprisoned! Having secured the diploma of Bachelor, it was necessary to go to Aix to study law. No longer the narrow prison, still that college was a species of exile, the exile of the poet among the Scythians, of the young Provençal lost in the foreign surroundings of the French language! At last he returned to his country, to Mas; and when his father asked him, "What do you want to do?" he answered, "Work in the fields and make verses." In those words alone lay all that was to be his after life.

His poem "Mirèio," wherein he sings the youthful loves of a lass of La Crau and a little sluice-tender, that touching poem built of love-thoughts and impressions of nature, is the mirror of his early years. In it he unrolls by the aid of light stanzas the sketches of that rustic life which charmed his infantile eyes,—labor, the sowing, sheep-shearing, reaping, the silk-worms, winnowing,—everything which he himself has called "the majestic deeds of rural life, forever harsh, but eternally honest, wholesome, independent, and calm."

It is worth knowing how this poetic nature became revealed to itself. In his college at Avignon Mistral made the acquaintance of an instructor named Roumanille who made verses in Provençal. They were soon friends, and when the pupil had read the lines of his teacher he exclaimed with a thrill, "Behold the dawn that my soul was waiting for, in order to wake to the light of day!" He set himself to translate into Provençal the Eclogues of Virgil, in which he found living the labor, the ideas, the customs and manners of his rural home.

Mistral related to me those recollections of youth while we were at table in my little furnished room. It was a wretched dinner from a tavern, brought up cold from the heater of its kitchen, and served on thick plates. The dessert! I see it now—Rheims biscuits of mournful aspect, dusty and uneatable, that appeared to have been found beneath some pyramid of Egypt. But the unspeakable commonplace of the lean and hungry student's dinner, the wearisome look of the room itself, with its well-worn carpet, old desk and lounge of Empire style, its horrible clock,—all that disappeared while we listened to Mistral. He declaimed a few bits from "Mirèio." *

The whole evening passed after this fashion, and while he spoke, pointing his lines with his liberal gesticulations, it seemed to me that the narrow room was filled with a delicious odor, fresh and living, exhaled from my own country, left so long before. I knew again, in my little corner of Paris, the delightful fragrance of Provence, while listening to that sonorous, musical tongue, as it mingled with the rolling of cabs and omnibuses rising from the pavements of the Rue de Tournon.

From that first meeting on we were friends, and upon leaving him I promised to come very soon to see him in his fields of Maillane, whither he was in haste to return. The next year I kept my word; that journey is one of the most delightful reminiscences of my life.

Oh the waxen impressionability of early years! Never shall I forget the little station at Graveson between Avignon and Arles where I stepped out one morning, happy, jovial, impatient to get there, shaking myself free from the numbness of the long journey, and already driving out of mind all recollec-

* We here give two stanzas,—the Provençal, the French version, and a translation in English:

I.

* "En desfuiant vòsti verguello,
Cantas, cantas, magnanarello!
Mirèio es à la fueio, un bèu matin de Mai.
Aquèu matin, pèr pendeloto,
A sis auriho, la faroto!
Aviè penja dos agrioto. . . .
Vincèn, aquèu matin, passè 'qui tournamai.

"En défeuillant vos rameaux,
Chantez, chantez, magnanarelles!
Mireille est à la feuille, un beau matin de Mai.
Ce matin-là, pour pendeloques,
A ses oreilles, la coquette!
Avait pendu deux cerises. . . .
Vincent, ce matin-là, passa là de nouveau.

"Plucking mulberry leaves in masses,
Sing ye, sing ye, plucking-lasses!
Who's perched among the boughs this lovely day in May?
Mirèio sweet, Mirèio brown as berry!
Mirèio's hung, the mad and merry,
In either ear a ruddy cherry—
By chance, that very morn, Vincen must come that way!

II.

"A sa barreto escarlatino,
Coume au li gènt di mar latino,
Aviè poulidamen uno plumo de gau;
E'n trapejant dins li draiolo
Fasiè fugi li serp courriolo,
E di dindànti clapeirolo
Emè soun bastounet brandissie li frejau."

"A son bonnet écarlate,
Comme en ont les riverains des mers latines,
Il avait gentiment une plume de coq;
Et en foulant les sentiers,
Il faisait fuir les couleuvres vagabondes,
Et des sonores tas de pierres
Avec son bâton il chassait les cailloux."

"And like the men of Castel'maré
Within his scarlet bonnet wore he
Right spruce and gay a plume of chanticleer.
Across the road the lizards cunning
Before his stick were swiftly running;
Each stone-heap slashed with volleys stunning
Sonorous rang, and echoed loud and clear."

tion of Paris, like a lingering remnant of sleep. A wee, wee rustic station in the midst of the plain; on the horizon shaved and fragrant hillocks,—a genuine landscape of Provence, clean-cut, precise, a little spare, with its distances unclouded by mists beneath its light sky. Leaning against the openwork bar, a man. It was Mistral come to meet me, but no longer the Mistral I saw in Paris; another entirely different, a red *tayolle* wound round his loins, a little peasant's hat tipped over his ear, his jacket hung on one shoulder, a stick in his hand. I like him better in this costume; I find him larger, handsomer, more himself. We fall into each other's arms and start off. From Graveson to Maillane it is a long hour to walk. All the way great walls of standing wheat, enormous fields of the vine (there were vineyards there then) whose tangled boughs cover the earth. The wind is tremendous; one of those transmontine gales that cut the words off at the lips. I walk side by side with Mistral, arm in arm, and we scream to make ourselves heard. Great cypresses, with pointed heads like dervishes, wave their thick branches and make walls of somber green, which bend low in the wind. Around us the plain, full of scattered sunlight, has a color of the Orient; the small mountains of the Alpilles, which rise far off warm and golden, seem near by, so transparent is the atmosphere. An hour's walk through that lovely landscape, and all stiffness has disappeared; our friendship seems an old story; we call each other *thou*, and when we get to our destination we are brothers!

Maillane is a largish village which resembles, with its shady boulevards round about, some old Italian small town. You find water running through it—no very common thing in Provence. Water runs in the moats, where one sees a water-wheel turning. From the houses comes a continual noise of the looms of silk-weavers.

Mistral's house was at the other side of Maillane, the last on the left. While we crossed the village he was met at every step by hearty good-days. Young girls, their little velvet ribbons arranged with coquetry, threw him, laughing, a "*Bounjou, Moussu Frédéri*," and he answered, in his strong, joyous voice, "*Bounjou, Azalaïs; bounjou, Vinceneto!*" Farther on an old man, bent by work in his vineyard, straightened himself to salute in like manner *Moussu Frédéri*. This simple cordiality, this friendly warmth, showed what the man was in his own home, on his own soil, free and at his ease in the midst of all these honest folk whose ancestors had known his own.

The house before which we stopped differed little from the others. A poor little house of a well-to-do peasant, with one floor and an attic. Only the ticking that is stretched across the door to keep out mosquitoes was replaced by a network with fine openings, a kind of metallic curtain, which is a luxury in villages and a sign of wealth.

To the left on entering is a small room, very simple, furnished with a lounge with yellow squares and with two straw arm-chairs. In a corner is a desk, a poor little registrar's desk, covered with books and blotters. On the wall unpretending plaster-casts, a picture of a first communion. Later on I was to pass many wonderful hours in that workshop, which I then saw for the first time.

There his mother met us: an old peasant woman with a wrinkled, placid face and clear eyes, a *cambresine* on her head. Breakfast was all ready and waiting for us in the middle of the room, which was study, drawing-room, and dining-room at one and the same time. It was the simplest of meals,—potatoes, olives, sweetmeats,—because it was fast-day; and, to wash the lenten meal down, there was some excellent wine. While eating and chatting I looked about. On the wall hung two miniature plows of wood, very cleverly done, like models for patents; they were labors of patience and dexterity, with which he had amused himself. As a child, the son of farming folk, Mistral pleased himself in this way, just as in seaports the children of sailors will fashion little boats. The poet's mother did not breakfast with us. In Provence, as in all parts of South France,—a custom that makes one think of Oriental fashions—women do not eat with men. *Fremo noun soun gen*, says a proverb of the thirteenth century: "Women are not folks." Madame Mistral never seated herself at the table with her husband, never with her son. She ate in the kitchen with the help, the *chato*, the maid-servant. After breakfast we made her a visit and had a chat. She was seated on the stone slab of the wide hearth, and I recall the happy and frank look she gave me as I talked to her about her son. Her ignorance was a bar to understanding fully the fame of her child. Nevertheless she felt in him something above and beyond her peasant understanding, and she told me that, one day, while Frédéri read her "Mirèio," she did not appreciate it entirely, but she had seen a shooting-star! O dear old woman! soul of the mother! she had seen indeed a star shooting through the distant sky of poesy!

I dwelt there, in that little house, almost a month. We slept in the upper story, in a big room with two beds of most rural aspect, with posts reaching to the ceiling. To get to it one had to cross the mother's bedroom and pass close by her bed covered with a canopy. When we came in at night, returning from the little

café on the village square, we walked on the tips of our toes; but old folks have tardy slumbers and light; she always heard us, and from behind the canopy came her hearty mother's voice, "You are there, children? Well, good-night — sleep well." And in good sooth we did sleep well in our big dormitory with our tall bed-posts overhead. One day Mistral bethought himself to cause the old roof of his decked bedstead to disappear; he dreamed of decorations and improvements to be made with the three thousand francs of the prize from the Académie Française obtained by "Mirèio." But on second thoughts he gave up the project; the prize was disposed otherwise; he put the little sum to one side, in a corner, and that money, won by his verses, he employed, to the last *sou*, in giving aid to poets.

In the course of that month passed with Mistral, I lived entirely his life, companion to all his hours, accompanying him on all his walks, comrade in all his labor. He took me to the farm where he was born, and there I saw his brother, much older than he, a large old man with white beard, who superintended the work. To get from Maillane to the *Mas* one follows the St. Rémy road,—a white highway along whose entire length great Spanish reeds border the absent streams which are dried up at the bottom of the ditches; the sound of their leaves rubbed together by the wind gives the impression of fresh-running water in that waterless land. Near the farm I found once more the same evergreens with pointed tops and thick boughs. Behind those trees, which ward off the wind, beneath the cradling movement of their boughs, Mistral wrote his first lines. He made them singing, and he has kept up the habit. He chooses a rhythm and sings his verses like a genuine *cantaïre*, like a real troubadour of the old time; he sings them and gesticulates them, casting forth his sonorous rhymes upon the open air and into the noise of the wind. Whilst I listened, enthusiastic, delighted, I watched below us on the plain a sower who threw,— he also! — with the same magnificent wide gesture, the yellow rain of the seed across the furrows.

He was at that time at work on his poems called "Iles d'Or," a collection of popular songs of South France; and I saw him produce, or rather improvise, while singing them, the verses of "Lou Bastimen."

"The saucy sloop hails from Majorca
With oranges in many a group;
The crew has decked with fresh green garlands
The topmast of the saucy sloop.
Good luck a-poop,
Hails from Majorca
Our saucy sloop!

"The saucy sloop is from Marsilia;
Believe, her venture's of the best!
The ocean holds his breath, and smoothens
Before the prow that has been blessed.
Now, God you rest!
She's Marseilles-builded,
And has been blessed.

. . . .

"Her captain, first a sunbrowned sailor,
Was courteous when he quit the helm;
He carried off a good man's daughter
(No better father in the realm)—
Came home good man,
Good merchant captain
And fisherman.

"Then with his wife's abundant dower
He builded him a handsome sloop;
He would not stay a simple rower
And fisherman, but off he'd swoop.
'Nay, do not droop,
My wife so bonny'—
And off he'd swoop.

"The saucy sloop like balsam fragrant
Is calked and pitched all fresh and new;
Like scaly sea-fish bright and vagrant
She glitters fair from ear to clew.
She 's painted well,
And smells like balsam
From ear to clew.

. . . .

"The saucy sloop hails from Majorca
With oranges in many a group;
The crew has decked with fresh green garlands
The topmast of the saucy sloop.
Good luck a-poop,
Hails from Majorca
Our saucy sloop!"

Whilst he made his songs and poems Mistral watched his vines, which at that time were flourishing. Living always in the open fields, he loved to chat with peasants; stopping near a shepherd, or a plowman resting at the end of his furrow, he asked them questions, noted their peculiar terms and the original turns of their picturesque language. Even at that time he nourished the idea of the great dictionary of Provençal, a veritable monument to the tongue of his country, on which he has been working many years, and which is at present almost finished. As one does with a dead language, he undertook to restore and reconstruct his dear and beautiful Provençal tongue fallen into disuse, a tongue which is spoken only in the remoter parts by the working class, and is never written any more. Patiently he sought from the songs of the troubadours forgotten words belonging to Old Provençal, in order to bring them back to life. And if, at a café of the village, or on a farm where peasants were talking, he heard one mingle with the pure Provençal a word of the bastard, Frenchified dialect, such as "Baio me de *pain*" (Give me bread), instead of "Baio me de *pan*," he would jump up in wrath, and cry to the speaker, "Wretch, speak your own language!"

That was his aim, to reawaken the taste for Provençal in the peasants; and it was to reach that end that he composed his songs of "Iles d'Or," and even anonymous songs, like that of the "Sheep-Shearers," which he has not put in his book. "And the proud shearer who has made the song. Think not he has given his name." But I well knew who that proud shearer was; it was Mistral. His breath of poesy has gone abroad over the whole region; there is no village of Provence where one may not hear sung "Lou Bastimen vèn de Maiorco," or "Lou Renegat Jan de Gounfaroun":

"Jan de Gounfaroun, by the corsairs taken,
And his faith forsaken,
A Janissary turns:
Faith! amid the Turks, a Christian skin were better
Toughened for the fetter
And the rust that burns!

"With your mistress drinking,
Love and joys unthinking,
These are what Mohammed calls felicity;
But upon the mountains
Nuts and simple fountains
Sweeter are than warmest love that lacks of liberty.

"Jan de Gounfaroun, no longer to be martyred,
Soul and conscience bartered
At a paltry trade.
Ah, belovéd Lord, this poor sinner pardon,
Who his heart must harden
Turning renegade!

"With your mistress drinking, etc.

"Like a dash of waves when the oars are sweeping
Thus a flood of weeping
Broke his heart so hard.
Then the exile longed for his home unsleeping,
Cursed himself for keeping
For the Turk a guard.

"With your mistress drinking, etc.," etc.

One of the finest pieces Mistral has composed is his "Song of the Sun" *(Lou Cant dou Soulèu)*, which opens his collection of "Iles d'Or." This has become the people's hymn of the south of France:

"Mighty sun of fair Provence,
Of the mistral comrade fine,
You who drain of waves Durance
Like a draught of La Crau wine

"Show your ringlets golden-spun,
Cause the dark and woes to run—
Soon, soon, soon,
Show your visage, lovely sun!"

Some time was needed before all these beautiful poems, all these sun-steeped songs, made of Mistral the celebrated poet he is to-day. At first he was hardly known, save by the citizens of Maillane, all peasants and the first persons who ever sang his catches. They considered the village songster a gay comrade, a good fellow, a little cracked! In the towns the good cits of South France had indeed heard talk of Mistral, but laughed mockingly at the attempts of this rustic to reëstablish in its purity the Provençal tongue. They did not understand him; they did not begin to admire his "Mirèio," nor did they sing in their turn "*Lou Grand Soulèu de Provenço*," until the talents of the poet had found an echo as far as Paris, even into the Académie Française. Oh, then Mistral passed for a prophet in his own land; all saluted him as the national singer.

At the time I was near him, this reaction in his favor had only begun. But he hardly perceived it. We walked together from village to village, and went to every Provençal festival. Never a *ferrade* at which we were not seen! In the evening we went out to meet the little bulls of Camargue which came in by *manades* (herds), marshaled by cow-boys on little fierce white horses, men half-savage themselves, booted in big leathers, and bringing with them the distant smell of the bogs, where their troops of horses and bulls live in freedom. Their long three-pronged "punchers" stood out against the light background of the Provençal evening skies, like recollections of Don Quixote. At these village festivals I was passionately attached, with Mistral, to all our southern sports,—the three leaps, the leap *sur l'outre* (on the wine-skin), the wrestling matches for men and half-men (men and youths),—sports in the open air, which, beneath that blue sky, recalled the games of ancient Greece.

And the *farandoles!* I still remember the one we danced on Saint Agatha's day, the votive saint of Maillane: a *farandole* with torches, which they call a *pigoulade*, led about the village during the entire night by the elder brother of Mistral; and the old farmer, despite his white beard, bounded like a young man. Hardly did we now and then stop long enough, breathless, to drink from a butt of wine opened on the village green, and then off went the band. From ten at night to seven in the morning, down the street, across the gardens, across the vineyards, the male and female dancers intertwined and unraveled the long serpent of the *farandole*, as if seized by a fit of insanity.

O the happy hours! O the joyous moments!

It was necessary that we should part, however; but I did not go without promising to return soon. Besides, I remained Mistral's neighbor. In order to work, I installed myself in an old mill two leagues from Maillane. It was a ruin, that windmill,—a tumbling heap of stone, iron, and old planks, which had not been put for many years to the test of the wind; it stood there with all its mem-

bers broken — as useless as a poet. Strange are the affinities between us and things. I loved that pariah of a mill. I loved it on account of its sadness, its road lost among the grass; and I have kept the most delightful impressions of it. I found this picturesque shelter for my work of "grinder, miller of letters" in the hands of relatives and friends who were allowing it to come to a natural and thorough old age in a corner of their estate, — a mill that turned no more,— just as they would allow to die in the pasture an old blind and foundered horse.

Often I thrust the key under the door of my mill, and, being tempted by a morning full of sunlight, set off afoot to Maillane, seized by a resistless desire to see Mistral. I always found him the same, open and warm-hearted, and always faithful to his beautiful literary belief, following his work with a robust will which nothing could distract from its aim. Thus I saw him produce almost all his books, page by page, the pages following one upon another, all wet with ink, covered with a fine handwriting, on the wretched little registrar's desk. Sometimes we made appointments with other Provençal poets, Théodore Aubanel, Roumanille, Anselme Matthieu, at one time at Maillane in Mistral's house, again at Arles on the forum in the midst of a crowd of drovers and shepherds, come to hire themselves out to the farmers of the *Mas*. Thence we branched out on expeditions without end. We went to the Ville des Baux, a powdery heap of ruins, wild rocks, palaces with escutcheons, crumbling, wavering in the wind, like an eagle's nest on a cliff. We dined at Cornille's tavern, and all the evening we strolled about, singing songs among the little short alleys, between crumbling walls, remains of stairs, fallen capitals — all in a phantasmal light which silvered the grass and stones as with a light fall of snow.

We also met together among the reeds of the island of Barthelasse opposite the ramparts of Avignon and the Papal palace; and, after a breakfast in a sailors' pot-house, we marched up to Château-neuf-des-Papes, illustrious by reason of its vineyards. O that Papal wine — wine golden, royal, imperial, pontifical! We drank it on the height, up there, while we sang the verses of Mistral — new fragments in the "Iles d'Or."

These wild expeditions often lasted several days. Then we slept at some village inn, and I found myself again engaged with Mistral, as at his own house in Maillane, in the endless all-night gossip of a single bedroom for two. I shall always remember how, on one of these nights, he recited to me from his bed "La Communion des Saints."

"With eyes cast down she presses light
The steps and stairs of Saint Trophime;
It is upon the sill of night
And vesper tapers cease to gleam.
The marble Saints within the door
The while she passes her have blessed,
And from the church to her own floor
Their marble eyes upon her rest."

I cannot read over those lines without peculiar emotion; for I have heard them since under different circumstances. It was in the month of January, 1867. In the middle of one of Véfour's rooms, Mistral, standing, recited the stanzas of the "Communion des Saints" and I translated them as they were uttered. Around us was a circle of black coats and feminine toilettes — among the latter a little patch all white. Mistral had come to Paris to be a witness to my wedding.

Having married, my windmill became too small, and I returned to the south very little. Mistral wrote me a letter for each one of my books; on my part, I wrote to him whenever he published anything. He himself married, and I was to have been his witness, as he had been mine; but, being ill at the time, I could not be present at his wedding.

So the months and years passed, until last summer, when, finding myself in the south with wife and children, I took the opportunity of seeing Mistral. I hesitated a little to make this visit to the poet, because his mother had just died. Nevertheless, I resolved to go. Nothing was altered in the village when we crossed it in the carriage; only Mistral was no longer in his little peasant house; since his marriage he lived in a new house built opposite the old one, in a little garden which he owned. I ring, and with what feelings! It is Mistral himself who opens the door. We give a great cry, our arms open, and we hug each other with tears coming at the same moment to our eyes! I would not hear of it, that we should breakfast anywhere else but with him. Since his mother's death he remained shut in with his sorrow. "But you she loved" said he to me; and he talked to us of the dear old woman, who died more than eighty years old. Soon his wife came down and was presented. A tall young woman, very composed, a native of Dijon, who had learned Provençal and was living out her life in that little corner of Maillane, immersed with Mistral in his dictionary and his Provençal poems.

The new house was hardly larger than the old: two large rooms on the ground floor, two in the upper story. It was merely somewhat more comfortable. I recognized the same innocent pictures hung on the white walls, and in the hall I found the two little plows. Everything was upset for our breakfast. The poet himself wished to go and pull the

finest grapes from his trellis in the garden, the only vines remaining to him, the others having been ruined, destroyed, along with all the grape stocks of Southern France. Through the window I saw him walking in the alleys, always the same man, whilst the bees swirled about his broad hat. This breakfast was like those of the past — potatoes, grapes, of course good wines, champagne, an old bottle of Château-neuf-des-Papes, a remnant saved from the wreck of the vineyards. After breakfast Mistral began to read his new poem, "Nerto,"— Provence, evoked from the middle ages,— consisting of scenes exquisite in color, and little condensed verses full of a light gracefulness. Whilst he read I saw outside the window the sunflowers of the little garden raising their heads; I saw afar off the fine lacework of the Alpilles hills traced on the blue sky, and all the wine of my own youth in Provence mounted once more into my brain!

Alphonse Daudet.

THE NEW TROUBADOURS.

AVIGNON, 1879.

THEY said that all the troubadours had flown—
  No bird to flash a wing or swell a throat!
But as we journeyed down the rushing Rhone
  To Avignon, what joyful note on note
Burst forth, beneath thy shadow, O Ventour!
  Whose eastward forehead takes the dawn divine.
Ah, dear Provence! ah, happy troubadour,
  And that sweet, mellow, antique song of thine!
First Roumanille, the leader of the choir,
  Then graceful Matthieu — tender, sighing, glowing,
Then Wyse all fancy, Aubanel all fire,
  And Mistral, mighty as the north-wind's blowing;
And youthful Gras and, lo! among the rest
A mother-bird that sang above her nest.

R. W. Gilder.

A FANCY FROM FONTANELLE.

"De mémoires de Roses on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier."

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by —
"He is old — so old! And he soon will die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread, and spread, till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread —
"He is older now. He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found
That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener Time.

Austin Dobson.

THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XIX.

THIS idea of their triumph, a triumph as yet ultimate and remote, but preceded by the solemn vista of an effort so religious as never to be wanting in ecstasy, became tremendously familiar to the two friends, but especially to Olive, during the winter of 187–, a season which ushered in the most momentous period of Miss Chancellor's life. About Christmas a step was taken which advanced her affairs immensely, and put them, to her apprehension, on a regular footing. This consisted in Verena's coming in to Charles street to stay with her, in pursuance of an arrangement on Olive's part with Selah Tarrant and his wife that she should remain for many months. The coast was now perfectly clear. Mrs. Farrinder had started on her annual grand tour; she was rousing the people from Maine to Texas; Matthias Pardon (it was to be supposed) had received, temporarily at least, his quietus; and Mrs. Luna was established in New York, where she had taken a house for a year, and whence she wrote to her sister that she was going to engage Basil Ransom (with whom she was in communication for this purpose) to do her law business. Olive wondered what law business Adeline could have, and hoped she would get into a pickle with her landlord or her milliner, so that repeated interviews with Mr. Ransom might become necessary. Mrs. Luna let her know very soon that these interviews had begun; the young Mississippian had come to dine with her: he hadn't got started much, by what she could make out, and she was even afraid that he didn't dine every day. But he wore a tall hat now, like a Northern gentleman, and Adeline intimated that she found him really attractive. He had been very nice to Newton, told him all about the war (quite the Southern version, of course, but Mrs. Luna didn't care anything about American politics, and she wanted her son to know all sides), and Newton did nothing but talk about him, calling him "Rannie" and imitating his pronunciation of certain words. Adeline subsequently wrote that she had made up her mind to put her affairs into his hands (Olive sighed, not unmagnanimously, as she thought of her sister's "affairs"), and later still she mentioned that she was thinking strongly of taking him to be Newton's tutor. She wished this interesting child to be privately educated, and it would be more agreeable to have in that relation a person who was already, as it were, a member of the family. Mrs. Luna wrote as if he were prepared to give up his profession to take charge of her son, and Olive was pretty sure that this was only a part of her grandeur, of the habit she had contracted, especially since living in Europe, of speaking as if in every case she required special arrangements.

In spite of the difference in their ages, Olive had long since judged her, and made up her mind that Adeline lacked every quality that a person needed to be interesting in her eyes. She was rich (or sufficiently so), she was conventional and timid, very fond of attentions from men (with whom indeed she was reputed bold, but Olive scorned such boldness as that), given up to a merely personal, egotistical, instinctive life, and as unconscious of the tendencies of the age, the revenges of the future, the new truths and the great social questions, as if she had been a mere bundle of dress-trimmings, which she very nearly was. It was perfectly observable that she had no conscience, and it irritated Olive deeply to see how much trouble a woman was spared when she was constructed on that system. Adeline's "affairs," as I have intimated, her social relations, her views of Newton's education, her practice and her theory (for she had plenty of that, such as it was, heaven save the mark!), her spasmodic disposition to marry again, and her still sillier retreats in the presence of danger (for she had not even the courage of her frivolity), these things had been a subject of tragic consideration to Olive ever since the return of the elder sister to America. The tragedy was not in any particular harm that Mrs. Luna could do her (for she did her good, rather, that is, she did her honor, by laughing at her), but in the spectacle itself, the drama, guided by the hand of fate, of which the small, ignoble scenes unrolled themselves so logically. The *dénouement* would of course be in keeping, and would consist simply of the spiritual death of Mrs. Luna, who would end by understanding no common speech of Olive's at all, and

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would sink into mere worldly plumpness, into the last complacency, the supreme imbecility, of petty, genteel conservatism. As for Newton, he would be more utterly odious, if possible, as he grew up, than he was already; in fact, he would not grow up at all, but only grow down, if his mother should continue her infatuated system with him. He was insufferably forward and selfish; under the pretext of keeping him, at any cost, refined, Adeline had coddled and caressed him, having him always in her petticoats, remitting his lessons when he pretended he had an earache, drawing him into the conversation, letting him answer her back, with an impertinence beyond his years, when she administered the smallest check. The place for him, in Olive's eyes, was one of the public schools, where the children of the people would teach him his small importance, teach it, if necessary, by the aid of an occasional drubbing; and the two ladies had a grand discussion on this point before Mrs. Luna left Boston — a scene which ended in Adeline's clutching the irrepressible Newton to her bosom (he came in at the moment), and demanding of him a vow that he would live and die in the principles of his mother. Mrs. Luna declared that if she must be trampled upon — and very likely it was her fate! — she would rather be trampled upon by men than by women, and that if Olive and her friends should get possession of the government they would be worse despots than those who were celebrated in history. Newton took an infant oath that he would never be a destructive, impious radical, and Olive felt that after this she needn't trouble herself any more about her sister, whom she simply committed to her fate. That fate might very properly be to marry an enemy of her country, a man who, no doubt, desired to treat women with the lash and manacles, as he and his people had formerly treated the wretched colored race. If she was so fond of the fine old institutions of the past, he would supply them to her in abundance; and if she wanted so much to be a conservative, she could try first how she liked being a conservative's wife. If Olive troubled herself little about Adeline, she troubled herself more about Basil Ransom; she said to herself that since he hated women who respected themselves (and each other), destiny would use him rightly in hanging a person like Adeline round his neck. That would be the way poetic justice ought to work, for him — and the law that our prejudices, when they act themselves out, punish us in doing so. Olive considered all this, as it was her effort to consider everything, from a very high point of view, and ended by feeling sure it was not for the sake of any nervous personal security that she desired to see her two relations in New York get so mixed up together. If such an event as their marriage would gratify her sense of fitness, it would be simply as an illustration of certain laws. Olive, thanks to the philosophic cast of her mind, was exceedingly fond of illustrations of laws.

I hardly know, however, what illumination it was that sprang from her consciousness (now a source of considerable comfort) that Mrs. Farrinder was carrying the war into distant territories, and would return to Boston only in time to preside at a grand Female Convention, already advertised to take place in Boston in the month of June. It was agreeable to her that this imperial woman should be away; it made the field more free, the air more light; it suggested an exemption from official criticism. I have not taken space to mention certain episodes of the more recent intercourse of these ladies, and must content myself with tracing them, lightly, in their consequences. These may be summed up in the remark, which will doubtless startle no one by its freshness, that two imperial women are scarcely more likely to hit it off together, as the phrase is, than two imperial men. Since that party at Miss Birdseye's, so important in its results for Olive, she had had occasion to approach Mrs. Farrinder more nearly, and those overtures brought forth the knowledge that the great leader of the feminine revolution was the one person (in that part of the world) more concentrated, more determined, than herself. Miss Chancellor's aspirations, of late, had been immensely quickened; she had begun to believe in herself to a livelier tune than she had ever listened to before; and she now perceived that when spirit meets spirit there must either be mutual absorption or a sharp concussion. It had long been familiar to her that she should have to count with the obstinacy of the world at large, but she now discovered that she should have to count also with certain elements in the feminine camp. This complicated the problem, and such a complication, naturally, could not make Mrs. Farrinder appear more easy to assimilate. If Olive's was a high nature and so was hers, the fault was in neither; it was only an admonition that they were not needed as landmarks in the same part of the field. If such perceptions are delicate as between men, the reader need not be reminded of the exquisite form they may assume in natures more refined. So it was that Olive passed, in three months, from the stage of veneration (I gave a hint of it in the early pages of this narrative) to that of competition; and the process had been accelerated by the introduction of Verena into the fold. Mrs. Farrinder had behaved in the

strangest way about Verena. First she had been struck with her, and then she hadn't; first she had seemed to want to take her in, then she had shied at her unmistakably—intimating to Olive that there were enough of that kind already. Of "that kind" indeed!—the phrase reverberated in Miss Chancellor's resentful soul. Was it possible she didn't know the kind Verena was of, and with what vulgar aspirants to notoriety did she confound her? It had been Olive's original desire to obtain Mrs. Farrinder's stamp for her *protégée*; she wished her to hold a commission from the commander-in-chief. With this view the two young women had made more than one pilgrimage to Roxbury, and on one of these occasions the sibylline mood (in its short, charming form) had descended upon Verena. She had fallen into it, naturally and gracefully, in the course of talk, and poured out a stream of eloquence even more touching than her regular discourse at Miss Birdseye's. Mrs. Farrinder had taken it rather dryly, and certainly it didn't resemble her own style of oratory, remarkable and cogent as this was. There had been considerable question of her writing a letter to the New York "Tribune," the effect of which should be to launch Miss Tarrant into renown; but this beneficent epistle never appeared, and now Olive saw that there was no favor to come from the prophetess of Roxbury. There had been primnesses, pruderies, small reserves, which ended by staying her pen. If Olive didn't say at once that she was jealous of Verena's more attractive manner, it was only because such a declaration was destined to produce more effect a little later. What she did say was that evidently Mrs. Farrinder wanted to keep the movement in her own hands—viewed with suspicion certain romantic, æsthetic elements which Olive and Verena seemed to be trying to introduce into it. They insisted so much, for instance, on the historic unhappiness of women; but Mrs. Farrinder didn't appear to care anything for that, or indeed to know much about history at all. She seemed to begin just to-day, and she demanded their rights for them whether they were unhappy or not. The upshot of this was that Olive threw herself on Verena's neck with a movement which was half indignation, half rapture; she exclaimed that they would have to fight the battle without human help, but, after all, it was better so. If they were all in all to each other, what more could they want? They would be isolated, but they would be free; and this view of the situation brought with it a feeling that they had almost already begun to be a force. It was not, indeed, that Olive's resentment faded quite away; for not only had she the sense, doubtless very presumptuous, that Mrs. Farrinder was the only person thereabouts of a stature to judge her (a sufficient cause of antagonism in itself, for if we like to be praised by our betters we prefer that censure should come from the other sort), but the kind of opinion she had unexpectedly betrayed, after implying such esteem in the earlier phase of their intercourse, made Olive's cheeks occasionally to flush. She prayed heaven that *she* might never become so personal, so narrow. She was frivolous, worldly, an amateur, a trifler, a frequenter of Beacon street; her taking up Verena Tarrant was only a kind of elderly, ridiculous doll-dressing: this was the light in which Miss Chancellor had reason to believe that it now suited Mrs. Farrinder to regard her. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the misrepresentation was so gross; yet, none the less, tears of wrath rose more than once to Olive's eyes when she reflected that this particular wrong had been put upon her. Frivolous, worldly, Beacon street! She appealed to Verena to share in her pledge that the world should know in due time how much of that sort of thing there was about her. As I have already hinted, Verena at such moments quite rose to the occasion; she had private pangs at committing herself to give the cold shoulder to Beacon street forever; but she was now so completely in Olive's hands that there was no sacrifice to which she would not have consented to prove that her benefactress was not frivolous.

The matter of her coming to stay for so long in Charles street was arranged during a visit that Selah Tarrant paid them at Miss Chancellor's request. This interview, which had some curious features, would be worth describing, but I am forbidden to do more than mention the most striking of these. Olive wished to have an understanding with him; wished the situation to be clear, so that, disagreeable as it would be to her to receive him, she sent him a summons for a certain hour—an hour at which she had planned that Verena should be out of the house. She withheld this incident from the girl's knowledge, reflecting with some solemnity that it was the first deception (for Olive her silence was a deception) that she had yet practiced on her friend, and wondering whether she should have to practice others in the future. She then and there made up her mind that she would not shrink from others, should they be necessary. She notified Tarrant that she should keep Verena a long time, and Tarrant remarked that it was certainly very pleasant to see her so happily located. But he also intimated that he should like to know what Miss Chancellor laid out to do with her; and the tone of this sugges-

tion made Olive feel how right she had been to foresee that their interview would have the stamp of business. It assumed that complexion very definitely when she crossed over to her desk and wrote Doctor Tarrant a check for a very considerable amount. "Leave us alone — entirely alone — for a year, and then I will write you another;" it was with these words she handed him the little strip of paper that meant so much, feeling, as she did so, that surely Mrs. Farrinder herself could not be less amateurish than that. Selah looked at the check, at Miss Chancellor, at the check again, at the ceiling, at the floor, at the clock, and once more at his hostess; then the document disappeared beneath the folds of his waterproof, and she saw that he was putting it into some queer place on his queer person. "Well, if I didn't believe you were going to help her to develop," he remarked; and he stopped, while his hands continued to fumble, out of sight, and he treated Olive to his large joyless smile. She assured him that he need have no fear on that score; Verena's development was the thing in the world in which she took most interest; she should have every opportunity for a free expansion. "Yes, that's the great thing," Selah said; "it's more important than attracting a crowd. That's all we shall ask of you; let her act out her nature. Don't all the trouble of humanity come from our being pressed back? Don't shut down the cover, Miss Chancellor; just let her overflow!" And again Tarrant illuminated his inquiry, his metaphor, by the strange and silent lateral movement of his jaws. He added, presently, that he supposed he should have to fix it with Mis' Tarrant; but Olive made no answer to that; she only looked at him with a face in which she intended to express that there was nothing that need detain him longer. She knew it had been fixed with Mrs. Tarrant; she had been over all that with Verena, who had told her that her mother was willing to sacrifice her for her highest good. She had reason to know (not through Verena, of course) that Mrs. Tarrant had embraced, tenderly, the idea of a pecuniary compensation, and there was no fear of her making a scene when Tarrant should come back with a check in his pocket. "Well, I trust she *may* develop, richly, and that you may accomplish what you desire; it seems as if we had only a little way to go, further," that worthy observed, as he erected himself for departure.

"It's not a little way; it's a very long way," Olive replied, rather sternly.

Tarrant was on the threshold; he lingered a little, embarrassed by her grimness, for he himself had always inclined to rose-colored views of progress, of the march of truth. He had never met any one so much in earnest as this definite, literal young woman, who had taken such an unhoped-for fancy to his daughter; whose longing for the new day had such perversities of pessimism, and who, in the midst of something that appeared to be terribly searching in her honesty, was willing to corrupt him, as a father, with the most extravagant orders on her bank. He hardly knew in what language to speak to her; it seemed as if there was nothing soothing enough, when a lady adopted that tone about a movement which was thought by some of the brightest to be so promising. "Oh, well, I guess there's some kind of mysterious law . . ." he murmured, almost timidly; and so he passed from Miss Chancellor's sight.

XX.

She hoped she should not soon see him again, and there appeared to be no reason she should, if their intercourse was to be conducted by means of checks. The understanding with Verena was, of course, complete; she had promised to stay with her friend as long as her friend should require it. She had said at first that she couldn't give up her mother, but she had been made to feel that there was no question of giving up. She should be as free as air, to go and come; she could spend hours and days with her mother, whenever Mrs. Tarrant required her attention; all that Olive asked of her was that, for the time, she should regard Charles street as her home. There was no struggle about this, for the simple reason that by the time the question came to the front Verena was completely under the charm. The idea of Olive's charm will perhaps make the reader smile; but I use the word not in its derived, but in its literal sense. The fine web of authority, of dependence, that her strenuous companion had woven about her, was now as dense as a suit of golden mail; and Verena was thoroughly interested in their great undertaking; she saw it in the light of an active, enthusiastic faith. The benefit that her father desired for her was in her hands; she expanded, developed, on the most liberal scale. Olive saw the difference, and you may imagine how she rejoiced in it; she had never known a greater pleasure. Verena's former attitude had been girlish submission, grateful, curious sympathy. She had given herself, in her young, amused surprise, because Olive's stronger will and the incisive proceedings with which she pointed her purpose drew her on. Besides, she was held by hospitality, the vision of new social horizons, the sense of novelty, and the love of change.

But now the girl was disinterestedly attached to the precious things they were to do together; she cared about them for themselves, believed in them ardently, had them constantly in mind. Her share in the union of the two young women was no longer passive, purely appreciative; it was passionate, too, and it put forth a beautiful energy. If Olive desired to get Verena into training, she could flatter herself that the process had already begun, and that her colleague enjoyed it almost as much as she. Therefore she could say to herself, without the imputation of heartlessness, that when she left her mother it was for a noble, a sacred use. In point of fact, she left her very little, and she spent hours in jingling, aching, jostled journeys between Charles street and the stale suburban cottage. Mrs. Tarrant sighed and grimaced, wrapped herself more than ever in her mantle, said she didn't know as she was fit to struggle alone, and that, half the time, if Verena was away, she wouldn't have the nerve to answer the door-bell; she was incapable, of course, of neglecting such an opportunity to posture as one who paid with her heart's blood for leading the van of human progress. But Verena had an inner sense (she judged her mother now, a little, for the first time) that she would be sorry to be taken at her word, and that she felt safe enough in trusting to her daughter's generosity. She could not divest herself of the faith — even now that Mrs. Luna was gone, leaving no trace, and the gray walls of a sedentary winter were apparently closing about the two young women —she could not renounce the theory that a residence in Charles street must at last produce some contact with the brilliant classes. She was vexed at her daughter's resignation to not going to parties and to Miss Chancellor's not giving them; but it was nothing new for her to have to practice patience, and she could feel, at least, that it was just as handy for Mr. Burrage to call on the child in town, where he spent half his time, sleeping constantly at Parker's.

It was a fact that this fortunate youth called very often, and Verena saw him with Olive's full concurrence whenever she was at home. It had now been quite agreed between them that no artificial limits should be set to the famous phase; and Olive had, while it lasted, a sense of real heroism in steeling herself against uneasiness. It seemed to her, moreover, only justice that she should make some concession; if Verena made a great sacrifice of filial duty in coming to live with her (this, of course, should be permanent — she would buy off the Tarrants from year to year), she must not incur the imputation (the world would judge her, in that case, ferociously) of keeping her from forming common social ties. The friendship of a young man and a young woman was, according to the pure code of New England, a common social tie; and as the weeks elapsed, Miss Chancellor saw no reason to repent of her temerity. Verena was not falling in love; she felt that she should know it, should guess it on the spot. Verena was fond of human intercourse; she was essentially a sociable creature; she liked to shine and smile and talk and listen; and so far as Henry Burrage was concerned, he introduced an element of easy and convenient relaxation into a life now a good deal stiffened (Olive was perfectly willing to own it) by great civic purposes. But the girl was being saved, without interference, by the simple operation of her interest in those very designs. From this time there was no need of putting pressure on her; her own springs were working; the fire with which she glowed came from within. Sacredly, brightly single she would remain; her only espousals would be at the altar of a great cause. Olive always absented herself when Mr. Burrage was announced; and when Verena afterwards attempted to give some account of his conversation she checked her, said she would rather know nothing about it — all with a very solemn mildness; this made her feel very superior, truly noble. She knew by this time (I scarcely can tell how, since Verena could give her no report) exactly what sort of a youth Mr. Burrage was: he was weakly pretentious, softly original; cultivated eccentricity, patronized progress, liked to have mysteries, sudden appointments to keep, anonymous persons to visit, the air of leading a double life, of being devoted to a girl whom people didn't know, or at least didn't meet. Of course he liked to make an impression on Verena; but what he mainly liked was to play her off upon the other girls, the daughters of fashion, with whom he danced at Papanti's. Such were the images that proceeded from Olive's rich moral consciousness. "Well, he *is* greatly interested in our movement"; so much Verena once managed to announce; but the words rather irritated Miss Chancellor, who, as we know, did not care to allow for accidental exceptions in the great masculine conspiracy.

In the month of March Verena told her that Mr. Burrage was offering matrimony — offering it with much insistence, begging that she would at least wait and think of it before giving him a final answer. Verena was evidently very glad to be able to say to Olive that she had assured him she couldn't think of it, and that if he expected this he had better not come any more. He continued to come, and it was therefore to be supposed that he had ceased

to count on such a concession; it was now Olive's opinion that he really didn't desire it. She had a theory that he proposed to almost any girl who was not likely to accept him — did it because he was making a collection of such episodes — a mental album of declarations, blushes, hesitations, refusals that just missed imposing themselves as acceptances, quite as he collected enamels and Cremona violins. He would be very sorry indeed to ally himself to the house of Tarrant; but such a fear didn't prevent him from holding it becoming in a man of taste to give that encouragement to low-born girls who were pretty, for one looked out for the special cases in which, for reasons (even the lowest might have reasons), they wouldn't "rise." "I told you I wouldn't marry him, and I won't," Verena said, delightedly, to her friend; her tone suggested that a certain credit belonged to her for the way she carried out her assurance. "I never thought you would, if you didn't want to," Olive replied to this; and Verena could have no rejoinder but the good humor that sat in her eyes, unable as she was to say that she had wanted to. They had a little discussion, however, when she intimated that she pitied him for his discomfiture, Olive's contention being that, selfish, conceited, pampered, and insincere, he might properly be left now to digest his affront. Miss Chancellor felt none of the remorse now that she would have felt six months before at standing in the way of such a chance for Verena, and she would have been very angry if any one had asked her if she were not afraid of taking too much upon herself. She would have said, moreover, that she stood in no one's way, and that even if she were not there, Verena would never think seriously of a frivolous little man who fiddled while Rome was burning. This did not prevent Olive from making up her mind that they had better go to Europe in the spring; a year's residence in that quarter of the globe would be highly agreeable to Verena, and might even contribute to the evolution of her genius. It cost Miss Chancellor an effort to admit that any virtue still lingered in the elder world, and that it could have any important lesson for two such good Americans as her friend and herself; but it suited her just then to make this assumption, which was not altogether sincere. It was recommended by the idea that it would get her companion out of the way — out of the way of officious fellow-citizens — till she should be absolutely firm on her feet, and would also give greater intensity to their own prolonged *tête-à-tête*. On that continent of strangers they would cleave more closely still to each other. This, of course, would be to fly before the inevitable "phase," much more than to face it; but Olive decided that if they should reach unscathed the term of their delay (the first of July) she should have faced it as much as either justice or generosity demanded. I may as well say at once that she traversed most of this period without further serious alarms and with a great many little thrills of bliss and hope.

Nothing happened to dissipate the good omens with which her partnership with Verena Tarrant was now surrounded. They threw themselves into study; they had innumerable big books from the Athenæum, and consumed the midnight oil. Henry Burrage, after Verena had shaken her head at him so sweetly and sadly, returned to New York, giving no sign; they only heard that he had taken refuge under the ruffled maternal wing. (Olive, at least, took for granted the wing was ruffled; she could fancy how Mrs. Burrage would be affected by the knowledge that her son had been refused by the daughter of a mesmeric healer. She would be almost as angry as if she had learnt that he had been accepted.) Matthias Pardon had not yet taken his revenge in the newspapers; he was perhaps nursing his thunderbolts; at any rate, now that the operatic season had begun, he was much occupied in interviewing the principal singers, one of whom he described in one of the leading journals (Olive, at least, was sure it was only he who could write like that) as "a dear little woman with baby dimples and kittenish movements." The Tarrants were apparently given up to a measure of sensual ease with which they had not hitherto been familiar, thanks to the increase of income that they drew from their eccentric protectress. Mrs. Tarrant now enjoyed the ministrations of a "girl"; it was partly her pride (at any rate, she chose to give it this turn) that her house had for many years been conducted without the element — so debasing on both sides — of servile, mercenary labor. She wrote to Olive (she was perpetually writing to her now, but Olive never answered) that she was conscious of having fallen to a lower plane, but she admitted that it was a prop to her wasted spirit to have some one to converse with when Selah was off. Verena, of course, perceived the difference, which was inadequately explained by the theory of a sudden increase of her father's practice (nothing of her father's had ever increased like that), and ended by guessing the cause of it — a discovery which did not in the least disturb her equanimity. She accepted the idea that her parents should receive a pecuniary tribute from the extraordinary friend whom she had encountered on the threshold of womanhood, just as she herself accepted that friend's irresistible hospitality. She had no worldly pride, no traditions of independence, no ideas of what was done

and what was not done; but there was only one thing that equaled this perfectly gentle and natural insensibility to favors,—namely, the inveteracy of her habit of not asking them. Olive had had an apprehension that she would flush a little at learning the terms on which they should now be able to pursue their career together; but Verena never changed color; it was either not new or not disagreeable to her that the authors of her being should be bought off, silenced by money, treated as the troublesome of the lower orders are treated when they are not locked up; so that her friend had a perception, after this, that it would probably be impossible in any way ever to offend her. She was too rancorless, too detached from conventional standards, too free from private self-reference. It was too much to say of her that she forgave injuries, since she was not conscious of them; there was in forgiveness a certain arrogance of which she was incapable, and her bright mildness glided over the many traps that life sets for our consistency. Olive had always held that pride was necessary to character, but there was no peculiarity of Verena's that could make her spirit seem less pure. The added luxuries in the little house at Cambridge, which even with their help was still such a penal settlement, made her feel afresh that before she came to the rescue the daughter of that house had traversed a desert of sordid misery. She had cooked and washed and swept and stitched; she had worked harder than any of Miss Chancellor's servants. These things had left no trace upon her person or her mind; everything fresh and fair renewed itself in her with extraordinary facility; everything ugly and tiresome evaporated as soon as it touched her; but Olive held that, being what she was, she had a right to immense compensations. In the future she should have exceeding luxury and ease, and Miss Chancellor had no difficulty in persuading herself that persons doing the high intellectual and moral work to which the two young ladies in Charles street were now committed owed it to themselves, owed it to the groaning sisterhood, to cultivate the best material conditions. She herself was nothing of a sybarite, and she had proved, visiting the alleys and slums of Boston in the service of the Associated Charities, that there was no foulness of disease or misery she feared to look in the face; but her house had always been thoroughly well regulated, she was passionately clean, and she was an excellent woman of business. Now, however, she elevated daintiness to a religion; her interior shone with superfluous friction, with punctuality, with winter roses. Among these soft influences Verena herself bloomed like the flower that attains such perfection in Boston. Olive had always rated high the native refinement of her countrywomen, their latent "adaptability," their talent for accommodating themselves at a glance to changed conditions; but the way her companion rose with the level of the civilization that surrounded her, the way she assimilated all delicacies and absorbed all traditions, left this friendly theory halting behind. The winter days were still, indoors, in Charles street, and the winter nights secure from interruption. Our two young women had plenty of duties, but Olive had never favored the custom of running in and out. Much conference on social and reformatory topics went forward under her roof, and she received her colleagues—she belonged to twenty associations and committees—only at preappointed hours, which she expected them to observe rigidly. Verena's share in these proceedings was not active; she hovered over them, smiling, listening, dropping occasionally a fanciful though never an idle word, like some gently animated image, placed there for good omen. It was understood that her part was before the scenes, not behind; that she was not a prompter, but (potentially, at least) a "popular favorite," and that the work over which Miss Chancellor presided so efficiently was a general preparation of the platform on which, later, her companion would execute the most striking steps.

The western windows of Olive's drawing-room, looking over the water, took in the red sunsets of winter; the long, low bridge that crawled, on its staggering posts, across the Charles; the casual patches of ice and snow; the desolate suburban horizons, peeled and made bald by the rigor of the season; the general hard, cold void of the prospect; the extrusion, at Charlestown, at Cambridge, of a few chimneys and steeples, straight, sordid tubes of factories and engine-shops, or spare, heavenward finger of the New England meeting-house. There was something inexorable in the poverty of the scene, shameful in the meanness of its details, which gave a collective impression of boards and tin and frozen earth, sheds and rotting piles, railway-lines striding flat across a thoroughfare of puddles, and tracks of the humbler, the universal horse-car, traversing obliquely this path of dangers; loose fences, vacant lots, mounds of refuse, yards bestrewn with iron pipes, telegraph poles, and bare wooden backs of places. Verena thought such a view lovely, and she was by no means without excuse when, as the afternoon closed, the ugly picture was tinted with a clear, cold rosiness. The air, in its windless chill, seemed to tinkle like a crystal, the faintest gradations of tone were perceptible in the sky, the west became deep and delicate, every-

thing grew doubly distinct before taking on the dimness of evening. There were pink flushes on snow, "tender" reflections in patches of stiffened marsh, sounds of car-bells, no longer vulgar, but almost silvery, on the long bridge, lonely outlines of distant dusky undulations against the fading glow. These agreeable effects used to light up that end of the drawing-room, and Olive often sat at the window with her companion before it was time for the lamp. They admired the sunsets, they rejoiced in the ruddy spots projected upon the parlor wall, they followed the darkening perspective in fanciful excursions. They watched the stellar points come out at last in a colder heaven, and then, shuddering a little, arm in arm they turned away, with a sense that the winter night was even more cruel than the tyranny of men — turned back to drawn curtains and a brighter fire and a glittering tea-tray and more and more talk about the long martyrdom of women, a subject as to which Olive was inexhaustible and really most interesting. There were some nights of deep snowfall, when Charles street was white and muffled and the door-bell foredoomed to silence, which seemed little islands of lamplight, of enlarged and intensified vision. They read a great deal of history together, and read it ever with the same thought — that of finding confirmation in it for this idea that their sex had suffered inexpressibly, and that at any moment in the course of human affairs the state of the world would have been so much less horrible (history seemed to them in every way horrible) if women had been able to press down the scale. Verena was full of suggestions which stimulated discussion; it was she, oftenest, who kept in view the fact that a good many women in the past had been intrusted with power and had not always used it amiably, who brought up the wicked queens, the profligate mistresses of kings. These ladies were easily disposed of between the two, and the public crimes of Bloody Mary, the private misdemeanors of Faustina, wife of the pure Marcus Aurelius, were very satisfactorily classified. If the influence of women in the past accounted for every act of virtue that men had happened to achieve, it only made the matter balance properly that the influence of men should explain the casual irregularities of the other sex. Olive could see how few books had passed through Verena's hands, and how little the home of the Tarrants had been a house of reading; but the girl now traversed the fields of literature with her characteristic lightness of step. Everything she turned to or took up became an illustration of the facility, the "giftedness," which Olive, who had so little of it, never ceased, as we know, to wonder at and prize. Nothing frightened her; she always smiled at it, she could do anything she tried. As she knew how to do other things, she knew how to study; she read quickly and remembered infallibly; could repeat, days afterwards, passages that she appeared only to have glanced at. Olive, of course, was more and more happy to think that their cause should have the services of an organization so rare.

All this doubtless sounds rather dry, and I hasten to add that our friends were not always shut up in Miss Chancellor's strenuous parlor. In spite of Olive's desire to keep her precious inmate to herself and to bend her attention upon their common studies, in spite of her constantly reminding Verena that this winter was to be purely educative and that the platitudes of the satisfied and unregenerate would have little to teach her, in spite, in short, of the severe and constant duality of our young women, it must not be supposed that their life had not many personal confluents and tributaries. Individual and original as Miss Chancellor was universally acknowledged to be, she was yet a typical Bostonian, and as a typical Bostonian she could not fail to belong in some degree to a "set." It had been said of her that she was in it but not of it; but she was of it enough to go occasionally into other houses and to receive their occupants in her own. It was her belief that she filled her tea-pot with the spoon of hospitality, and made a good many select spirits feel that they were welcome under her roof at convenient hours. She had a preference for what she called *real* people, and there were several whose reality she had tested by arts known to herself. This little society was rather suburban and miscellaneous; it was prolific in ladies who trotted about, early and late, with books from the Athenæum nursed behind their muff, or little nosegays of exquisite flowers that they were carrying as presents to each other. Verena, who, when Olive was not with her, indulged in a good deal of desultory contemplation at the window, saw them pass the house in Charles street, always apparently straining a little, as if they might be too late for something. At almost any time, for she envied their preoccupation, she would have taken the chance with them. Very often, when she described them to her mother, Mrs. Tarrant didn't know who they were; there were even days (she had so many discouragements) when it seemed as if she didn't want to know. So long as they were not some one else, it seemed to be no use that they were themselves; whoever they were, they were sure to have that defect. Even after all her mother's disquisitions Verena had but vague ideas as to whom she

would have liked them to be; and it was only when the girl talked of the concerts, to all of which Olive subscribed and conducted her inseparable friend, that Mrs. Tarrant appeared to feel in any degree that her daughter was living up to the standard formed for her in their Cambridge home. As all the world knows, the opportunities in Boston for hearing good music are numerous and excellent, and it had long been Miss Chancellor's practice to cultivate the best. She went in, as the phrase is, for the superior concerts, and that high, dim, dignified Music Hall, which has echoed in its time to so much eloquence and so much melody, and of which the very proportions and color seem to teach respect and attention, shed the protection of its illuminated cornice, this winter, upon no faces more intelligently upturned than those of the young women for whom Bach and Beethoven only repeated, in a myriad forms, the idea that was always with them. Symphonies and fugues only stimulated their convictions, excited their revolutionary passion, led their imagination further in the direction in which it was always pressing. It lifted them to immeasurable heights; and as they sat looking at the great florid, somber organ, overhanging the bronze statue of Beethoven, they felt that this was the only temple in which the votaries of their creed could worship.

And yet their music was not their greatest joy, for they had two others which they cultivated at least as zealously. One of these was simply the society of old Miss Birdseye, of whom Olive saw more this winter than she had ever seen before. It had become apparent that her long and beautiful career was drawing to a close, her earnest, unremitting work was over, her old-fashioned weapons were broken and dull. Olive would have liked to hang them up as venerable relics of a patient fight, and this was what she seemed to do when she made the poor lady relate her battles,—never glorious and brilliant, but obscure and wastefully heroic,—call back the figures of her companions in arms, exhibit her medals and scars. Miss Birdseye knew that her uses were ended; she might pretend still to go about the business of unpopular causes, might fumble for papers in her immemorial satchel and think she had important appointments, might sign petitions, attend conventions, say to Doctor Prance that if she would only make her sleep she should live to see a great many improvements yet; she ached and was weary, growing almost as glad to look back (a great anomaly for Miss Birdseye) as to look forward. She let herself be coddled now by her friends of the new generation; there were days when she seemed to want nothing better than to sit by Olive's fire and ramble on about the old struggles, with a vague, comfortable sense—no physical rapture of Miss Birdseye's could be very acute—of immunity from wet feet, from the draughts that prevail at thin meetings, of independence of street-cars that would probably arrive overflowing; and also a pleased perception, not that she was an example to these fresh lives which began with more advantages than hers, but that she was in some degree an encouragement, as she helped them to measure the way the new truths had advanced—being able to tell them of such a different state of things when she was a young lady, the daughter of a very talented teacher (indeed, her mother had been a teacher too), down in Connecticut. She had always had for Olive a kind of aroma of martyrdom, and her battered, unremunerated, unpensioned old age brought angry tears, springing from depths of outraged theory, into Miss Chancellor's eyes. For Verena, too, she was a picturesque humanitary figure. Verena had been in the habit of meeting martyrs from her childhood up, but she had seen none with so many reminiscences as Miss Birdseye, or who had been so nearly scorched by penal fires. She had had escapes, in the early days of abolitionism, which it was a marvel she could tell with so little implication that she had shown courage. She had roamed through certain parts of the South, carrying the Bible to the slave; and more than one of her companions, in the course of these expeditions, had been tarred and feathered. She herself, at one season, had spent a month in a Georgian jail. She had preached temperance in Irish circles, where the doctrine was received with missiles; she had interfered between wives and husbands mad with drink; she had taken filthy children, picked up in the street, to her own poor rooms, and had removed their pestilent rags and washed their sore bodies with slippery little hands. In her own person she appeared to Olive and Verena a representative of suffering humanity; the pity they felt for her was part of their pity for all who were weakest and most hardly used; and it struck Miss Chancellor (more especially) that this frumpy little missionary was the last link in a tradition, and that when she should be called away the heroic age of New England life—the age of plain living and high thinking, of pure ideals and earnest effort, of moral passion and noble experiment—would be effectually closed. It was the perennial freshness of Miss Birdseye's faith that had had such a contagion for these modern maidens, the unquenched flame of her transcendentalism, the simplicity of her vision, the way in which, in spite of mistakes, deceptions, the changing fashions

of reform, which make the remedies of a previous generation look as ridiculous as their bonnets, the only thing that was still actual for her was the elevation of the species by the reading of Emerson and the frequentation of Tremont Temple. Olive had been active enough, for years, in the city missions; she too had scoured dirty children, and, in squalid lodging-houses, had gone into rooms where the domestic situation was strained and the noises made the neighbors turn pale. But she reflected that after such exertions she had the refreshment of a pretty house, a drawing-room full of flowers, a crackling hearth, where she threw in pine-cones and made them snap, an imported tea-service, a Chickering piano, and the *Deutsche Rundschau;* whereas Miss Birdseye had only a bare, vulgar room, with a hideous flowered carpet (it looked like a dentist's), a cold furnace, the evening paper, and Doctor Prance. Olive and Verena were present at another of her gatherings before the winter ended; it resembled the occasion that we described at the beginning of this history, with the difference that Mrs. Farrinder was not there to oppress the company with her greatness, and that Verena made a speech without the coöperation of her father. This young lady had delivered herself with even finer effect than before, and Olive could see how much she had gained, in confidence and range of allusion, since the educative process in Charles street began. Her *motif* was now a kind of unprepared tribute to Miss Birdseye, the fruit of the occasion and of the unanimous tenderness of the younger members of the circle, which made her a willing mouth-piece. She pictured her laborious career, her early associates (Eliza P. Mosely was not neglected as Verena passed), her difficulties and dangers and triumphs, her humanizing effect upon so many, her serene and honored old age,—expressed, in short, as one of the ladies said, just the very way they all felt about her. Verena's face brightened and grew triumphant as she spoke, but she brought tears into the eyes of most of the others. It was Olive's opinion that nothing could be more graceful and touching, and she saw that the impression made was now deeper than on the former evening. Miss Birdseye went about with her eighty years of innocence, her undiscriminating spectacles, asking her friends if it wasn't perfectly splendid; she took none of it to herself, she regarded it only as a brilliant expression of Verena's gift. Olive thought, afterwards, that if a collection could only be taken up on the spot, the good lady would be made easy for the rest of her days; then she remembered that most of her guests were as impecunious as herself.

I have intimated that our young friends had a source of fortifying emotion which was distinct from the hours they spent with Beethoven and Bach, or in hearing Miss Birdseye describe Concord as it used to be. This consisted (I have touched the fact more than once already) of the wonderful insight they had obtained into the history of feminine anguish. They perused that chapter perpetually and zealously, and they derived from it the purest part of their mission. Olive had pored over it so long, so earnestly, that she was now in complete possession of the subject; it was the one thing in life which she felt she had really mastered. She was able to exhibit it to Verena with the greatest authority and accuracy, to lead her up and down, in and out, through all the darkest and most tortuous passages. We know that she was without belief in her own eloquence, but she was very eloquent when she reminded Verena how the exquisite weakness of women had never been their defense, but had only exposed them to sufferings more acute than masculine grossness can conceive. Their odious partner had trampled upon them from the beginning of time, and their tenderness, their abnegation, had been his opportunity. All the bullied wives, the stricken mothers, the dishonored, deserted maidens who have lived on the earth and longed to leave it, passed and repassed before her eyes, and the interminable dim procession seemed to stretch out a myriad hands to her. She sat with them at their trembling vigils, listened for the tread, the voice, at which they grew pale and sick, walked with them by the dark waters that offered to wash away misery and shame, took with them, even, when the vision grew intense, the last shuddering leap. She had analyzed to an extraordinary fineness their susceptibility, their softness; she knew (or she thought she knew) all the possible tortures of anxiety, of suspense and dread; and she had made up her mind that it was women, in the end, who had paid for everything. In the last resort the whole burden of the human lot came upon them; it pressed upon them far more than on the others, the intolerable load of fate. It was they who sat fixed and chained to receive it; it was they who had done all the waiting and taken all the wounds. The sacrifices, the blood, the tears, the terrors were theirs. Their organism was in itself a challenge to suffering, and men had played upon it with an impudence that knew no bounds. As they were the weakest, most had been wrung from them; and as they were the most generous, they had been most deceived. Olive Chancellor would have rested her case, had it been necessary, on those general facts; and her simple and comprehensive contention was that the peculiar wretchedness which had been the very

essence of the feminine lot was a monstrous artificial imposition, crying aloud for redress. She was willing to admit that women, too, could be bad; that there were many about the world who were false, immoral, vile. But their errors were as nothing to their sufferings; they had expiated, in advance, an eternity if need be of misconduct. Olive poured forth these views to her listening and responsive friend; she presented them again and again, and there was no light in which they did not seem to palpitate with truth. Verena was immensely wrought upon; a subtle fire passed into her; she was not so hungry for revenge as Olive, but at the last, before they went to Europe (I shall take no place to describe the manner in which she threw herself into that project), she quite agreed with her companion that after so many ages of wrong (it would also be after the European journey) men must take *their* turn, men must pay!

XXI.

Basil Ransom lived in New York, rather far to the eastward, and in the upper reaches of the town; he occupied two small shabby rooms in a somewhat decayed mansion which stood next to the corner of Second Avenue. The corner itself was formed by a considerable grocer's shop, the near neighborhood of which was fatal to any pretensions Ransom and his fellow-lodgers might have had in regard to gentility of situation. The house had a red, rusty face, and faded green shutters, of which the slats were limp and at variance with each other. In one of the lower windows was suspended a fly-blown card, with the words "Table Board" affixed in letters cut (not very neatly) out of colored paper, of graduated tints, and surrounded with a small band of stamped gilt. The two sides of the shop were protected by an immense pent-house shed, which projected over a greasy pavement and was supported by wooden posts fixed in the curbstone. Beneath it, on the dislocated flags, barrels and baskets were freely and picturesquely grouped; an open cellarway yawned beneath the feet of those who might pause to gaze too fondly on the savory wares displayed in the window; a strong odor of smoked fish, combined with a fragrance of molasses, hung about the spot; the pavement, toward the gutters, was fringed with dirty panniers, heaped with potatoes, carrots, and onions; and a smart, bright wagon, with the horse detached from the shafts, drawn up on the edge of the abominable road (it contained holes and ruts a foot deep, and immemorial accumulations of stagnant mud), imparted an idle, rural, pastoral air to a scene otherwise perhaps expressive of a rank civilization. The establishment was of the kind known to New Yorkers as a Dutch grocery; and red-faced, yellow-haired, bare-armed vendors might have been observed to lounge in the doorway. I mention it not on account of any particular influence it may have had on the life or the thoughts of Basil Ransom, but for old acquaintance sake and that of local color; besides which, a figure is nothing without a setting, and our young man came and went every day, with rather an indifferent, unperceiving step, it is true, among the objects I have briefly designated. One of his rooms was directly above the street-door of the house; such a dormitory, when it is so exiguous, is called in the nomenclature of New York a "hall bedroom." The sitting-room, beside it, was slightly larger, and they both commanded a row of tenements no less degenerate than Ransom's own habitation—houses built forty years before and already sere and superannuated. These were also painted red, and the bricks were accentuated by a white line; they were garnished, on the first floor, with balconies covered with small tin roofs, striped in different colors, and with an elaborate iron lattice-work, which gave them a repressive, cage-like appearance, and caused them slightly to resemble the little boxes for peeping unseen into the street, which are a feature of oriental towns. Such posts of observation commanded a view of the grocery on the corner, of the relaxed and disjointed roadway, enlivened at the curbstone with an occasional ash-barrel or with gas-lamps drooping from the perpendicular, and westward, at the end of the truncated vista, of the fantastic skeleton of the Elevated Railway, overhanging the transverse longitudinal street, which it darkened and smothered with the immeasurable spinal column and myriad clutching paws of an antediluvian monster. If the opportunity were not denied me here, I should like to give some account of Basil Ransom's interior, of certain curious persons of both sexes, for the most part not favorites of fortune, who had found an obscure asylum there; some picture of the crumpled little *table d'hôte*, at two dollars and a half a week, where everything felt sticky, which went forward in the low-ceiled basement, under the conduct of a couple of shuffling negresses, who mingled in the conversation and indulged in low, mysterious chuckles when it took a facetious turn. But we need, in strictness, concern ourselves with it no further than to gather the implication that the young Mississippian, even a year and a half after that momentous visit of his to Boston, had not made his profession very lucrative.

He had been diligent, he had been ambi-

tious, but he had not yet been successful. During the few weeks preceding the moment at which we meet him again, he had even begun to lose faith altogether in his earthly destiny. It became much of a question with him whether success in any form was written there; whether for a hungry young Mississippian, without means, without friends, wanting, too, in the highest energy, the wisdom of the serpent, personal arts, and national prestige, the game of life was to be won in New York. He had been on the point of giving it up and returning to the home of his ancestors, where, as he heard from his mother, there was still just a sufficient supply of hot corn-cake to support existence. He had never believed much in his luck, but during the last year it had been guilty of aberrations surprising even to a constant, an imperturbable victim of fate. Not only had he not extended his connection, but he had lost most of the little business which was an object of complacency to him a twelvemonth before. He had had none but small jobs, and he had made a mess of more than one of them. Such accidents had not had a happy effect upon his reputation; he had been able to perceive that this fair flower may be nipped when it is so tender a bud as scarcely to be palpable. He had formed a partnership with a person who seemed likely to repair some of his deficiencies—a young man from Rhode Island, acquainted, according to his own expression, with the inside track. But this gentleman himself, as it turned out, would have been better for a good deal of remodeling, and Ransom's principal deficiency, which was, after all, that of cash, was not less apparent to him after his colleague, prior to a sudden and unexplained departure for Europe, had drawn the slender accumulations of the firm out of the bank. Ransom sat for hours in his office, waiting for clients, who either didn't come, or, if they did come, didn't seem to find him encouraging, as they usually left him with the remark that they would think what they would do. They thought to little purpose, and seldom reappeared, so that at last he began to wonder whether there were not a prejudice against his Southern complexion. Perhaps they didn't like the way he spoke. If they could show him a better way, he was willing to adopt it; but the manner of New York could not be acquired by precept; and example, somehow, was not in this case contagious. He wondered whether he was stupid and unskilled, and he was finally obliged to confess to himself that he was unpractical.

This confession was in itself a proof of the fact, for nothing could be less to the purpose than such a speculation, terminating in such a way. He was perfectly aware that he cared a great deal for theory, and so his visitors must have thought when they found him, with one of his long legs twisted round the other, reading a volume of De Tocqueville. That was the kind of reading he liked; he had thought a great deal about social and economical questions, forms of government, and the happiness of peoples. The convictions he had arrived at were not such as mix gracefully with the time-honored verities a young lawyer looking out for business is in the habit of taking for granted; but he had to reflect that these doctrines would probably not contribute any more to his prosperity in Mississippi than in New York. Indeed, he scarcely could think of the country where they would be a particular advantage to him. It came home to him that his opinions were stiff, whereas in comparison his effort was lax; and he accordingly began to wonder whether he might not make a living by his opinions. He had always had a desire for public life; to cause one's ideas to be embodied in national conduct appeared to him the highest form of human enjoyment. But there was little enough that was public in his solitary studies, and he asked himself what was the use of his having an office at all, and why he might not as well carry on his profession at the Asfor Library, where, in his spare hours and on chance holidays, he did an immense deal of suggestive reading. He took copious notes and memoranda, and these things sometimes shaped themselves in a way that might possibly commend them to the editors of periodicals. Readers perhaps would come, if clients didn't; so he produced, with a great deal of labor, half a dozen articles, from which, when they were finished, it seemed to him that he had omitted all the points he wished most to make, and addressed them to the powers that preside over weekly and monthly publications. They were all declined with thanks, and he would have been forced to believe that the accent of his languid clime brought him luck as little under the pen as on the lips, had not another explanation been suggested by one of the more explicit of his oracles, in relation to a paper on the rights of minorities. This gentleman pointed out that his doctrines were about three hundred years behind the age; doubtless, some magazine of the sixteenth century would have been very happy to print them. This threw light on his own suspicion that he was attached to causes that could only, in the nature of things, be unpopular. The disagreeable editor was right about his being out of date, only he had got the time wrong. He had come centuries too soon; he was not too old, but too new. Such an impression, however, would not have prevented him from going into politics, if

there had been any other way to represent constituencies than by being elected. People might be found eccentric enough to vote for him in Mississippi, but meanwhile where should he find the twenty-dollar greenbacks which it was his ambition to transmit from time to time to his female relations, confined so constantly to a farinaceous diet? It came over him with some force that his opinions would not yield interest, and the evaporation of this pleasing hypothesis made him feel like a man in an open boat, at sea, who had just parted with his last rag of canvas.

I shall not attempt a complete description of Ransom's ill-starred views, being convinced that the reader will guess them as he goes, for they had a frolicsome, ingenuous way of peeping out of the young man's conversation. I shall do them sufficient justice in saying that he was by natural disposition a good deal of a stoic, and that, as the result of a considerable intellectual experience, he was, in social and political matters, a reactionary. I suppose he was very conceited, for he was much addicted to judging his age. He thought it talkative, querulous, hysterical, maudlin, full of false ideas, of unhealthy germs, of extravagant, dissipated habits, for which a great reckoning was in store. He was an immense admirer of the late Thomas Carlyle, and was very suspicious of the encroachments of modern democracy. I know not exactly how these queer heresies had planted themselves, but he had a longish pedigree (it had flowered at one time with English royalists and cavaliers), and he seemed at moments to be inhabited by some transmitted spirit of a robust but narrow ancestor, some broad-faced wig-wearer or sword-bearer, with a more primitive conception of manhood than our modern temperament appears to require, and a programme of human felicity much less varied. He liked his pedigree, he revered his forefathers, and he rather pitied those who might come after him. In saying so, however, I betray him a little, for he never mentioned such feelings as these last. Though he thought the age too talkative, as I have hinted, he liked talk as well as any one; but he could hold his tongue, if that were more expressive, and he usually did so when his perplexities were greatest. He had been sitting for several evenings in a beer-cellar, smoking his pipe with a profundity of reticence. This attitude was so unbroken that it marked a crisis — the complete, the acute consciousness of his personal situation. It was the cheapest way he knew of spending an evening. At this particular establishment the *Schoppen* were very tall and the beer was very good; and as the host and most of the guests were German, and their colloquial tongue was unknown to him, he was not drawn into any undue expenditure of speech. He watched his smoke and he thought, thought so hard that at last he appeared to himself to have exhausted the thinkable. When this moment of combined relief and dismay arrived (on the last of the evenings that we are concerned with), he took his way down Third Avenue and reached his humble dwelling. Till within a short time there had been a resource for him at such an hour and in such a mood; a little variety actress, who lived in the house, and with whom he had established the most cordial relations, was often having her supper (she took it somewhere, every night, after the theater) in the dim, close dining-room, and he used to drop in and talk to her. But she had lately married, to his great amusement, and her husband had taken her on a wedding-tour, which was to be at the same time professional. On this occasion he mounted, with rather a heavy tread, to his rooms, where (on the rickety writing-table in the parlor) he found a note from Mrs. Luna. I need not reproduce it *in extenso;* a pale reflection of it will serve. She reproached him with neglecting her, wanted to know what had become of him, whether he had grown too fashionable for a person who cared only for serious society. She accused him of having changed, and inquired as to the reason of his coldness. Was it too much to ask whether he could tell her at least in what manner she had offended him? She used to think they were so much in sympathy — he expressed her own ideas about everything so vividly. She liked intellectual companionship, and she had none now. She hoped very much he would come and see her — as he used to do six months before — the following evening; and however much she might have sinned or he might have altered, she was at least always his affectionate cousin Adeline.

"What the deuce does she want of me now?" It was with this somewhat ungracious exclamation that he tossed away his cousin Adeline's missive. The gesture might have indicated that he meant to take no notice of her; nevertheless, after a day had elapsed, he presented himself before her. He knew what she wanted of old — that is, a year ago; she had wanted him to look after her property and to be tutor to her son. He had lent himself, good-naturedly, to this desire,— he was touched by so much confidence,— but the experiment had speedily collapsed. Mrs. Luna's affairs were in the hands of trustees, who had complete care of them, and Ransom instantly perceived that his function would be simply to meddle in things that didn't concern him. The levity

with which she had exposed him to the derision of the lawful guardians of her fortune opened his eyes to some of the dangers of cousinship; nevertheless, he said to himself that he might turn an honest penny by giving an hour or two every day to the education of her little boy. But this, too, proved a brief illusion. Ransom had to find his time in the afternoon; he left his business at five o'clock and remained with his young kinsman till the hour of dinner. At the end of a few weeks he thought himself lucky in retiring without broken shins. That Newton's little nature was remarkable had often been insisted on by his mother; but it was remarkable, Ransom saw, for the absence of any of the qualities which attach a teacher to a pupil. He was in truth an insufferable child, entertaining for the Latin language a personal, physical hostility, which expressed itself in convulsions of rage. During these paroxysms he kicked furiously at every one and everything — at poor "Rannie," at his mother, at Messrs. Andrews and Stoddard, at the illustrious men of Rome, at the universe in general, to which, as he lay on his back on the carpet, he presented a pair of singularly active little heels. Mrs. Luna had a way of being present at his lessons, and when they passed, as sooner or later they were sure to, into the stage I have described, she interceded for her overwrought darling, reminded Ransom that these were the signs of an exquisite sensibility, begged that the child might be allowed to rest a little, and spent the remainder of the time in conversation with the preceptor. It came to seem to him, very soon, that he was not earning his fee; besides which, it was disagreeable to him to have pecuniary relations with a lady who had not the art of concealing from him that she liked to place him under obligations. He resigned his tutorship, and drew a long breath, having a vague feeling that he had escaped a danger. He could not have told you exactly what it was, and he had a certain sentimental, provincial respect for women, which even prevented him from attempting to give a name to it in his own thoughts. He was addicted with the ladies to the old forms of address and of gallantry; he held that they were delicate, agreeable creatures, whom Providence had placed under the protection of the bearded sex; and it was not merely a humorous idea with him that whatever might be the defects of Southern gentlemen, they were at any rate remarkable for their chivalry. He was a man who still, in a slangy age, could pronounce that word with a perfectly serious face.

This boldness did not prevent him from thinking that women were essentially inferior to men, and infinitely tiresome when they declined to accept the lot which men had made for them. He had the most definite notions about their place in nature, in society, and was perfectly easy in his mind as to whether it excluded them from any proper homage. The chivalrous man paid that tax with alacrity. He admitted their rights; these consisted in a standing claim to the generosity and tenderness of the stronger race. The exercise of such feelings was full of advantage for both sexes, and they flowed most freely, of course, when women were gracious and grateful. It may be said that he had a higher conception of politeness than most of the persons who desired the advent of female law-makers. When I have added that he hated to see women eager and argumentative, and thought that their softness and docility were the inspiration, the opportunity (the highest) of man, I shall have sketched a state of mind which will doubtless strike many readers as painfully crude. It had prevented Basil Ransom, at any rate, from putting the dots on his *i*'s, as the French say, in this gradual discovery that Mrs. Luna was making love to him. The process went on a long time before he became aware of it. He had perceived very soon that she was a tremendously familiar little woman — that she took, more rapidly than he had ever known, a high degree of intimacy for granted. But as she had seemed to him neither very fresh nor very beautiful, so he could not easily have represented to himself why she should take it into her head to marry (it would never have occurred to him to doubt that she wanted marriage) an obscure and penniless Mississippian, with womenkind of his own to provide for. He could not guess that he answered to a certain secret ideal of Mrs. Luna's, who loved the landed gentry even when landless, who adored a Southerner under any circumstances, who thought her kinsman a fine, manly, melancholy, disinterested type, and who was sure that her views of public matters, the questions of the age, the vulgar character of modern life, would meet with a perfect response in his mind. She could see by the way he talked that he was a conservative, and this was the motto inscribed upon her own silken banner. She took this unpopular line both by temperament and by reaction from her sister's "extreme" views, the sight of the dreadful people that they brought about her. In reality, Olive was distinguished and discriminating, and Adeline was the dupe of confusions, in which the worse was apt to be mistaken for the better. She talked to Ransom about the inferiority of republics, the distressing persons she had met abroad in the legations of the United States, the bad manners of servants and shopkeepers in that country, the hope she entertained that "the good

old families" would make a stand; but he never suspected that she cultivated these topics (her treatment of them struck him as highly comical) for the purpose of leading him to the altar, of beguiling the way. Least of all could he suppose that she would be indifferent to his want of income,—a point in which he failed to do her justice; for, thinking the fact that he had remained poor a proof of delicacy in a shopkeeping age, it gave her much pleasure to reflect that, as Newton's little property was settled on him (with safeguards which showed how long-headed poor Mr. Luna had been, and large-hearted, too, since to what he left *her* no disagreeable conditions, such as eternal mourning, for instance, were attached)—that as Newton, I say, enjoyed the pecuniary independence which befitted his character, her own income was ample even for two, and she might give herself the luxury of taking a husband who should owe her something. Basil Ransom did not divine all this, but he divined that it was not for nothing that Mrs. Luna wrote him little notes every other day, that she proposed to drive him in the Park at unnatural hours, and that when he said he had his business to attend to, she replied: "Oh, a plague on your business! I am sick of that word—one hears of nothing else in America. There are ways of getting on without business, if you would only take them!" He seldom answered her notes, and he disliked extremely the way in which, in spite of her love of form and order, she attempted to clamber in at the window of one's house when one had locked the door; so that he began to interspace his visits considerably, and at last made them very rare. When I reflect on his habits of almost superstitious politeness to women, it comes over me that some very strong motive must have operated to make him give his friendly—his only too friendly—cousin the cold shoulder. Nevertheless, when he received her reproachful letter (after it had had time to work a little), he said to himself that he had perhaps been unjust and even brutal, and as he was easily touched by remorse of this kind, he took up (I have already mentioned it) the broken thread.

(To be continued.)

Henry James.

FRANK HATTON IN NORTH BORNEO.

NOTES ON HIS LIFE AND DEATH, BY HIS FATHER.

I.

FRANK HATTON, without being precocious as a child, developed singular versatility of talent at a very early age. Fond of music, he was a skillful pianist, and could play several other instruments moderately well. He could ride, swim, shoot, skate, and had some long spins on the tricycle; he played chess with great skill, spoke French with a perfect accent, wrote his native language with the polish of a gentleman and the finish of a scholar; was a master of Malay, the Italian of the East, and was versed in Dusun, one of the local tongues of Borneo; and was an authority in the water filtrations and the actions of force on bacteria, and in other matters of scientific research. He died in his twenty-second year, a scientific explorer in the service of the government of Sabah, leaving behind him a record that would have been honorable to a long and industrious life. His was the first white foot in many of the hitherto unknown villages of Borneo; in him many of the wild tribes saw the first white man; he was the pioneer of scientific investigation among its mountain ranges, on its turbulent rivers, and in its almost impenetrable jungle fastnesses. Speaking the language of the natives, and possessing that special faculty of kindly firmness so necessary to the efficient control of uncivilized peoples, he journeyed through the strange land not only unmolested but frequently carrying away tokens of native affection. Several powerful chiefs made him their "blood brother," and here and there the tribes prayed to him as if he were a god. When he fell in the unexplored regions of the Seguama River, his escort rowed the body by river and sea for fully fifty-three hours without sleep, that it might be buried by white men in the new settlement of Elopura,—an act of devotion which travelers in the equatorial seas will understand and appreciate.

I who write these lines am his father, but he was not only my son, he was my friend and companion. He lost his life while on his way home. The news of his safety and his good health preceded by a few days the telegraphic report of his death. My own young life had been a hard one. His I had guarded and protected from every adverse wind. I

had my reward in a brave, upright, tender-hearted, modest, scholarly son. To-day, with the bright page of his young life before me, with letters concerning him coming to me from all parts of the world, I feel that I owe a duty to his memory and to humanity to tell his story. The justice of my interpretation of this can be judged by the following materials upon which it is founded.

Frank Hatton was born at Hatfield, Gloucestershire, a suburb of Bristol, England, on the 31st of August, 1861. He was connected on his father's side with journalism and music; his mother brought him the health and common sense of the sturdy yeomanry of Lincolnshire. Soon after his birth his parents went to live at Durham. He was known in his childhood for the amiability of his disposition, his love of flowers and animals; he developed a character of great strength and firmness. From Durham the family went to Worcester; after living in Worcestershire, city and county, for some years, to London. At the age of ten he went to his first public school; his chief prizes were for good conduct, and he gave no indication of the characteristics which distinguished him a few years later. At home he cultivated a taste for music and war. He was a collector of arms, pistols, swords, and knives, and his bedroom was quite an arsenal. A frequent visitor at the Zoölogical Gardens, he would bring home every stray dog or cat that would follow him. From the end of 1874 he was a student at the College of Marcy, near Lille, in France. He next became a student of King's College School, where in 1878 he obtained, at nineteen, the third place in the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations.

He had given evidence of a leaning towards scientific studies, and he elected to be "a chemist and mining engineer." Natural history at Lille, physical geography at King's College School, had prepared him for chemistry and mineralogy at the School of Mines. After a short interval of foreign travel, and some private readings with chemical experts, he entered upon the varied course of study then given at Jermyn street and at South Kensington, which he supplemented by geological tours around London, and in the Isle of Wight, Derbyshire, Cumberland, and other districts. "He was," says Dr. Frankland, "one of the most genial, earnest, and talented students I ever had in my laboratory; he was a most indefatigable worker and a skillful manipulator." Dr. Hopkinson, speaking of him to me the other day, said, "He was the only student of his time to whom I intrusted delicate and dangerous operations; he was implicitly reliable, and had a clear, firm grip of things; there was nothing he could not do that he cared to do." In addition to his arduous work at South Kensington, he contributed a series of letters on chemical subjects to papers and magazines.

When he left England for the islands of the eastern seas, young Hatton was close upon six feet in height, and carried no surplus flesh. After exploring a great part of North Borneo, he organized an expedition in a north-eastern district, chiefly with a view to determine the geological character of the Seguama River and certain regions of the Kinabortomgau. His expedition consisted of four boats. He was in the first one, and Mr. Beveridge, an Australian mining expert, in the last. Hatton fired from his boat at an elephant and wounded it severely. Leaping ashore, accompanied only by his mandore, a Malay named Drahman, he gave chase. They came up to the elephant, which had stopped and was roaring. Thinking possibly that his Winchester rifle was too light for a final attack on the elephant, he went back to the boats for a party of his native attendants. Arming them with Sniders, he led them into the jungle. The elephant, however, had moved off, and it being now nearly dark, he was persuaded by Drahman to return. On the way back he was walking with his Winchester at the shoulder. As he stooped to pass under a creeper, he raised his rifle to lift up the obstruction. The weapon became entangled in an unusually strong growth of vines, whereby the muzzle was suddenly twisted towards him, slid down his shoulder, and went off, the trigger being pulled by some twigs of the creeper. The ball entered at the collar-bone and came out at the back lower down, severing two main arteries. His men were round him in a moment, and seized him before he fell. "Oodeen, Oodeen, mati sahya!" (I am dead), he said in Malay, as he laid his head on the shoulder of his Tutong boy, whose name is Oodeen, and who was devoted to his service. Mr. Beveridge heard the shot and the cry of the men, and, leaping from his boat, was soon by the side of his young chief, who was breathing his last. It was so inconceivable to Mr. Beveridge that Frank Hatton, noted for his coolness and his care in the management of his weapons, had been the cause of the shooting, that he exclaimed, "Who has done this?" The men, most of them shedding bitter tears and crying, "Better we had died," explained the incident; and after satisfying himself that their story was only too true, he had the body carried to one of the largest boats. It was night now, and the lamps which had been brought on shore to aid the search for the wounded elephant in the jungle were used to throw a light upon the

embarkation of his corpse. One of the most affectionate acts of devotion followed. Eleven of the followers, under the direction of Mr. Beveridge, paddled the body to Sandakau by river and sea, a distance of nearly one hundred and seventy miles. They did not sleep, night or day, for fifty-three hours. They only rested three times to cook and eat a little rice.

An inquest was held at Elopura in the bay of Sandakau, and adjourned from time to time during two or three days, until all the boats came in and every man could give his evidence. Doctor Walker said the wound was perfectly consistent with the statements of the mandore and the boy Oodeen. It was inconsistent with the theory that one of the other rifles might have accidentally exploded, as Mr. Hatton was taller than any of the natives and the bullet had entered from above. Further, it seems that the men acted on a general order from Mr. Hatton never to carry their weapons loaded, and only to load when there was something to shoot at. Questioned as to his relations with his men, Mr. Beveridge said, " Mr. Hatton was on the best of terms with his men; they would do anything for him." The jury, which consisted of twelve Europeans, recorded a verdict of which the following is a part:

" The jury are of opinion that Frank Hatton came by his death from the accidental discharge of his rifle on the evening of the first of March, while returning from elephant-shooting at Sugoon Jukol, which is situated about sixty miles up the Seguama River, and about one hundred and sixty miles by water from Sandakau, and whilst he was pushing aside a vine with the end of said loaded rifle carried in his hand.

" The jury much deplore the sudden death of Mr. Hatton, who as an explorer and mineralogist had proved himself of much value to the British North Borneo Company, and to the world generally, and on account of his many social qualities."

Borneo is, with one exception, the largest island in the world. With a coast-line of over three thousand miles, it is larger than France, and three times the size of England. In 1847 the government of Queen Victoria, impressed with the necessity of a marine station in these latitudes, purchased Labuan, an island off the coast of Borneo, and formed a British colony, with a governor and all the necessary requirements of an efficient administration. Within the last few years a company of London capitalists have bought from the sultans and chiefs of the northern portion of the island the country known as Sabork. They have been incorporated under a royal charter, on the principle of the old East India Company. A line drawn across the map of Borneo, from the Kimomis River on the north-west coast to the Sibruco on the east, will indicate the territory hitherto called Sabork, now better known as British North Borneo.

The pictures on pages 442 and 443 illustrate the newest settlement on the coast — Elopura, in Sandakau bay. Within a few years it has grown from a mere stockade into a busy port. On the wooded slope of its jungle suburb by the sea rests Frank Hatton, whose name will forever be associated with the exploration of the country. Although brick buildings are now being erected at Elopura, it is chiefly constructed after the manner of the ancient lake-dwellers of Europe, on piles, as all the modern Dyaks' and other native houses are in these little-known regions of the Malay Archipelago. Frank Hatton's house, shown on page 442, was the first English house in the Kinoram district of North Borneo.

The wild interior of North Borneo was for the first time partially explored only as recently as 1881, and it was in this year that its finest harbor was discovered by an English cruiser. Mr. Witti, an Austrian officer in the North Borneo Company's service, crossed the country without encountering any more than the natural obstacles of tropical travel, through jungle, and over unknown rivers; though he fell a victim to over-zeal at a later day, when making his way through known warlike and cruel tribes of Dyaks on the unexplored border-land of the Sibuco River. He and his followers fell into an ambush and were slain. It was to supplement and extend, on a scientific basis, the investigations of Witti, that Frank Hatton went out to Borneo; and nothing is more remarkable, experts say, than the amount of solid work which he accomplished within eighteen months, right on the equator, in a country without roads, thick with a jungle-growth of centuries, its rivers the home of the crocodile, its " forests primeval" abounding with animal life, and peopled by half-naked savages, many of whom had never before seen a white man.

II.

NOTES FROM THE DIARIES OF FRANK HATTON.

One of Frank Hatton's most important explorations was a journey up the Labuk River and overland to Kudat, commencing March 16th, ending June 19th. Avoiding geographical technicalities on the one hand and mineralogical and other scientific details on the other, we propose to make such extracts from this diary report as will interest the general reader, while throwing new lights upon native man-

ners and customs and giving fresh incidents of tropical travel.

"By the 3d of March," he says, "we were well afloat on the Labuk, a bold stream, having a rapid current. At mid-day we passed two small tributaries, one on the right and one on the left. The banks were lined with nipa palms and the stream was very deep and rapid. The weather to-day was beautiful, and nothing could be more delightful than steaming up this unknown river. Presently we left the swamps behind us, and now the banks were lined with vast forests, from whose somber depths could be heard the cries of hornbills and the chatter of monkeys. Enormous creepers hung in pendent growths from the great dark trees; butterflies and insects of every hue and color fluttered before us; the sun blazing out and shedding a golden radiance over the scene.

"Tander Batu turned out to be a small village on the right bank of the river, having a population of two hundred and fifty persons; only five large houses. The people were originally Sulumen, but having lived for generations in the Labuk they call themselves 'Labuk men.' The chief of this part of the country is Datu Serikaya, who has the company's flag flying on a post outside his house, with two old iron cannon beside it. We sat there for nearly three hours talking over the matter of procuring 'gobangs,' or dugouts, two of which I obtained from a Hadgi trading up the river. I got no assistance whatever from Datu Serikaya. In Bongon, Sheriff Shea told me not to eat in Datu Serikaya's house, as dark stories are told of his having poisoned more than one person.

"In the wet season the Labuk must be terrible: there is a rise of at least twenty feet above its present level, with an irresistible current. Trees of enormous size are piled up on the banks, and even away in the jungle lie trunks of trees which had been swept there by the flood. The amount of denudation effected by these tropical rivers is enormous; vast beds of rolled pebbles, consisting of quartzite, quartz, serpentine, mica schist, porphyritic granite, etc., are to be seen all along the Labuk. The hills in this country are composed largely of rich clayey ironstone, and indeed, in one place near our last night's camping ground, where there had been a landslip, the exposure showed a bright red ironstone, which in England would have been jumped at as a source of wealth. On both banks of the river, at about a mile distant from the water, rise the Labuk hills, heights varying from five hundred to one thousand and two thousand feet.

"Left Tanah Dumpas with my Dusun guides on the 16th, and ran down the river as far as a small island, into whose right passage flows a tributary called the Telupid. . . . Not being able to find traces of any useful mineral in the Telupid, I left this river and followed up one of the tributaries, going overland to do so. Had the greatest mineral treasure imaginable lain hidden in the hills, nature could have taken no more trouble to conceal it. I was never in a jungle with so many leeches, as well as other crawling and flying pests. The rattans also were a great obstacle, stretched as they were across the path at heights varying from one inch to thirty feet. These catch the feet and trip up the traveler, while the rattan leaves hang down from above, armed with hundreds of thorns, each one strong enough to catch a fish with; and indeed they are used for this purpose.

"Left our camp on March 17th, at Tanah Dumpas, and passed through the northern channel past a large island, which here divides the Labuk into two. Nothing but going up rapids to-day; we ascended one four feet high in twenty yards, and shortly afterwards got up one eight feet in fifteen yards, and passed a veritable whirlpool. The water rushing round a sharp bend was met by some vertical rocks, and the stream striking on these had created a dangerous whirlpool. Just above this pool there is a small Dumpas village, on the left bank, called 'Kabuan.' The population numbers thirty persons, and none of them dare go farther up the river than they are at present, as the men of Sogolitan have closed the river to them. We passed a splendid waterfall on the right bank, the mouth of the Bombolie, which is some eight yards wide, and falls from a height of fifty feet into the Labuk. We camped to-night just below a rattan, which was stretched across the river, marking the frontier of the Sogolitan and Delarnass countries.

"I was informed that in this district there are several thousand people calling themselves Sin-Dyaks. They are painted and tattooed in a peculiar way. On the other side of the rattan, which my Malays were not at all willing to go under, there was a guard of three Dyaks in a native dugout. Their boat was of capital workmanship, being carved at the bow. The men were tattooed with blue all down the arms, breasts, and legs, and had pieces of wood in their ears. They wore a head-cloth of common blue calico fastened on by a plaited rattan, which was passed over the top of the head-cloth and under the chin. They were armed with spears and native-made short swords, and looked very formidable savages.

"It was close upon noon when we started on again. My prahu was leading; a little prahu with Datu Mahmad (my guide when

FRANK HATTON. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDEWEYDE.)

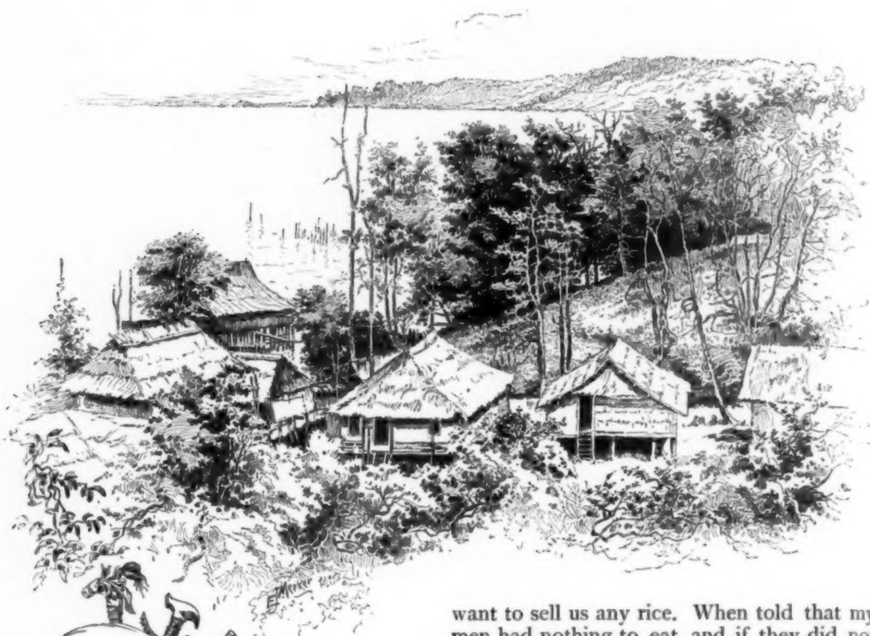
we get to Kinoram) followed. Then came Smith and the police, and lastly the mandore and coolies, in a large prahu full of things. We had passed rather a difficult bit of river, when I heard a shriek, and looking round I saw several heads bobbing in the rushing river and a prahu, bottom upwards, floating down and dashing among the bowlders in the distance. I jumped from my gobang and rushed to the spot; but before I arrived the prahu had gone out of sight and most of the men had got ashore, some with great difficulty and many narrow escapes. The Dumpas men, who swim like fishes, were of great help in getting the people ashore, and had it not been for them I think the accident would have been a fatal one. The missing goods were many; the severest losses being two bags of rice, three rifles, six axes and some parango, and a box of blow-pipe apparatus; while all the men's clothes, blankets, etc., had gone out to sea, and some poor fellows had scarcely a rag to stand in. The Dumpas and Sulu men who were following us dived all day trying to recover goods, and by their means two guns and half a bag of rice were got up. The Dyaks here gave us no help, and indeed their prahus were on the watch at a bend of the river some way down for blankets, kaglangs, or other things which might float down, and which they would very quickly clear up. These people are indeed head-hunters. Only seven days ago a head was taken at a tree-bridge over a torrent. A Dumpas man was walking over a felled tree (which in this country always constitutes a bridge), when four Sogolitan men set on him, pushed him down the steep bank, and jumping down after him took his head and hand and made away. I saw the victim's head and his hand in a house not far from the scene of the murder. Some four or five weeks ago the Sogolitan chiefs, Iamboune and Pongout, admitted that seven heads had been taken from slaughtered men of Tingara (a country near the Kinabatangan). He (Iamboune) said there was a blood feud going on between the men of 'Loundat' in Sogolitan and the Tingara tribes.

"Having got our things together, we crossed the river and made our camp for the night. It was useless to expect anything from the Sogolitan people, as they had already requested us not to go up to their houses, as their women were afraid. The Dyaks here all eat monkeys and preserve the skins, which they fasten round their waists, letting the tails hang down behind, so that in the distance they look like men with tails.

"Progress up the river is very difficult and dangerous; I think we ascended about fifty feet to-day, divided in three rapids. We passed under a second rattan stretched across the river between Kananap, a district of Sogolitan, and Sogolitan proper. These two rattans form one 'key' to the country, and if one is cut down, in defiance, the Dyaks never leave the war-path until the offenders' heads are at rest with the others in their head store. All these people are very superstitious. The 'bad bird' is a great trouble, for it causes trading parties to turn and go back, even when within sight of the end of their journey. On head raids there are several special birds, and great attention is paid to their warnings. If the bird flies from left to right and does not again return, the whole war party sits down and waits, and if nothing comes of the waiting every one goes home. This evening I caught a first sight of Mentapom, stated by Mr. Witti to be eight thousand, but which I should think is at least nine thousand feet high. It is a fine bold peak, with exposures of white rock near the summit, and is not unlike the Matterhorn.

"We camped on the 20th, almost at the foot of Mentapom, and I fired my gun several times as a signal to a prahu which had not yet come up. Some Dusuns, who were catching fish, asked us not to fire, as it made the spirits on Mentapom angry, and we should be sure to get rain. I cannot tell how they got hold of this curious superstition, but, sure enough, half an hour afterwards the rain came down in torrents.

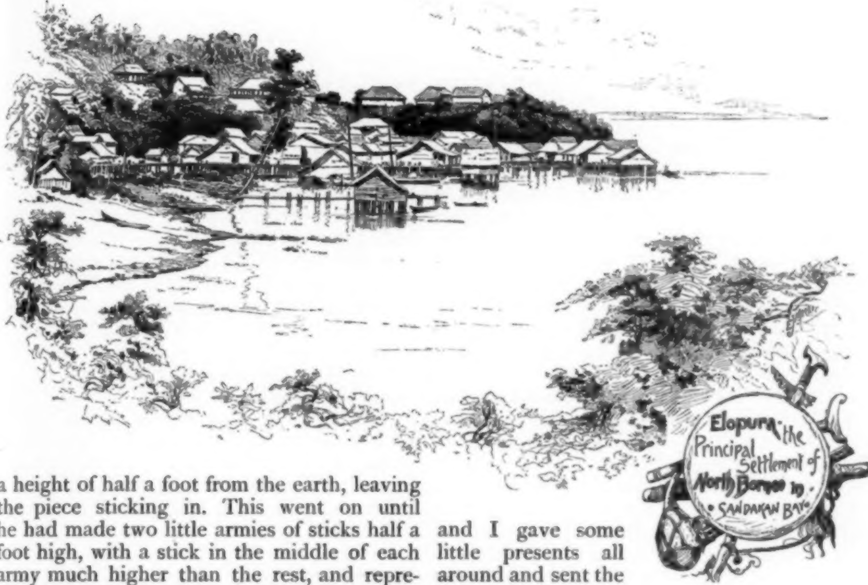
"At about 9 o'clock the next morning the missing gobang came up. Terrible news! She had gone over and all the things had been lost. A gun and sword-bayonet, a box of tinned provisions, four or five blankets, half a bag of rice (being all the rice we had to feed twenty hungry men), and all the biscuit, besides endless things belonging to the Datu and the unfortu-



nates in the boat. This is a most terrible thing for us, as the men have not a grain of rice to eat. I was thinking over the situation when one of the men said he could see a house on the top of a hill near the base of the Mentapom. He pointed it out to me, and I determined to go up and try and get food. Taking some cloth and four men, I went forward. At our approach all the people ran away and shouted, 'Take the paddy; there it is, there it is!' They were in the midst of cutting paddy. When they saw that we did not intend to rob and murder them, they came back, and gaining confidence by degrees, they at last did not want to sell us any rice. When told that my men had nothing to eat, and if they did not get rice they must starve, the people merely laughed and said they could not let us have any, as it was not yet time. They have some superstition connected with the beginning of harvest. However, we frightened them a little, and finally succeeded in getting some rice. We left these inhospitable shores at four o'clock.

"On the 26th of March I left Tampias for the Dusun kampong in a small prahu. On arriving there, I was received by the headman, 'Degadong' (a name given by Datu Serikaya), who said he had never before seen a white man, although he had heard of Mr. Witti. His house is called 'Ghanah,' and the country is called 'Touaorum.' It is situated on a hill to the south and on the right bank of the Labuk river. The following day was fixed for 'the cutting ceremony,' which was to take place at my hut. Afterwards Degadong promised guides and porters. I told him I wanted to keep on the right bank, and he said, 'Oh, yes, I could do that.' At about 12 o'clock on the next day the Dusuns began to arrive, boat-load after boat-load, until some hundred men had collected, all armed with spears and swords. The chief now came up, and we at once proceeded with the ceremony. First the chief cut two long sticks, and then, sitting down, he had a space of ground cleared before him, and began a discourse. When he came to any special point in his discourse he thrust a stick into the ground and cut it off at

FRANK HATTON'S HOUSE.



a height of half a foot from the earth, leaving the piece sticking in. This went on until he had made two little armies of sticks half a foot high, with a stick in the middle of each army much higher than the rest, and representing the two leaders. These two armies were himself and his followers and myself and my men. Having called in a loud voice to his god, or Kinarahingan, to be present, he and I took hold of the head and legs of the fowl while a third person cut its head off with a knife. We then dropped our respective halves, and the movements of the dying fowl were watched. If it jumps towards the chief, his heart is not true; if towards the person to be sworn in, his heart is not true; it must, to be satisfactory, go in some other direction. Luckily, in my case, the fowl hopped away into the jungle and died. All my men now fired three volleys at the request of the chief, and I gave some little presents all around and sent the people away pleased and delighted.

SECTION OF STOCKADE SURROUNDING FRANK HATTON'S HOUSE. (FROM SKETCH BY HIMSELF.)

"The Dusun headman, 'Degadong,' was very kind. He presented me with a spear, and I gave him a long knife. This exchange of weapons is customary after the fowl ceremony.

"Two chiefs of 'Touaorum,' Degadong and his brother, accompanied us on our first day's tramp overland. The road lay over a high ridge, and we had often to climb heights of two thousand, and in one case upwards of three thousand feet. From the summit of one of these, where there was no high jungle, I had a splendid view of the country. To the north lay the Kinabatangan valley, with the Silam hills in the distance; eastward stretched the Labuk, girded by hills rising one above the other up to the noble crags of Mentapom. In the distance again was the Sugut vale, with range upon range of tree-capped mountains rising right away to Kinibalu, which, seemingly near, towered like a fairy castle up into the blue sky. I shall never forget this lovely scene, but more especially shall I remember the wonderful tints and shades presented by the distant 'giant hills of Borneo.' A blue sky showed up every crag of the principal mountain, which stood out purple and black. The setting sun shed its rays on rock and tree, and the water streaming down the time-worn sides glinted and flashed, while all the nearer hills were clothed in every shade of green. A few white clouds appeared in the distance, and as I neared the Dusun kampong

of Toadilah night clouds were closing in the glorious landscape. It was a most exceptional view, and one which this season of the tropical year can alone afford.

"On March 31st some men came in from collecting upas juice. I asked how it was obtained, and they said they make a long bamboo spear, and, tying a rattan to one end, throw it at the soft bark of the upas tree; then pulling it out by means of the rattan, a little of the black juice will have collected in the bamboo, and the experiment is repeated until sufficient is collected. I cannot tell what truth there is in this story, but the people had no reason for deceiving me. The Dusuns at 'Toadilah' all wear brass collars, bracelets, and anklets, and a piece of black cloth round the head, kept on by a band of red rattans. The women wear a short sawong of native cloth, which is fixed on tightly at the upper part by brass wire. They also wear collars and anklets of brass wire.

"On the 4th of April I was initiated into the brotherhood of the Bendowen Dusuns. The old men and all the tribe having assembled, the ceremonies began. First the jungle was cleared for about twenty yards, and then a hole was dug about a foot deep, in which was placed a large water-jar. In this country these jars are of enormous value: $30, $40, and even $100 worth of gutta being given for a single jar. The bottom of the jar in question was knocked out, so as to render it useless in future. The clay taken out to make the hole was thrown into the jar, and now the 'old men' began to declaim, 'Oh, Kinarahingan, hear us!'—a loud shout to the Kinarahingan. The sound echoed away down the valleys, and as it died a stone was placed near the jar. Then for half an hour the old men declared by fire (which was represented by a burning stick), by water (which was brought in a bamboo and poured into the jar), and by earth, that they would be true to all white men. A sumpitum was then fetched, and an arrow shot into the air to summon the Kinarahingan. We now placed our four guns, which were all the arms my party of eight mustered, on the mouth of the jar, and each put a hand in and took a little clay out and put it away. Finally several volleys were shot over the place, and the ceremony terminated.

"On our way from Senendan we passed a solitary grave, marked by a rough stone; the rank grass grew high and green upon it. When I noticed it one of the headmen was on his knees busily tearing away the grass, and talking to the dead man's 'ghost.' He was telling him that the white man had come, and was friends with the Senendan people. The dead man was the brother of the chief.

"The Muruts here are much tattooed. Those men who have fought, or have gone on bold or risky expeditions, are tattooed from the shoulders to the pit of the stomach, and all down the arms in three broad parallel stripes to the wrist. A headman, or rather a sometime headman, of Senendan, had two square tattoo marks on his back. This was because he ran away in fight, and showed his back to the enemy. Another and a braver chief was elected in his place.

"There was a dead man in one of the houses here, and I went to see him. He was placed in a sitting posture, dressed in all the things he had; a cigarette was being held to his mouth, and a brass box containing betel, etc., was open before him. His friends were seated around, and were telling the dead man not to go to the right or left, as they were the wrong roads, but to keep straight ahead, 'and that is the way to Kini Balu.' This ceremony lasts one day and one night, and the next day the man is buried with all his belongings.

"Smith [a coal-miner], who is ill, and nearly all the men (most of them also ill), went on to Kudat. I stayed at Kinoram until April 24th, getting material ready for making a house.

"Subsequently I went down to Bongon, and had a tremendous struggle getting stones and kajangs to Kinoram in two prahus up the Kinoram River. The river is quite unnavigable, full of rapids and waterfalls, and subject

THE JOURNEY BACK.

to the most sudden floods. No prahu has ever navigated the river before; but with my usual good luck I got all the things up, nothing lost and no one hurt.

"I have been in the Bornean bush from March 1st until June 15th, and have traveled several hundred miles by land and river."

During the following July, August, September, and October of the same year, 1882, Frank Hatton conducted an expedition of scientific investigation in the Kinoram district, where he built this first house referred to in the above report. The following extracts are from an abstract of his diary of these investigations.

"As we proceeded up the Kinoram River our road became worse and worse. About two miles up we came to a long stretch of deep and rapid water with precipitous cliffs on either side. It took us until night to get past this obstacle, which, however, we managed to do by clinging on to the almost impassable face of the cliff by roots, trees, or any other hold we could get. The men with heavy loads had a very hard time getting past. The moment we were over, we pitched our camp on the first place which offered, and got some huts made as quickly as possible. I notice that the rock along the lower portions of Tomboyonkon is limestone, of which there are many bowlders in the river, together with pieces of a dark, fine-grained syenite, which must come from above.

"Terrific work all day climbing over immense bowlders, where a slip would simply be fatal. Great landslips have occurred all along the stream, and enormous bowlders have consequently blocked up the bed. The river flows along the spur from Kini Balu, which, running north-north-east, culminates in two peaks, Nonohan-t-ayaioh, 8000 feet, and Tomboyonkon, 6000 feet, the terminal mountain of the spur. As we traveled along I noticed in a small cave in the rock some twenty or thirty swallows' nests. They were greenish-white below, and fixed to the rock by a white glutinous substance. They are said to be worth about a dollar per catti.

"No description could do justice to the difficulty of our road, and the dangers and troubles we passed through could only have been compensated by a great mineral find. At four o'clock, being quite wet through, we camped in a cave, or rather a hole formed of gigantic fallen rocks, one fifty feet and one forty feet high, with eight or ten of fifteen feet and upwards in height forming sides to the cave, which also ran some ten or twenty feet into the rock. The outer apartment was filled with swallows, while the inner one was tenanted by bats, whose guano covered the floor to a depth of about eighteen inches, there being the same thickness of bird guano in the outer cave. A very rank, mouldy, badger-like smell pervaded the place, and on the roof were about a hundred of the nests previously noted. It was a romantic night sleeping there with the men stowed away in crevices and holes in the cliffs, the vast nature of the latter being most impressive. We were here, with the uncertainty of ever being able to get back or forwards, with provisions for only a few days, and not a living soul in the whole country round, nothing but trees; the true primeval forest of Borneo reigns supreme in these hilly fastnesses, and the camphor and gutta trees near the source of the Kinoram have yet to feel the axe of the pioneer and the trader. We are now up the river about seven miles, and if rain should flood the stream retreat would be quite impossible.

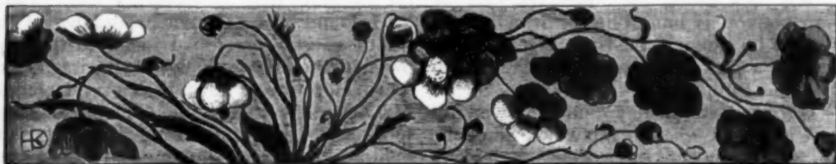
"Up very early this morning (Aug. 8th), as a pain in my knee kept me from sleeping. Not a soul was stirring as I walked about the camp; the last embers of the watch-fire were smoldering away. All the grass and leaves were wet with the morning dew, and the men stretched around in every conceivable position were huddled together in their blankets, for the mornings here are damp and chill. Later on I found that a regular breakdown of the health of our party had occurred, perhaps owing to the sudden change of climate. Out of fifteen, seven were down with fever, including Mr. Beveridge and the two Chinamen. I employed the morning dosing all hands with enormous potions of quinine and epsom salts. I waited here the day in hopes of a change.

"The Chinamen and two Malays are to-day (Aug. 9th) so ill that I sent them back to Kinoram in charge of Dusuns. Mr. Beveridge is better, so we started away on a trip to Marudu. We arrived at Pudi shortly after one o'clock, having traveled only six miles. Every one, however, was quite done up, so we made a stop at Pudi. I think the roughing up the Kinoram tired out all the men. The house at Pudi is a wretchedly dirty place, and the people more miserable and poor than most Dusuns. They 'prayed me for rain,' saying that if the heat continued their crops would wither and they would perish. All their potatoes and kaladis are almost dead for want of rain, and indeed the drought is rather severe. I told them to ask their 'Kinarahingan' for rain, but they said it would be better for me to ask the Kinarahingan, as my asking would surely be answered. It is a curious supposition this of the Dusuns, to attribute anything, whether good or bad, lucky or unlucky, that happens to them to something novel which has arrived in their country.

For instance, my living in Kinoram is thought to have caused the intensely hot weather we have experienced of late. This is attributed to me by all the Dusuns of Kinoram, Munnus, Kias, Lobah, in fact everywhere. I can only conclude that the natives have the most imperfect idea of time, for just now is the close of the dry season, and therefore of course very hot and dry."

These extracts are of the briefest; and yet we have only space to refer to the explorer's last diary, a pencil record of his last expedition, beginning January 6th, and ending March 1st, 1883. It is a daily and often an hourly report of (to quote the words of the Governor of Labuk himself) "an arduous exploring journey up the river Kinabatangan, and his very plucky though unsuccessful attempt to reach the Seguama overland from the former river, during the prevalence of the rainy season. He was compelled to make the journey by sea, and reached the Seguama with his party in open boats on the 27th of February, after what he has described in his diary as a terrible voyage." His duty was to prospect the Seguama district for gold, to the existence of which the testimony of all the natives of the east coast unanimously points. With this object, accompanied by Mr. Beveridge, the companion of all his journeys in Borneo, and by a party of Malays, he ascended the river. His diary is continued to the 1st of March, on which day he enters the note, "Just one year ago left Sandakan for the Labuk,"—the first inland journey he had made in the territory,—and this was to terminate forever all his work in this world. The diary is posted up to 3:40, about the time when he left his boat on his fatal excursion after elephants. Other pens have taken up the story of an expedition, which when it comes to be chronicled will fully establish the Bornean explorer's title to the honors that are being conferred upon his memory. The trophies of the young scientist's work are packed away in the room he used to occupy in the home that knows him no more; but of all those treasures, none are more pathetic than the thumbed log of his last journey, and the compass which he consulted for his last observation.

Joseph Hatton.



LOVE 'S IN THE CALENDAR.

WHEN chinks in April's windy dome
Let through a day of June,
And foot and thought incline to roam,
And every sound 's a tune;
When nature fills a fuller cup,
And hides with green the gray,—
Then, lover, pluck your courage up
To try your fate in May.

Though proud she was as sunset clad
In Autumn's fruity shades,
Love too is proud and brings (gay lad!)
Humility to maids.
Scorn not from nature's mood to learn,
Take counsel of the day:
Since haughty skies to tender turn
Go try your fate in May.

Though cold she seemed as pearly light
Adown December eves,
And stern as night when March winds smite
The beech's lingering leaves;
Yet Love hath seasons like the year,
And grave will turn to gay,—
Then, lover, listen not to fear,
But try your fate in May.

And you whose art it is to hide
The constant love you feel:
Beware, lest overmuch of pride
Your happiness shall steal.
No longer pout, for May is here
And hearts will have their way;
Love's in the calendar, my dear,
So yield to fate in May.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

McCLELLAN'S CHANGE OF BASE.

THE CONFEDERATE PURSUIT.

WILLIS'S CHURCH, ON THE QUAKER ROAD, NEAR GLENDALE. USED AS A CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL AFTER THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

FIVE of the six Confederate divisions north of the Chickahominy at the close of the battle of Gaines's Mill remained in bivouac all the next day (June 28th), it being deemed too hazardous to force the passage of the river in the presence of the enemy. General Ewell was sent with his division to Dispatch Station on the York River railroad. (See map on page 453.) He found the station and the railroad-bridge burnt. J. E. B. Stuart, who followed the retreating Federal cavalry to the White House on the Pamunkey River, found destruction of stations and stores all along the line. These things proved that General McClellan did not intend to retreat by the short line of the York River railroad; but it was possible he might take the Williamsburg road. General Lee, therefore, kept his troops on the north side of the river, that he might be ready to move on the Federal flank, should that route be attempted. New Bridge was repaired on Saturday (the 28th), and our troops were then ready to move in either direction. The burnings and explosions in the Federal camp Saturday afternoon and night showed that General McClellan had determined to abandon his strong fortifications around Richmond. Ewell, who was watching him at Bottom's Bridge, and the cavalry, holding the crossings lower down, both reported that there was no attempt at the Williamsburg route. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were sent across the river at New Bridge early on Sunday morning to move down the Darbytown road to the Long Bridge road to intercept the retreat to the James River. This movement began before it was known that General McClellan had evacuated his stronghold. Lee gave here the first illustration of a quality for which he became noted — the remarkable discernment of his adversary's plans through the study of his character. McClellan could have retreated to Yorktown with as little loss as Johnston sustained on his retreat from it. The roads from Richmond to Yorktown lead through a wooded and swampy country, on which strong rear-guards could have afforded perfect protection to a retreating column without bringing on a general engagement. General Johnston, on his retreat from Yorktown, did fight at Williamsburg, but it was a battle of his own choosing, and not one forced upon him by the vigor of pursuit. Lee had but little idea that McClellan would return to Yorktown, judging rightly that the military pride of his distinguished opponent would not permit him to march back a defeated column to the point from which he had started, a few months before, for the capture of the Confederate capital, with his splendid army and magnificent outfit.* It is a proof of Lee's sagacity that he predicated his orders for an advance upon the belief that General McClellan was too proud a man to fall back by the same route by which the triumphal advance had been made. A great commander must study the mental and moral characteristics of the opposing leader, and Lee was specially endowed with an aptitude in that direction. At the battle of Salzbach, Montecucculi, the Austrian commander, noticed the French troops making a movement so different from the cautious style of his famous rival that he exclaimed, "Either Turenne is dead or mortally wounded." So it proved to be; the French marshal had been killed by a cannon-ball before the movement began.

In pursuance of General Lee's plan, Huger

* The capture of Petersburg would have been almost as disastrous to the South as the capture of Richmond, and for many days Petersburg was at the mercy of the Federal army. There were no troops and no fortifications there when General McClellan reached the James. Some two weeks after the battle of Malvern Hill the first earth-works were begun at Petersburg, by my order.— D. H. H.

was directed (on the 29th) to take the Charles City road to strike the retreating column below White Oak Swamp. Holmes was to take possession of Malvern Hill, and Magruder to follow the line of retreat, as soon as the works were abandoned. The abandonment became known about sunrise on Sunday morning, but Grapevine bridge was not completed till sunset. Jackson then crossed his corps at that point, my division leading. We bivouacked that night near Savage's Station, where McLaws's division had had a severe fight a few hours before. Just at dawn on Monday, the 30th, we were in motion, when I discovered what appeared to be a line of battle drawn up at the station, but which proved to be a line of sick and of hospital attendants, two thousand five hundred in number. About half a mile from the station we saw what seemed to be an entire regiment of Federals cold in death, and learned that a Vermont regiment had made a desperate charge upon the division of McLaws, and had been almost annihilated. From the time of crossing the river, we had evidence everywhere of the precipitate nature of the Federal retreat. Dabney, in his life of Jackson, says:

"The whole country was full of deserted plunder, army wagons, and pontoon trains partially burned or crippled; mounds of grain and rice and hillocks of mess beef smoldering; tens of thousands of axes, picks, and shovels; camp kettles gashed with hatchets; medicine chests with their drugs stirred into a foul medley; and all the apparatus of a vast and lavish host; while the mire under foot was mixed with blankets lately new, and with overcoats torn from the waist up. For weeks afterwards agents of our army were busy in gathering in the spoils. Great stores of fixed ammunition were saved, while more were destroyed."

In our march from Savage's Station my division picked up a thousand prisoners, stragglers from the retreating army, and gathered a large number of abandoned rifles. I detached two regiments (the Fourth and Fifth North Carolina) to take the prisoners and arms to Richmond. We reached White Oak Swamp about noon, and there found another hospital camp, with about five hundred sick in it. Truly, the Chickahominy swamps were fatal to the Federal forces. A high bluff was on our side of the little stream called White Oak, and a large uncultivated field on the other side. In this field could be seen a battery of artillery, supported by a brigade of infantry — artillerists and infantry lying down and apparently asleep. Under cover of Munford's regiment of cavalry, thirty-one field pieces were placed upon the bluff, and were ordered to open fire as soon as the cavalry mask was removed. The battery fired its loaded guns in reply, and then galloped off, followed by its infantry supports and the long lines of infantry farther back in the field. Munford crossed his regiment over the ford, and Jackson and myself went with him to see what had become of the enemy. We soon found out. The battery had taken up a position behind a point of woods, where it was perfectly sheltered from our guns, but could play upon the broken bridge and ford, and upon every part of the uncultivated field. It opened with grape and canister upon us, and we retired rapidly. Fast riding in the wrong direction is not military, but it is sometimes healthy. We had taken one prisoner, a drunken Irishman, but he declined the honor of going back with us, and made fight with his naked fists. A soldier asked me naïvely whether he should shoot the Irishman or let him go. I am glad that I told him to let the man go, to be a comfort to his family. That Irishman must have had a charmed life. He was under the shelter of his gum-cloth coat hung on a stick, near the ford, when a citizen fired at him four times, from a distance of about fifty paces; and the only recognition that I could see the man make was to raise his hand as if to brush off a fly. One of the shells set the farm-house on fire. The owner came out and told us that General "Baldy" Smith was taking a bath in the house at the time. I do not know how refreshing the general found it, or whether the story was true. We learned, however, that Franklin's corps was in front of us, and that item of news was true.

Our cavalry returned by a lower ford, and pronounced it perfectly practicable for infantry. But Jackson did not advance. Why was this? It was the critical day for both commanders, but especially for McClellan. With consummate skill he had crossed his vast train of five thousand wagons and his immense parks of artillery safely over White Oak Swamp, but he was more exposed now than at any time in his flank march. Three columns of attack were converging upon him, and a strong corps was pressing upon his rear. Escape seemed impossible for him, but he *did* escape, at the same time inflicting heavy damage upon his pursuers. General Lee, through no fault in his plans, was to see his splendid prize slip through his hands. Longstreet and A. P. Hill struck the enemy at Frayser's Farm (or Glendale) at 3 P. M. on the 30th, and, both being always ready for a fight, immediately attacked. Magruder, who followed them down the Darbytown road, was ordered to the assistance of General Holmes on the New Market road, who was not then engaged, and their two divisions took no part in the action. Huger, on the Charles City road, came upon Franklin's left flank,*

* See map on page 470.

but made no attack. I sent my engineer officer, Captain W. F. Lee, to him through the swamp, to ask whether he could not engage Franklin. He replied that the road was obstructed by fallen timber. So there were five divisions within sound of the firing, and within supporting distance, but not one of them moved. Longstreet and A. P. Hill made a desperate fight, contending against Sumner's corps, and the divisions of McCall, Kearny, and Hooker; but they failed to gain possession of the Quaker road, upon which McClellan was retreating. That night Franklin glided silently by them. He had to pass within easy range of the artillery of Longstreet and Hill, but they did not know he was there. It had been a gallant fight on their part. General Lee reported: "Many prisoners, including a general of division, McCall, were captured, and several batteries, with some thousands of small arms, were taken." But as an obstruction to the Federal retreat, the fight amounted to nothing.

Major Dabney, in his life of Jackson, thus comments on the inaction of that officer: "On this occasion it would appear, if the vast interests dependent upon General Jackson's coöperation with the proposed attack upon the center were considered, that he came short of the efficiency in action for which he was everywhere else noted." After showing how the crossing of White Oak might have been effected, Dabney adds: "The list of casualties would have been larger than that presented on the 30th, of one cannoneer wounded: but how much shorter would have been the bloody list filled up the next day at Malvern Hill? This temporary eclipse of Jackson's genius was probably to be explained by physical causes. The labor of the previous days, the sleeplessness, the wear of gigantic cares, with the drenching of the comfortless night, had sunk the elasticity of his will and the quickness of his invention for the nonce below their wonted tension. And which of the sons of man is so great as never to experience this?"

I think that an important factor in this inaction was Jackson's pity for his own corps, worn out by long and exhausting marches, and reduced in numbers by its score of sanguinary battles. He thought that the garrison of Richmond ought now to bear the brunt of the fighting. None of us knew that the veterans of Longstreet and A. P. Hill were unsupported; nor did we even know that the firing that we heard was theirs. Had all our troops been at Frayser's Farm, there would have been no Malvern Hill.

Jackson's genius never shone out when under the command of another. It seemed then to be shrouded or paralyzed. Compare his inertness on this occasion with the wonderful vigor shown a few weeks later at Slaughter's Mountain, in the stealthy march to Pope's rear, and later still in the capture of Harper's Ferry. MacGregor on his native heath was not more different from MacGregor in prison, than was Jackson his own master from Jackson in a subordinate position. He wrote once to Richmond requesting that he "might have fewer orders and more men." That was the keynote to his whole character. The hooded falcon cannot strike the quarry.

The gentleman who tried his "splendid rifle" on the drunken Irishman was the Rev. L. W. Allen. Mr. Allen had been raised in that neighborhood, and knew Malvern Hill well. He spoke of its commanding height, the difficulties of approach to it, its amphitheatrical form and ample area, which would enable McClellan to arrange his three hundred and fifty field guns tier above tier and sweep the plain in every direction. I became satisfied that an attack upon the concentrated Federal army so splendidly posted, and with such vast superiority in artillery, could only be fatal to us. The anxious thought then was, Have Holmes and Magruder been able to keep McClellan from Malvern Hill? General Holmes arrived at Malvern at 10:40 A. M. on the 30th, with five thousand one hundred and seventy infantry, four batteries of artillery, and one hundred and thirty improvised or irregular cavalry. He did not attempt to occupy the hill, although only fifteen hundred Federals had yet reached it. Our cavalry had passed over it on the afternoon of the 29th and had had a sharp skirmish with the Federal cavalry on the Quaker road.

As General Holmes marched down the river, his troops became visible to the gunboats, which opened fire upon them, throwing those awe-inspiring shells familiarly called by our men "lamp-posts," on account of their size and appearance. Their explosion was very much like that of a small volcano, and had a very demoralizing effect upon new troops, one of whom expressed the general sentiment by saying: "The Yankees throwed them lamp-posts about too careless like." The roaring, howling gun-boat shells were usually harmless to flesh, blood, and bones, but they had a wonderful effect upon the nervous system. General Junius Daniel, a most gallant and accomplished officer, who had a brigade under General Holmes, gave me an incident connected with the affair on the 30th, known as the "Battle of Malvern Cliff." General Holmes, who was very deaf, had gone into a little house concealed from the boats by some intervening woods, and was engaged in some business when the bellowing of the "lamp-posts" began. The irregular cavalry stam-

peded and made a brilliant charge to the rear. The artillerists of two guns of Graham's Petersburg battery were also panic-struck, and cutting their horses loose mounted them, and, with dangling traces, tried to catch up with the fleet-footed cavaliers. The infantry troops were inexperienced in the wicked ways of war, having never been under fire before. The fright of the fleeing chivalry would have pervaded their ranks also with the same mischievous result but for the strenuous efforts of their officers, part of whom were veterans. Some of the raw levies crouched behind little saplings to get protection from the shrieking, blustering shells. At this juncture General Holmes, who, from his deafness, was totally unaware of the rumpus, came out of the hut, put his hand behind his right ear, and said: "I thought I heard firing." Some of the pale-faced infantry thought that they also had heard firing.

Part of Wise's brigade joined Holmes on the 30th, with two batteries of artillery and two regiments of cavalry. His entire force then consisted of five thousand eight hundred and twenty infantry, six batteries of artillery, and two regiments of cavalry. He remained inactive until 4 P. M., when he was told that the Federal army was passing over Malvern Hill in a demoralized condition. He then opened upon the supposed fugitives with six rifled guns, and was speedily undeceived in regard to the disorganization in the Army of the Potomac by a reply from thirty guns, which in a brief time silenced his own. The audacity of the Federals and the large number of their guns (which had gone in advance of the main body of Porter's corps) made General Holmes believe that he was about to be attacked, and he called for assistance, and, by Longstreet's order, Magruder was sent to him. After a weary march, Magruder was recalled to aid Longstreet; but the day was spent in fruitless marching and countermarching, so that his fine body of troops took no part in what might have been a decisive battle at Frayser's Farm. General Holmes was a veteran soldier of well-known personal courage, but he was deceived as to the strength and intentions of the enemy. General Porter says that the force opposed to General Holmes consisted of Warren's brigade and the Eleventh U. S. Infantry; in all, fifteen hundred infantry and thirty pieces of artillery. Here was afforded an example of the proneness to overestimate the number of troops opposed to us. The Federals reported Holmes to have twenty-five thousand men, and he thought himself confronted by a large part of McClellan's army. That night he fell back to a stronger position,* thinking apparently that there would be an "on to Richmond" movement by the River Road. He lost two killed, forty-nine wounded, two pieces of artillery, and six caissons. The guns and caissons, General Porter states, were afterwards abandoned by the Federals. General Holmes occupied the extreme Confederate right the next day, July 1st, but he took no part in the attack upon Malvern Hill, believing, as he says in his official report, "that it was out of the question to attack the strong position of Malvern Hill from that side with my inadequate force."

Mahone's brigade had some skirmishing with Slocum's Federal division on the 30th, but nothing else was done on that day by Huger's division. Thus it happened that Longstreet and A. P. Hill, with the fragments of their divisions shattered at Gaines's Mill, were struggling alone, while Jackson's whole corps and the divisions of Huger, Magruder, Holmes, McLaws, and my own were near by.

Jackson moved over the Swamp early on the first of July, Whiting's division leading. Our march was much delayed by the crossing of troops and trains. At Willis's Church I met General Lee. He bore grandly his terrible disappointment of the day before, and made no allusion to it. I gave him Mr. Allen's description of Malvern Hill, and presumed to say, "If General McClellan is there in force, we had better let him alone." Longstreet laughed and said, "Don't get scared, now that we have got him whipped." It was this belief in the demoralization of the Federal army that made our leader risk the attack. It was near noon when Jackson reached the immediate neighborhood of Malvern Hill. Some time was spent in reconnoitering, and in making tentative efforts with our few batteries to ascertain the strength and position of the enemy. I saw Jackson helping with his own hands to push Riley's North Carolina battery farther forward. It was soon disabled, the woods around us being filled with shrieking and exploding shells. I noticed an artilleryman seated comfortably behind a very large tree, and apparently feeling very secure. A moment later a shell passed through the huge tree and took off the man's head. This gives an idea of the great power of the Federal rifled artillery. Whiting's division was ordered to the left of the Quaker road, and mine to the right; Ewell's was in reserve. Jackson's own division had been halted at Willis's Church. The divisions of Magruder, Huger, and McLaws were still farther over to my right. Those of Longstreet and A. P. Hill were in reserve on the right and were not engaged.

At length we were ordered to advance.

* Half a mile below the upper gate at Curl's Neck. (See Holmes's Report, Vol. XI., Pt. 2, Rebellion Records.)—D. H. H.

The brigade of General Joseph R. Anderson first encountered the enemy, and its commander was wounded and borne from the field. His troops, however, crossed the creek and took position in the woods, commanded by Colonel C. C. Tew, a skillful and gallant man. Rodes being sick, his brigade was commanded by that peerless soldier, Colonel J. B. Gordon. Ripley, Garland, and Colquitt also got over without serious loss. My five brigade commanders and myself now made an examination of the enemy's position.* He was found to be strongly posted on a commanding hill, all the approaches to which could be swept by his artillery and were guarded by swarms of infantry, securely sheltered by fences, ditches, and ravines. We remained a long while awaiting orders, when I received the following:

July 1, 1862.

GENERAL D. H. HILL: Batteries have been established to act upon the enemy's line. If it is broken, as is probable, Armistead,† who can witness the effect of the fire, has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same. R. H. CHILTON, A. A. G.

A similar order was sent to each division commander. However, only one battery of our artillery came up at a time, and each successive one, as it took position, had fifty pieces turned upon it, and was crushed in a minute. Not knowing what to do under the circumstances, I wrote to General Jackson that the condition upon which the order was predicated was not fulfilled, and that I wanted instructions. He replied to advance when I heard the shouting. We did advance at the signal, and after an unassisted struggle for an hour and a half, and after meeting with some success, we were compelled to fall back under cover of the woods. Magruder advanced at the same signal, having portions of the divisions of Huger and McLaws, comprising the brigades of Mahone, Wright, Barksdale, Ransom, Cobb, Semmes, Kershaw, Armistead, and G. T. Anderson. But he met with some delay, and did not get in motion till he received a second order from General Lee, and we were then beaten.

The Comte de Paris, who was on McClellan's staff, gives this account of the charge of my most gallant division:

"Hill advanced alone against the Federal positions. . . . He had therefore before him Morell's right, Couch's division, reënforced by Caldwell's brigade . . . and finally the left of Kearny.* The woods skirting the foot of Malvern Hill had hitherto protected the Confederates, but as soon as they passed beyond the edge of the forest, they were received by a fire from all the batteries at once, some posted on the hill, others ranged midway, close to the Federal infantry. The latter joined its musketry fire to the cannonade when Hill's first line had come within range, and threw it back in disorder on the reserves. While it was re-forming, new (Federal) battalions marched up to the assault in their turn. The remembrance of Cold Harbor doubles the energy of Hill's soldiers. They try to pierce the line, sometimes at one point, sometimes at another, charging Kearny's left first, and Couch's right, . . . and afterwards throwing themselves upon the left of Couch's division. But here also, after nearly reaching the Federal positions, they are repulsed. The conflict is carried on with great fierceness on both sides, and, for a moment, it seems as if the Confederates are at last about to penetrate the very center of their adversaries and of the formidable artillery, which but now was dealing destruction in their ranks. But Sumner, who commands on the right, detaches Sickles's and Meagher's brigades successively to Couch's assistance. During this time, Whiting on the left, and Huger on the right, suffer Hill's soldiers to become exhausted without supporting them. Neither Lee nor Jackson has sent the slightest order, and the din of the battle which is going on in their immediate vicinity has not sufficed to make them march against the enemy. . . . At seven o'clock Hill reorganized the *débris* of his troops in the woods; . . . his tenacity and the courage of his soldiers have only had the effect of causing him to sustain heavy losses." (Pp. 141-142, Vol. II.)

Truly, the courage of the soldiers was sublime! Battery after battery was in their hands for a few moments, only to be wrested away by fresh troops of the enemy. If one division could effect this much, what might have been done had the other nine coöperated with it!

General Lee says:

"D. H. Hill pressed forward across the open field and engaged the enemy gallantly, breaking and driving back his first line; but a simultaneous advance of the other troops not taking place, he found himself unable to maintain the ground he had gained against the overwhelming numbers and the numerous batteries of the enemy. Jackson sent to his support his own division, and that part of Ewell's which was in reserve; but owing to the increasing darkness, and the intricacy of the forest and swamp, they did not arrive in time to render the desired assistance. Hill was therefore compelled to abandon part of the ground that he had gained, after suffering severe loss and inflicting heavy damage upon the enemy."

I never saw anything more grandly heroic than the advance after sunset of the nine brigades under Magruder's orders.§ Unfortunately, they did not move together, and were beaten in detail. As each brigade emerged from the woods, from fifty to one hundred guns opened upon it, tearing great gaps in its ranks; but the heroes reeled on and were shot down by the reserves at the guns, which a few squads reached. Most of them had an open field half a mile wide to cross, and this under the terrible fire of field artillery in front, and the

* See map on page 477.

† Immediately on my right.—D. H. H.

§ Toombs's brigade belonged to this command, but had been moved up to the assistance of my division by my order when we were hard pressed. It was not, therefore, in the final attack made by Magruder.—D. H. H.

fire of the heavy ordnance of the gun-boats in their rear. It was not war — it was murder.

Our loss was double that of the Federals at Malvern Hill. Not only did the fourteen brigades which were engaged suffer, but also the inactive troops and those brought up as reserves too late to be of any use met many casualties from the fearful artillery fire which reached all parts of the woods for miles around. Hence, more than half the casualties were from the Federal field-pieces — an unprecedented thing in warfare. The artillery practice was kept up till nine o'clock at night. The darkness of the night added to the glory of the pyrotechnics, and though we were on the wrong side of the belching flames, we could not help looking at the gorgeous display with admiration, and even with enthusiasm. It was quite late when I had posted for the night the last of the reënforcements that had come up when the battle was over. A half hour before the last disposition was made, an incident occurred which is thus related by General Trimble:

"I proposed to General D. H. Hill to ride forward and reconnoiter the enemy's position. We approached within one hundred steps of the enemy's batteries, and could hear plainly the ordinary tone of conversation. The guns were then firing on the woods to our left, where the last attack had been made, at right angles to that part of the field we were then in. I suggested to General Hill the advantage of making an attack on this battery, and that it must be successful, as the enemy would not expect one from our position, and under cover of the darkness we could approach them undiscovered. General Hill did not seem inclined to make the movement."

The chivalrous Trimble proposed to make the attack with his own brigade, but there were many troops now in the woods, and I thought that the attack would but expose them to a more intense artillery fire. We saw men going about with lanterns, looking up and carrying off dead and wounded. There were no pickets out, and the rumbling of wheels in the distance seemed to indicate that the retreat had begun. The morning revealed the bare plateau stripped of its terrible batteries.

The battle of Malvern Hill was a disaster to the Confederates, and the fourteen brigades that had been so badly repulsed were much demoralized. But there were six divisions intact, and they could have made a formidable fight on the 2d.

Possibly owing to the belief that Longstreet and A. P. Hill were making a march between Malvern and Harrison's Landing, the retreat was the most disorderly that took place. Wagons and ambulances were abandoned, knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, clothing, and rifles by the thousand were thrown away by the Federals. Colonel Nance, of the Third South Carolina regiment, gathered nine hundred and twenty-five rifles in fine condition that had been thrown away in the wheat-field at Shirley, a farm between Malvern and Haxall's.

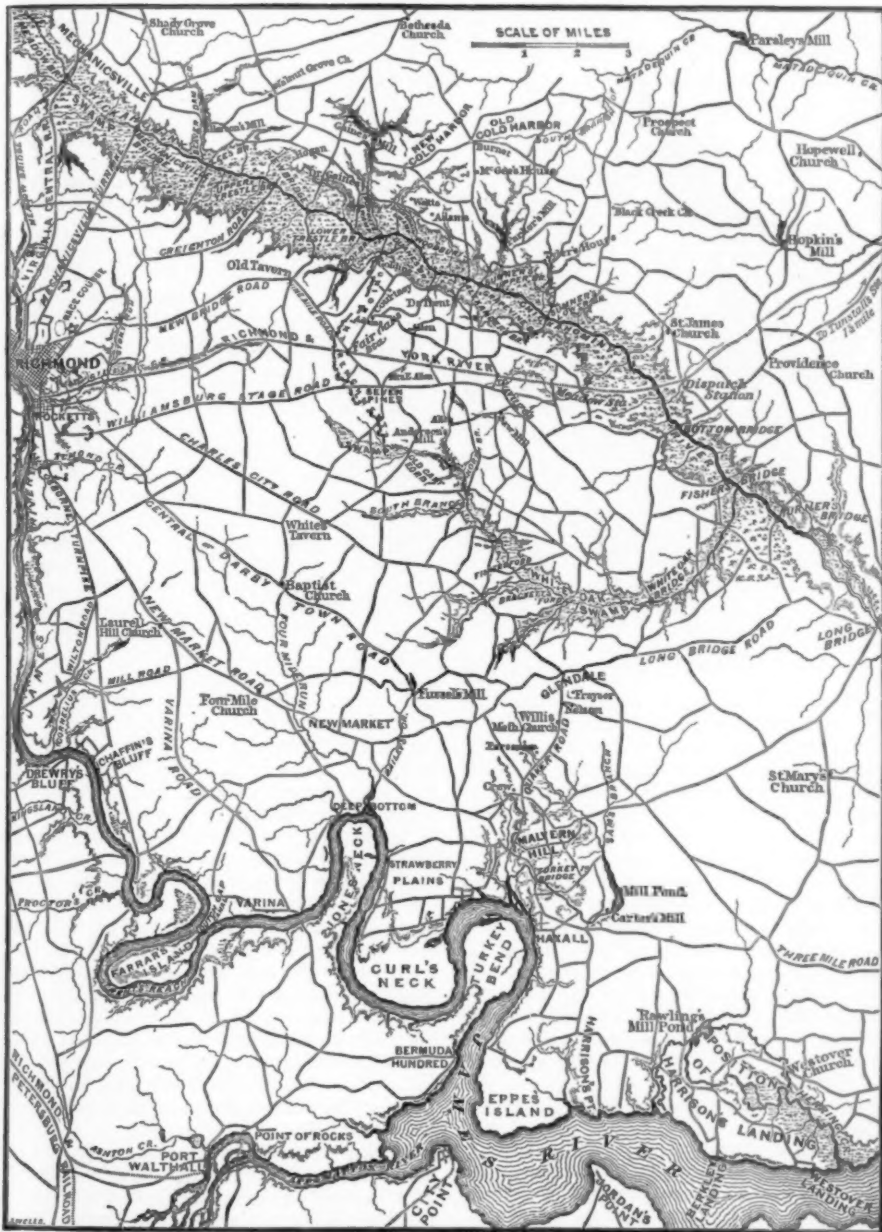
The fruits of the Seven Days' Fighting were the relief of Richmond, the capture of ten thousand prisoners, fifty-two pieces of artillery, and thirty-five thousand stands of arms, and the destruction or capture of many military stores.

I have not the means of ascertaining the relative losses. I crossed the Chickahominy with 10,000 effective men. Of these, 3907 were killed or wounded, and forty-eight were reported missing, either captured or fugitives from the field. With the infantry and artillery detached, and the losses before Malvern Hill, I estimate that my division in that battle was 6500 strong, and that the loss was 2000. Magruder puts his force at between 26,000 and 28,000 (I think a very high estimate), and states his loss as 2900.

Throughout this campaign we attacked just when and where the enemy wished us to attack. This was owing to our ignorance of the country and lack of reconnaissance of the successive battle-fields. Porter's weak point at Gaines's Mill was his right flank. A thorough examination of the ground would have disclosed that; and had Jackson's command gone in on the left of the road running by the McGee house, Porter's whole position would have been turned, and the line of retreat cut off. An armed reconnaissance at Malvern would have shown the immense preponderance of the Federal artillery, and that a contest with it must be hopeless. The battle, with all its melancholy results, proved, however, that the Confederate infantry and Federal artillery, side by side on the same field, need fear no foe on earth.

Both commanders had shown great ability. McClellan, if not always great in the advance, was most masterly in retreat, and is unquestionably the greatest of Americans as an organizer of an army. Lee's plans were perfect; and had not his dispositions for a decisive battle at Frayser's Farm miscarried, through no fault of his own, he would have won a most complete victory. It was not the least part of his greatness that he did not complain of his disappointment, and that he at no time sought a scape-goat upon which to lay a failure. As reunited Americans, we have reason to be proud of both commanders.

D. H. Hill.



REGION OF THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING.

REAR-GUARD FIGHTING AT SAVAGE'S STATION,

AND THE ENGAGEMENT, THE FOLLOWING DAY (JUNE 30), AT WHITE OAK BRIDGE.

WOODBURY'S BRIDGE ACROSS THE CHICKAHOMINY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1862.)

THE positions of the troops holding the Union line on the south side of the Chickahominy on the 26th of June, 1862 (the day before the battle of Gaines's Mill), were the following: General W. F. Smith's division of my corps, the Sixth, held the right of the line, its right resting on the hill overlooking the Chickahominy, and my other division, General Slocum's, was next on the left. Going towards the left, General Sumner's corps came next, then General Heintzelman's, and then, on the extreme left reaching to White Oak Swamp, General Keyes's corps. On the 26th an epaulement was thrown up by the troops of the Sixth Corps in a wheat-field in front of our lines, which was ready for guns on the morning of the 27th. During the night of the 26th five batteries of the reserve artillery, under the command of Colonel (now General) Getty, were collected in rear of the epaulement, ready to take position in it and commence a heavy artillery fire on the enemy's line in front of Golding's Farm. (See map, page 453. Golding's is near the Chickahominy on the extreme right of the Union intrenched line.) Five days' rations, cold tea in the canteens, etc., etc., had been issued, so that everything was ready to follow up the projected bombardment, which it was presumed would commence on the morning of the 27th. But on the evening of the 26th the fight at Beaver Dam Creek occurred, and General McClellan called at my headquarters on his way to confer with General Porter as to his operations of the next day. I was then absent at General Slocum's headquarters, conferring with him in regard to the attack we were expecting to make, and therefore missed General McClellan, so that I received no word from him until the next morning.

About daylight on the 27th I received orders to send General Slocum's division across the Chickahominy to report to General Porter. This order was countermanded a short time after the division had started by way of Woodbury's Bridge, and it returned to its station. About 10:30 o'clock in the morning the enemy opened on our artillery with theirs, doubtless unaware of the presence of the five batteries of reserve artillery mentioned above. The fire was kept up for an hour, and as theirs slackened, so did ours, until both sides ceased firing. Two hours before the bombardment began I received orders not to do anything to bring on a general engagement, and after the cessation of the artillery fire everything was quiet in our front for several hours. At two o'clock I was ordered again to send General Slocum's division to report to General Porter. It went accordingly, became engaged at once in the battle of Gaines's Mill, lost very heavily, and did not return to its station until after nightfall.

During the afternoon several of the heavy guns with us were used with effect on columns of the enemy on the north side of the Chickahominy moving against General Porter, causing them to fall back and seek some other route of attack. The range was about two and one-half miles. About sundown General Hancock's brigade, which held the extreme right of Gen-

A SAMPLE OF THE CHICKAHOMINY SWAMP. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH, 1862.)

eral Smith's line, was attacked furiously by the enemy. It was nearly dark when the fight began, and the combatants were not fifty yards apart; but General Hancock was, as usual, equal to the occasion, and the enemy was driven back. This fight was preceded by a severe artillery fire from the enemy, which, however, was soon silenced. This day's operations of Smith's division were known as "the action at Golding's Farm."

The position held by General Smith's division was about one and one-half miles from the Gaines's Mill field; and possibly because the interval was filled with dense timber, not a gun of the Gaines's Mill battle was heard by the troops in our vicinity.

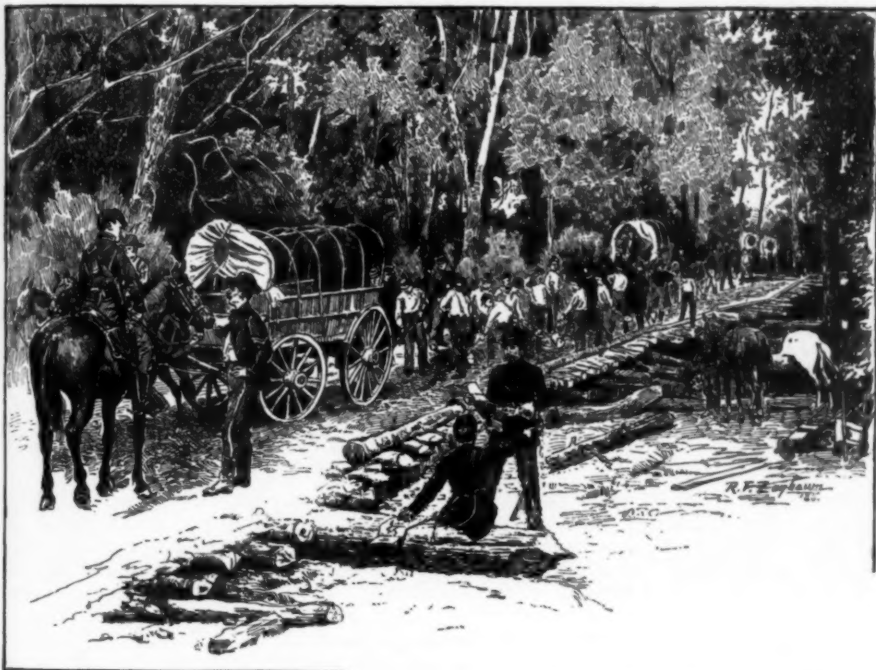
The next morning, the 28th of June, General Smith's division was moved to the rear and left of the clearing of Golding's Farm; General Slocum's division remaining to the rear and right of Smith, where it had taken position the night before. During this retrograde movement the enemy kept up a lively cannonade from the left, front, and right, doing wonderfully little harm. That evening the corps commanders were assembled at McClellan's headquarters at the Trent house. The commanding general announced to us his purpose to begin a movement to the James River on the next day, and each corps commander was furnished with a map on which were laid

THE RETREAT FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY. (FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE FIELD AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

[The scene is near McClellan's headquarters at Dr. Trent's farm, before daylight on Sunday, June 29; the Sixth Corps (Franklin's) is falling back; the fires are from the burning of commissary stores and forage; the artillery in position covers the approaches from the Chickahominy, the artillerymen resting underneath the guns. The regiment in the middle ground is the 16th New York, who wore straw hats in this campaign, and were, partly in consequence, such conspicuous targets for the enemy that in the Seven Days' fighting they lost 228 men.— EDITOR.]

down the positions that the respective corps were to hold until the next evening, when all the troops remaining near their present positions were to move across the White Oak Swamp *en route* for the James. The assembly broke up about two o'clock in the morning, and each corps commander had all the information necessary to determine his action for the 29th, should nothing unforeseen occur.

The relative position of the Sixth Corps was not changed. General Smith's division was still to have its right on the Chickahominy, extending down the river, where it was to touch the left of General McCall's division, which, however, played no part in holding the line on June 29th, as it crossed White Oak Swamp early in the day.



UNION TROOPS BUILDING THE CORDUROY APPROACHES TO GRAPEVINE BRIDGE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, 1862.)

[It was mainly by this bridge that the Union troops were withdrawn the night after the battle of Gaines's Mill.]

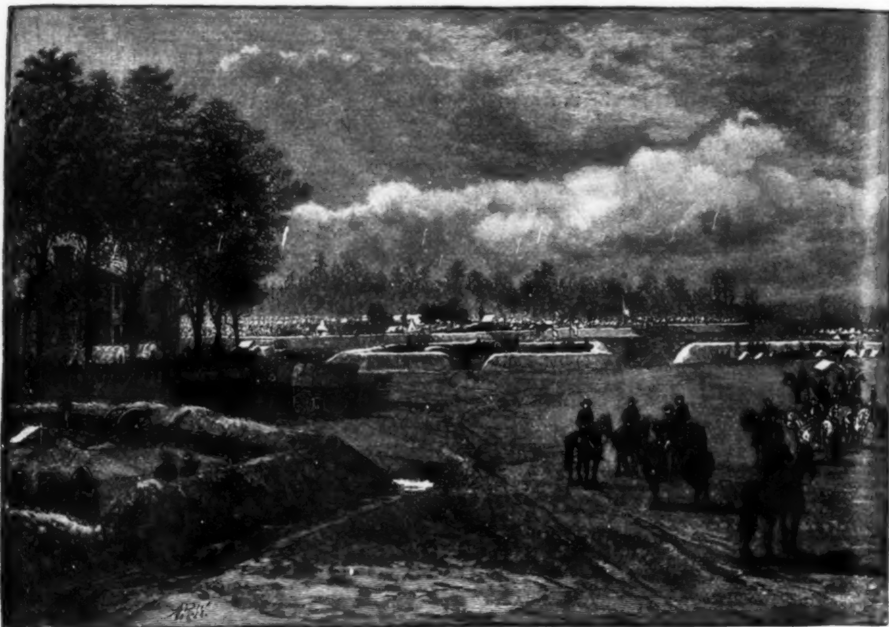
General Slocum's division was to be at Savage's Station, in reserve. Then came General Sumner's corps and General Heintzelman's. General Keyes's was to cross the White Oak Swamp at once. General Porter's corps had already crossed the swamp, and was under orders to press forward to a position on the James River.

This new line was about two miles nearer the White Oak bridge than the intrenched line in front of Fair Oaks and Golding's Farm (described above), and was nearly parallel. It was much shorter than the old line, its left reaching nearly to the swamp, and its right to the brink of the Chickahominy hills. This second line was about three-quarters of a mile in front of Savage's Station on the York River Railroad, which had been the depot for unloading and storing supplies for the troops that held the old line, and where had been gathered in tents two thousand five hundred sick and wounded, most of the latter from Gaines's Mill.

General Slocum's and General Smith's divisions both moved to their new positions before daylight of Sunday, the 29th of June — the day of the fighting at Savage's Station. As General Slocum's division had suffered so severely in the battle of Gaines's Mill, and had not yet recovered from its exhaustion, General McClellan ordered it to cross White Oak Swamp at once, and it accordingly left its position. Through some inadvertence I was not informed of this change of plan; so when I joined General Smith early in the morning, I found him in his proper position,

THE RETREAT FROM THE CHICKAHOMINY. (FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE FIELD AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

[The scene is near McClellan's headquarters at Dr. Trent's farm, before daylight on Sunday, June 29; the Sixth Corps (Franklin's) is falling back; the fires are from the burning of commissary stores and forage; the artillery in position covers the approaches from the Chickahominy, the artillerymen resting underneath the guns. The regiment in the middle ground is the 16th New York, who wore straw hats in this campaign, and were, partly in consequence, such conspicuous targets for the enemy that in the Seven Days' fighting they lost 228 men.— EDITOR.]



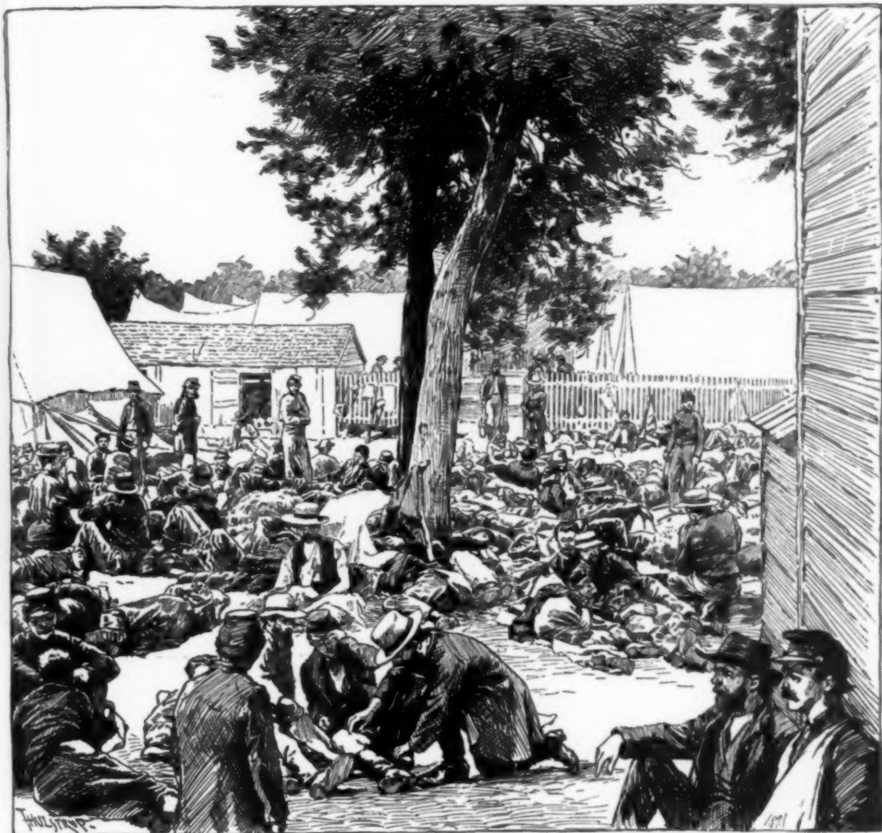
THE SECOND LINE OF UNION WORKS AT FAIR OAKS STATION, LOOKING SOUTH. (FROM SKETCH MADE ON THE FIELD BY A. R. WAUD.)

[On the day of the battle of Gaines's Mill the Confederates made demonstrations along the front of McClellan's left wing, of which Fair Oaks Station was the center. After the battle of Seven Pines this position had been greatly strengthened, as may be seen by comparing the above picture with the sketches of the same position in the May CENTURY.—EDITOR.]

but with an interval of more than a mile between him and the troops on the left. It was soon learned, by sending out cavalry, that General Sumner had not moved from the position that he held the day before, and was, at the very time we learned this fact, engaged with the enemy at Allen's Farm. It was also apparent that straggling parties of the enemy were in front of the interval already mentioned. These circumstances

DR. TRENT'S FARM-HOUSE. (PRESENT ASPECT.)

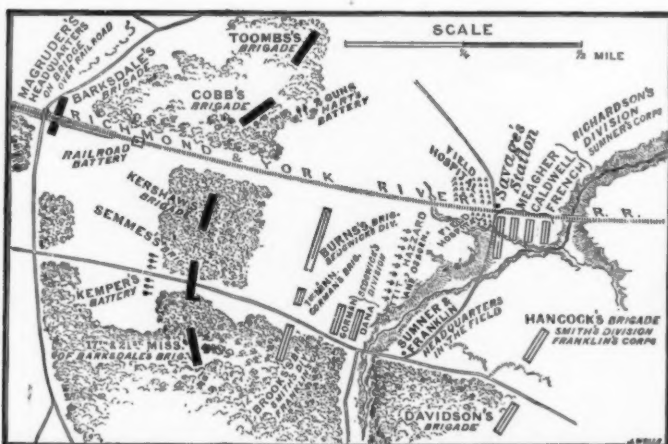
[General McClellan's headquarters were in a tent under the two trees at the right. The Chickahominy lies to the left behind the house, and is a little more than half a mile distant.—EDITOR.]



FIELD HOSPITAL AT SAVAGE'S STATION, AFTER THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH.)

showed an alarming state of things, and General Smith and I rode over to Savage's Station to learn something of the positions of other troops. We found no troops in the vicinity except General Meagher's brigade and the Fifteenth Massachusetts Infantry, which had been sent to the station to destroy the stores that had to be abandoned. I at once wrote General Sumner, describing the situation, and informing him that I should move General Smith's division to Savage's Station, the vicinity of which offered a good fighting position, and advising him to bring his corps to that place. He answered the note at once, telling me that he was then engaged with the enemy, and that as soon as things were quiet he would join me with his corps. Soon after I had sent to General Sumner General Heintzelman rode up, and I told him what I had done. He approved, and said that he would also join us at the station with his corps. He afterwards changed his mind, however, and instead of halting in the wood in front of the station, as we naturally supposed he would, he marched off towards White Oak bridge, hidden from us by the woods, and crossed the swamp, so that we saw him no more that day, supposing, nevertheless, until we were attacked by the enemy, that his troops were in position on a part of our front.* General

* General Heintzelman in his report says: "The whole open space near Savage's was crowded with troops — more than I supposed could be brought into action judiciously." He then states that an aide of the commanding general was with him to point out the road for his crossing. "I ordered the whole of my corps to take this road, with the exception of Osborn's and Bramhall's batteries." These were turned over to General Smith's division.— W. B. F.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE AT SAVAGE'S STATION.

[The order in which the Union troops entered the fight has by request been described for THE CENTURY by General William W. Burns, in a letter dated Governor's Island, May 10, 1885, in which he says:

"The enemy appearing in the woods west of Savage's Station, General Sumner sent me forward to occupy the space between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. Thinking that two regiments of my brigade would suffice, I led them forward to the fences, at the edge of the woods on the west side of the clearing, about five hundred yards distant from the ravine on the east side of the clearing. General Sumner had his headquarters east of this wooded ravine and could not observe what was occurring on the west side of the open field.

"When I reached the fences I sent skirmishers through the belt of trees, and found the enemy advancing on the Williamsburg road and on the railroad, where General Lee's famous railroad monitor was slowly approaching. I had to throw back the right company of the right regiment, the Seventy-second Pennsylvania, to rake the monitor. Then I found my two regiments not enough to extend across between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. I sent an aide in haste after my other two regiments, informing General Sumner of the situation. The First Minnesota, of Gorman's brigade, being most handy, was first sent, my two reserve regiments following. While placing the First Minnesota on the left to extend across the Williamsburg road, the battle began. My right flank swept the railroad monitor, which had advanced to the edge of the woods, and it ran back. The battle moved to my left and I discovered that our works east of Seven Pines had been evacuated by Heintzelman. I threw back the left flank of the First Minnesota across the Williamsburg road and sent the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania of my brigade to prolong the left, to prevent the turning movement of the enemy; at the same time informing General Sumner of the conditions in front. He would not believe that Heintzelman had withdrawn until I sent my last mounted man, urging and demanding reënforcements. The Seventy-first Pennsylvania (also called the First California), of my brigade, arriving, I placed it behind the center of my line where a gap had been made by extending the First Minnesota to the left. General Franklin sent General Brooks's brigade to the left of my line to check the turning movement of the enemy, and Sumner, when he realized that Heintzelman had withdrawn, sent Gorman's and Dana's brigades to my support in front.

"General Sumner formed the Eighty-eighth New York, of Meagher's brigade, and the Fifth New Hampshire, of Caldwell's brigade, for a charge. A mass of men came up in my rear in full yell. I halted the crowd and asked for their commander. 'I am Captain Quinlan of the Eighty-eighth New York, sir,' exclaimed an officer. I got them into line (about two hundred and fifty men), facing up the Williamsburg road, which was raked by the grape and canister of the enemy's batteries. I gave the command, Double quick — charge! They went in with a hurrah, and the enemy's battery fell back. General McClellan mistakenly gave the credit of that gallant charge to the Sixty-ninth New York. It seems that the Fifth New Hampshire halted before the charge which General Sumner had put in motion reached me.

"I was shot in the face with a minie-ball at the time the enemy broke through the gap in the center. There we had a hand-to-hand encounter, which determined the day in our favor. At nightfall I relieved the first line, its ammunition being exhausted, with the Seventy-first Pennsylvania, the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, and the Eighty-second New York. My report of the Seven Days' fighting was made at Harrison's Bar in hot July. I was prostrated with my wound, malaria, and twenty-eight days of constant strain, and was unable to write or to collect my thoughts. The battle at Glendale on the 30th of June, the next day after that of Savage's Station, was saved by my brigade, which kept the enemy from piercing the center of the Army of the Potomac; but, like the instance above, history has given the credit to 'General Misunderstanding,' who, in history, fights most battles. — William W. Burns."

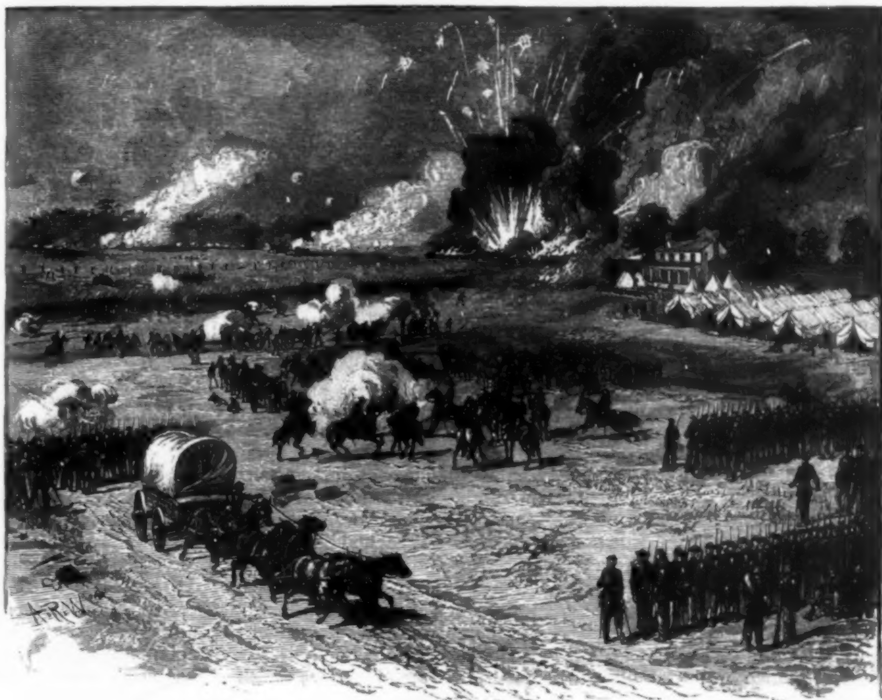
Parts of Hazzard's, Pettit's, and Osborn's batteries were engaged on the Union side.

The Confederate infantry north of the railroad (Cobb's, Toombs's, and Anderson's brigades) did not take an active part in the battle. Anderson's brigade is not shown, its position being outside the northern bounds of the map.

The Confederate artillery engaged comprised Kemper's battery, two guns of Hart's battery, and Lieutenant Barry's "32-pounder rifled gun mounted on a rail-car, and protected from cannon-shot by a sloping roof, in front, covered with plates of iron, through which a port-hole had been pierced." — EDITOR.]

Smith's division arrived at the station about noon or shortly after, and took position on the left in a wood. General Sumner's corps, consisting of General Sedgwick's and General Richardson's divisions, arrived about 2 P. M.

There was a cleared field of several acres on the north side of the railroad which was occupied by a camp hospital, containing about twenty-five hundred sick and wounded men. The field was filled with hospital tents laid out in rows, each tent containing fifteen or twenty men on comfortable, clean beds, with the necessary surgeons and attendants. South of the railroad, and between it and the Williamsburg road, was another clearing, east of which was a ravine running obliquely across the railroad, its edges skirted by trees, and the ravine itself filled with undergrowth. This clearing was nearly square, and was about one-third or one-half mile in length and breadth. In front of the ravine were some small hills which made good shelter for the troops; and west of the clearing was timber, where we supposed General Heintzelman's troops to be; on the left of the Williamsburg road was timber also, and General Smith's division was in position therein. Sumner's corps took position in the clearing between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. It consisted of two divisions of infantry, Sedgwick's and Richardson's. Burns's brigade of Sedgwick's division was in front, Sedgwick's other two brigades being just behind. The three brigades of Richardson's division, Meagher having joined him, were farther to the rear, but more to the right. Three batteries of field artillery, Hazzard's, Pettit's, and Osborn's, were posted towards the left, near the front of the ravine.



BATTLE OF SAVAGE'S STATION. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

[The 2500 sick and wounded in the field hospitals, and attendants were left behind when the army fell back from Savage's Station, during the night following the engagement. The explosion on the railway is of an ordnance train. Other ordnance trains were set on fire and were run back to Bottom's bridge where they plunged into the Chickahominy.—EDITOR.]

The day was hot and sultry and wore away slowly as we waited either to be attacked or at nightfall to start for White Oak bridge. Large quantities of all kinds of quartermasters' and other stores, partly in cars, were burning at the station, and at intervals shells would burst as the fire reached them, jarring the nerves of the tired and expectant men.

THE ARTILLERY ENGAGEMENT AT WHITE OAK BRIDGE. (BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER A SKETCH MADE BY HIM AT THE TIME.)

[Ascending the north slope the road bends to the left, the upper side being skirted by woods along the edge of which the Confederate artillery took position.—EDITOR.]

Shortly before 4 o'clock General Sedgwick and I rode over to the hospital to visit some of our wounded friends, whose condition was found to be as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. From the hospital we started to make a call upon General Heintzelman, whose supposed position has already been described. As we rode over the open field we saw a group of men come out of a wood on the north of the railroad, but some distance from the place where we expected to find Heintzelman. I thought they were our men, but General Sedgwick looked at them more closely, stopped, and exclaimed: "Why, those men are rebels!" We then turned back in as dignified a manner as the circumstances would permit. But we had hardly started when they opened on us with a field-piece, keeping up a lively and uncomfortable fire. A second piece soon joined the first and they kept up the fire until they were silenced by our batteries. This ludicrous incident prevented what might have been a disastrous surprise for our whole force. A few minutes afterwards, before we had reached our troops, the signal-officers reported the approach of a force of infantry and a railroad car upon which was a rifled cannon, from the direction of Richmond. This artillery car halted in a cut of the railroad a little distance in front of the station, and at once began to shell the troops in the open field, and so about five o'clock the fight was begun. I immediately sought General Sumner, to inform him of the situation and get instructions. He had been fighting at the head of his corps during the morning, and being much exhausted, was asleep when I reached his headquarters. I awoke him, and in a short time he had ordered two regiments of General Burns's brigade to attack at a point in the timber in front near the Williamsburg road, where the enemy's infantry had by this time appeared. These regiments entered the wood, and before they became engaged were joined by the First Minnesota Regiment. General Burns extended his line to the vicinity of the railroad, so that its center was necessarily weak. During this movement the enemy's artillery played with effect upon our troops, but was answered and finally silenced by the three batteries on our side already mentioned.

The enemy made the infantry attack with great fury, and pierced the center of General Burns's line. General Burns was wounded but remained on the field. At this time General Sumner placed himself in front of two regiments and waved his hat. With a cheer they moved forward at double time to the endangered place in General Burns's line, enabling him to rectify it and drive the enemy from his front. Several other regiments joined General Burns's line at about the same time, but the fight was over not long after the charge, and the enemy was driven from the wood. A Confederate battery placed near the Williamsburg road was compelled to withdraw in haste. On

the left General Brooks's brigade of General Smith's division, Sixth Corps, moved forward, with its right on the Williamsburg road, against a force of the enemy that was moving south of that road in the wood skirting the open field. It steadily drove back the enemy, meeting with heavy loss, particularly in the Fifth Vermont Regiment, and darkness ended the fight. General Brooks was wounded in the leg, but did not leave the field. Hancock's and Davidson's brigades were posted some distance to the rear to repel an anticipated attack from the right and rear, but were not engaged. When the fight was over, our troops held the contested ground, and their behavior throughout the fight had been admirable.

The Confederate force engaged in this fight was commanded by General J. B. Magruder, and consisted of Semmes's and Kershaw's brigades, Kemper's battery; and two regiments of Barksdale's brigade opposite our left. Cobb's division and two guns of Hart's battery were north of the railroad to the right of our line. Cobb's infantry was not engaged.

About a half hour after the fight was ended, I suggested to General Sumner that if he had no objection I would carry out the commanding general's orders, so far as I was concerned, and cross the White Oak Swamp with General Smith's division. We were then on the field. His answer was, "No, General, you shall not go, nor will I go—I never leave a victorious field. Why! if I had twenty thousand more men, I would crush this rebellion." I then told him that I would show him a dispatch from General McClellan directing that all of the troops should cross during that night. With some difficulty a candle was found and lighted, and the general read the dispatch. After reading it he exclaimed, with some excitement, "General McClellan did not know the circumstances when he wrote that note. He did not know that we would fight a battle and gain a victory." I was at my wit's end. I knew that General McClellan's arrangements did anticipate a fight exactly like that just over, and that unless the whole force was on the other side of the swamp by the next morning, his movement might be seriously delayed. Moreover, I believed that if we staid where we were, the enemy would be upon us in force enough to defeat us utterly on the next morning, endangering the remainder of the army. Yet, by all military usage I was under General Sumner's orders. At this juncture General Smith asked me to introduce Lieutenant Berry, his aide-de-camp, to General Sumner. After the introduction, Lieutenant Berry told General Sumner that he had seen General McClellan only a short time before, that he knew there had been a fight, and fully expected that all of the troops would cross the swamp that night. General Sumner was convinced by this statement, and with great reluctance permitted me to continue the movement towards the swamp, he following immediately after.

General Smith's division crossed the White Oak bridge about three o'clock on the morning of June 30th, and went into position on the left of the road leading from the bridge towards the James River. The batteries of the division were already there in position. It faced about so that its left rested upon the road, the division bearing southward from the road. At the same time I reported to McClellan at his headquarters, which were in a clearing not far from the crossing.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. F. SMITH.

The rear of Sumner's corps, Richardson's division, crossed the bridge at ten o'clock in the morning, destroyed it, and took position some distance on Smith's left, nearly in line with him. Both divisions guarded the crossing.

After the fight at Savage's Station was over, Hazzard's battery of Richardson's division was unhitched, its captain not supposing there was to be any further movement that night, and the men and horses went to sleep, as usual when there was opportunity, which was not often in those days. The division, as has been told, moved off, and by accident no notice of the movement was sent to Captain Hazzard. On the next morning he heard reveillé sounded by drums and trumpets from positions that he knew our troops did not hold the evening before. Everything in his vicinity was quiet. He took in the situation at once. He had been left behind, and the enemy might be upon him at any moment. He had the battery quietly hitched up, sent the caissons off in

THE REAR GUARD AT WHITE OAK SWAMP—SHOWING GENERAL W. F. SMITH'S DIVISION. (DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT AFTER HIS PAINTING OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK.)

advance, and bringing up the rear with two guns ready to open on a pursuing force, started off at a walk. When he was clear of the field he ordered the battery to trot; and without harm arrived at the White Oak bridge at that pace just as General Richardson was destroying it. He crossed in safety. He found on the road many stragglers who were coolly wandering along with no suspicion that they were behind everybody, and he, by his warning, was the means of saving many soldiers from a Richmond prison. The pluck and coolness shown in this exploit of Captain Hazzard were admirable. He was killed the next day while doing excellent work with his battery.

As the result of the dispositions made by the commanding general of the troops (a part of whose operations has just been described) a whole day was gained in getting a large part of the army to the James River without serious opposition, and into a proper defensive position; the enormous trains and heavy artillery had been given a start of twenty-four hours, insuring their safe arrival at the river. The rear of the army also had crossed the White Oak Swamp, leaving the way clear to the James River, while at the same time a strong force was ready to protect ,the movement during its completion.

On the enemy's side, the slowness of Jackson in getting his force to the south side of the Chickahominy (he only arrived at Savage's Station at three o'clock on the morning of June 30th) prevented us from being defeated in the fight of June 29. The 28th and 29th were occupied by Jackson in disposing of the dead and wounded at Gaines's Mill, and in repairing Grapevine bridge.

On the north (the enemy's) side of White Oak Swamp, the road for more than a quarter of a mile approaches the White Oak bridge through low ground, open to artillery fire from the south (our) side. On the right of the enemy looking to the rear, there were hills covered with thick woods approaching the road, forming good cover for artillery, and making it possible for a large force to gather in the wood unseen from our side. The same range of hills continues up the stream, and approaches quite near it at Brackett's Ford about one mile above White Oak bridge. Both of these crossings were passable for artillery, but the bridges had been destroyed by our troops in the morning, after everything had crossed and before the appearance of the enemy.

On our side of the swamp, the ground rises from the bridge, and the road passes along the right, or east, of a ravine and joins the Long Bridge road about one and a quarter miles from the swamp. On the left of the ravine was a cleared space about a half mile long in the direction of the swamp and running back about the same distance. At the swamp the clearing was fringed with trees and underbrush, and about half-way up the clearing to the left of the ravine was a small farm-house and some slight out-buildings. On the right of the ravine was a similar clearing, extending from the swamp about a furlong back. All other ground in the vicinity was covered with timber and underbrush. (The troops were disposed as shown on the map, page 470.)

The cleared space at this time had in it many wagons of the train, and Colonel R. O. Tyler's First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, which I ordered to the rear at once. Glad enough would I have been to keep this accomplished officer, with his gallant regiment and heavy guns, but we both knew that he was needed at the James River. At about 10:30 in the morning, as near as I can now recollect, I accompanied General McClellan to the intersection of the Charles City and Quaker roads, about two miles from the White Oak bridge. I found General Slocum's division posted somewhat in rear of the intersection of those roads, and in front of the road leading from Brackett's Ford. A small portion of his infantry and one gun were posted near Brackett's Ford. His division formed the right of the force which later in the day fought the battle of Glendale or Frayser's Farm. The small force at Brackett's Ford defeated an attack at that point, some time during the day.

At the junction of the Charles City and Quaker roads General McClellan had a conference with the corps commanders (Sumner, Heintzelman, and Franklin), and when it was ended he went towards the James River. A short time afterwards I received an order directing me to take charge of the force guarding the White Oak bridge, and I immediately started back. I had gone but a short distance when a bombardment commenced in the direction of the bridge, the severity of which I had never heard equaled in the field. The wood through which I was riding seemed torn to pieces with round shot and exploding shells. But the danger was really greater from falling branches than from the shot, which did small damage.

It appears that Jackson, having left Savage's Station early in the morning, arrived at the vicinity of White Oak bridge about noon, without exciting suspicion of his presence on our part, the whole movement being hidden by the woods. Here, masked by the trees, he massed about thirty guns, which opened simultaneously on the troops in the clearings, and on the rear part of the wagon train, which had not yet started from the clearing where it

THE REAR GUARD AT WHITE OAK SWAMP—SHOWING GENERAL W. F. SMITH'S DIVISION. (DRAWN BY JULIAN SCOTT AFTER HIS PAINTING OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK.)

had passed the night. The troops immediately got under cover of the wood, except Caldwell's brigade, which was guarding Richardson's batteries. It remained in the open ground, and lost many men, but the effect of the firing was otherwise small, except on the wagon train, which was thrown into some confusion, many of the wagons not being hitched up. These were at first abandoned by the drivers, but nearly all got away during the day. One field-piece was dismounted. The batteries were, however, soon in position to return the enemy's fire, which they did with such effect that many of his guns were silenced. It was here that Captain Hazzard, already mentioned, was mortally wounded, ending a brilliant career with a glorious death. Captain, now General, Ayres, who commanded the artillery of Smith's division, used his guns with excellent effect. One of the enemy's batteries came into view near the bridge, but was forced to retire almost immediately. The bombardment lasted with great severity for about a half hour, when it slackened and gradually fell off, opening again at intervals during the day, but never with its original vigor. A cavalry force which was sent over by the enemy just after the height of the bombardment was forced to retire much faster than it advanced.

The development of our defense of the crossing convinced General Jackson that it would be impossible for him to force it. At any rate, he made no attempt during the day to cross his infantry, unless sending sharp-shooters across to pick off our pickets may be so considered. The fight at White Oak bridge was entirely with artillery, there being little musketry firing.

About four o'clock the enemy made a movement to our left, threatening Brackett's Ford, where I knew we were very weak. This was met by Dana's and Sully's brigades of Sedgwick's division, sent by General Sumner when he learned of the danger. There was no further movement in that direction after these troops appeared, and they were returned to General Sumner about five o'clock, in time to do good service at Glendale. Towards sundown, at the request of General Sumner, Caldwell's and Meagher's brigades of Richardson's division were also sent to reënforce him.

No other movement was made by General Jackson's force during the day. Our artillery fired at whatever could be seen on the other side, and was answered by theirs, in what seemed a reluctant manner. When the bombardment began, the mules belonging to an engineer ponton train were being watered at the swamp. The noise stampeded them, and they rushed to the rear, going through one of the regiments of Meagher's brigade, and disabling more men than were hurt in the brigade during the remainder of the day. The mules were seen no more, and the ponton train was deserted. Captain M. T. (now General) McMahon, of my staff, volunteered to burn the train about five o'clock. It was a plucky thing to do, for the train was under the guns of the enemy, who knew its value as well as we did, and the presumption was that he would open his guns on it. But Captain McMahon got ten volunteers, and the train was soon in flames. He found four mules already harnessed, and brought off in triumph the most valuable wagon with this team.

In the house which has been described as about the middle of the left clearing lived an old man with a young wife and a child about two years old. He came to me about ten o'clock and asked if I thought there would be a fight there that day. I told him that there certainly would be. He then asked when I thought it would begin. I thought in about half an hour. "Then," said he, "I will have time to take my wife and child to my brother, who lives about half a mile down the swamp, and get back before it begins."

"Yes," said I, "but why come back at all?"

"Why," said he, "if I don't come back your men will take all my chickens and ducks." So he departed with his wife and child and in a little while returned. General Smith's headquarters were near this house, so it was a fair target for the enemy. Several shots went through it, and one of them took off the leg of the poor old man, who bled to death in a few minutes. He had sacrificed himself for his poultry.

One of the brigadier-generals of the command during a lull in the firing came to my headquarters, leaving his brigade to take care of itself. Finding his stay too long, I had him sent back to his post, and a short time afterwards I was informed that he had been carried off the field on a stretcher, wounded. I thought it my duty to go to the brigade, and find how things were going with it, and asked General Smith to accompany me. We started out, and almost at once the enemy opened on us with great vigor. I looked back, and found to my horror that all my own and General Smith's staff were following us, and that a large cavalry escort belonging to headquarters was also in the procession. The enemy had evidently taken us for a cavalry regiment. Getting rid of them all, we finally arrived at the right of the brigade unharmed. Making inquiry of a staff-officer about the general, he replied, "Oh, no, sir, he is not wounded, he felt unwell and has gone to the wood to lie down and will soon be back." I turned off in great disgust to return, when another officer, looking as neat and clean as if he had just joined the army, stepped up

with the air of a private secretary of some grand official, and touching his hat, said—"Who shall I say called, sir?" General Smith and I did not hear the last of that expedition for a long time.

During the day a staff-officer of General Smith had explored a road towards James River about two miles in rear of that which the troops at Glendale were to take, and found it practicable. About ten in the evening, considering that my instructions to hold the crossing until nightfall had been obeyed, I sent word to General Heintzelman and General Sumner that I should move to the James River by that road. General Richardson, with French's brigade, was instructed to remain, to deceive the enemy as to our movements by firing field-pieces in the direction of the bridge, and then, after an hour, to march. General Naglee was to follow Smith's division. These instructions were carried out, and the command arrived at the James about daylight. The discovery of this road made the concentration of the troops at Malvern Hill a completed manœuvre by noon of the 1st of July, and was due to the fertile brain of General Smith, who ordered the exploration.

The military results of the defense of White Oak bridge and the battle of Glendale were: 1, The enemy was repulsed at all points, except in the single case of McCall's division at Glendale, which was overpowered by numbers, after it had captured three of the enemy's colors; 2, The trains and heavy artillery arrived in safety at the James River (except those wagons which were destroyed by the bombardment at White Oak bridge, not exceeding fifty out of more than four thousand), the road along which they passed not having been molested by the enemy; 3, The troops arrived in good time at the river, so that they were all in the positions desired by the commanding general, to await the attack at Malvern Hill, long before that attack was made.

General Jackson in his report intimates that his whole command, consisting of three divisions and D. H. Hill's division of five brigades, were all at White Oak bridge on the 30th of June. He says: "It was soon seen that the enemy occupied such a position beyond a thick intervening wood on the right of the road as enabled him to command the crossing. Captain Wooding's battery was consequently recalled." General Lee says: "Jackson having been unable to force the passage of White Oak Swamp, Longstreet and A. P. Hill were without the expected support" at the battle of Glendale. It must be evident to any military reader that Jackson ought to have known of the existence of Brackett's Ford, only one mile above White Oak bridge, and ought to have discovered the weakness of our defense at that point. He had troops enough to have attacked the ford and the bridge with forces at both points exceeding ours at the bridge, and the two attacks, to say the least, would have embarrassed us exceedingly. Had he made two attacks simultaneously, the result of the day at Glendale and White Oak bridge might have been different. There may be reasons for his inaction in this matter that I do not understand, but as the record now shows, he seems to have been ignorant of what General Lee expected of him, and badly informed about Brackett's Ford. When he found how strenuous was our defense at the bridge, he should have turned his attention to Brackett's Ford also. A force could have been as quietly gathered there as at the bridge; a strong infantry movement at the ford would have easily overrun our small force there, placing our right at Glendale, held by Slocum's division, in great jeopardy, and turning our force at the bridge by getting between it and Glendale. In fact, it is likely that we would have been defeated on that day had General Jackson done what his great reputation seems to make it imperative that he should have done.

A short time after I separated from General McClellan (as mentioned above) at the junction of the Charles City and Quaker roads, I bade farewell to the Prince de Joinville, who told me that he and his nephews were about to leave us and return to Europe. He had always been very friendly, and now expressed many good wishes for my future. Holding my hand in his, he said, with great earnestness, "General, advise General McClellan to concentrate his army at this point, and fight a battle to-day; if he does, he will be in Richmond to-morrow." I was much impressed by his manner and by what he said, and from the purely military point of view the advice may have been good. But it was impracticable for me to adopt the suggestion. General McClellan was then well on his way to the James River, and I had no right to leave my command. It was impossible to concentrate the army there that day early enough to give battle, and had it been possible to risk a general engagement there, it would have been contrary to General McClellan's views as to his responsibility connected with the safety of the army, views which were actuating him in the very movement then taking place. It is likely from what we know now, that had it been possible to follow the Prince's advice, his military forecast might have proved correct. But no one at that hour could have predicted the paralysis of Jackson's large force in our rear for the whole of that day, nor General Lee's ignorance of McClellan's in-

tentions. Had a general engagement taken place, and had we been defeated, the army would have reached the James River, it is true, but instead of getting there as it did, with its *morale* unharmed, and with slight damage to its men and material, it would have been a disorganized mob, and as an army would have perished miserably. General McClellan believed that the destruction of the Army of the Potomac at that time would have been ruin to our cause, and his actions, for which he alone is responsible, were guided by that belief and by the conviction that at any sacrifice, the preservation of that army, *at that time*, was paramount to every other consideration.

I cannot finish without a word as to the conduct of the men. My experience during the period generally known as "the seven days" was with the Sixth and Second corps. During the whole time between June 26th and July 2d, there was not a night in which the men did not march almost continually, nor a day on which there was not a fight. I never saw a skulker during the whole time, nor heard one insubordinate word. Some men fell by the wayside, exhausted, and were captured; but their misfortune was due to physical inability to go on. They had no food but that which was carried in their haversacks, and the hot weather soon rendered that uneatable. Sleep was out of the question, and the only rest obtained was while lying down awaiting an attack, or sheltering themselves from shot and shell. No murmur was heard; everything was accepted as the work for which they had enlisted. They had been soldiers less than a year, yet their conduct could not have been more soldierly had they seen ten years of service. No such material for soldiers was ever in the field before, and their behavior in this movement foreshadowed that of the successful veterans of Appomattox.

W. B. Franklin.

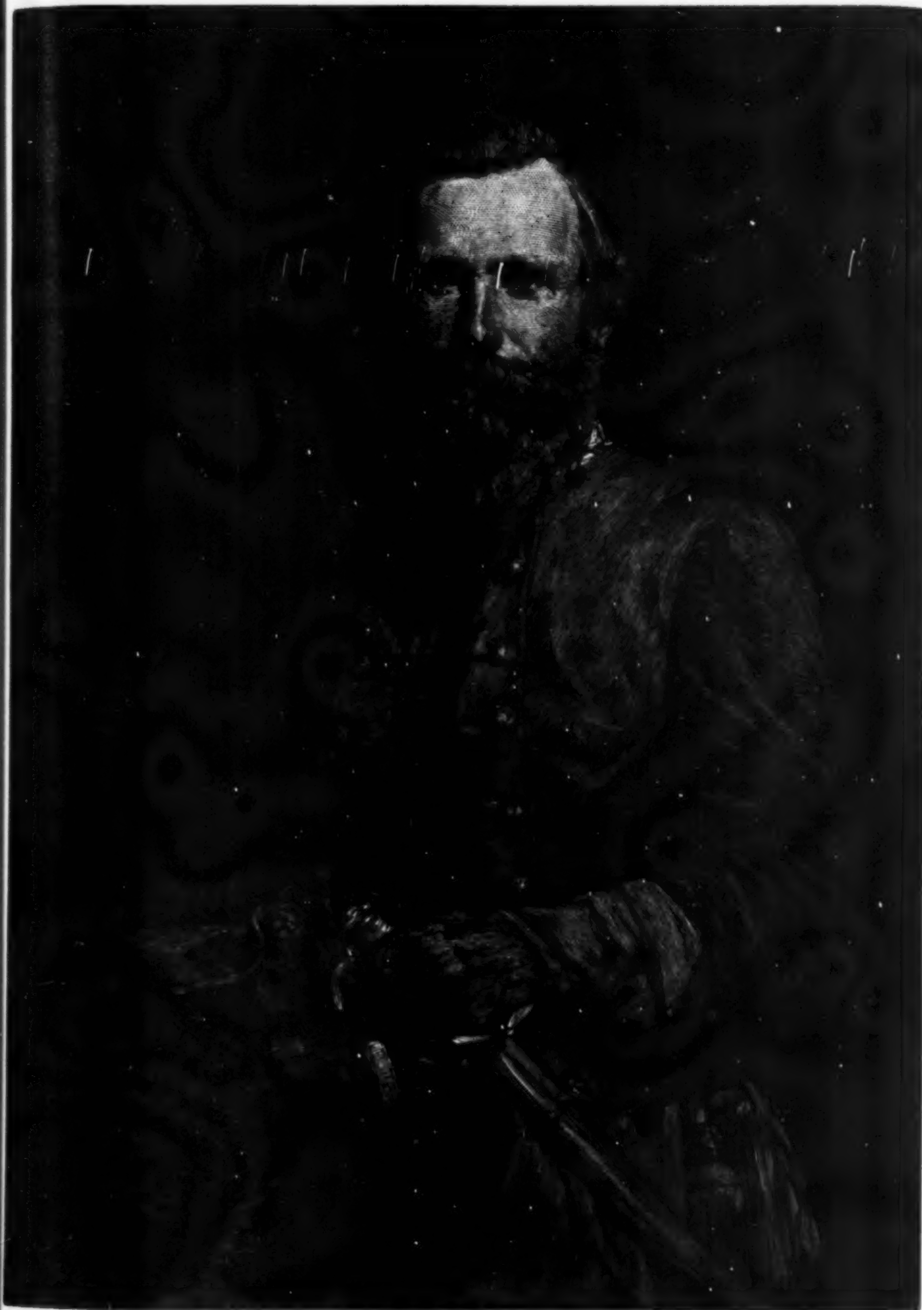
THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING ABOUT RICHMOND:

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE BATTLE OF FRAYSER'S FARM (JUNE 30, 1862).*

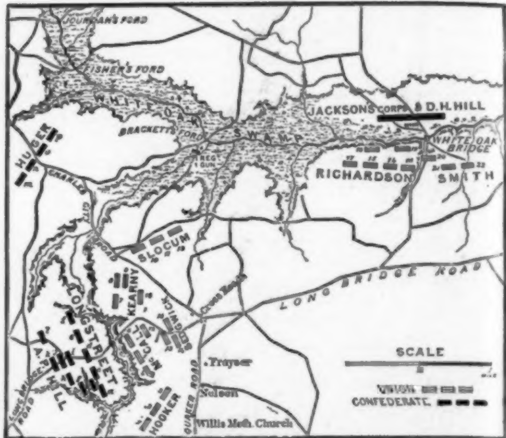
"GIN'L LONGSTREET'S BODY-SARVANT, SAH, ENDU'IN' DE WAH!"

WHEN General Joseph E. Johnston was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, and General Lee assumed his new duties as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, General Stonewall Jackson was in the Virginia Valley, and the rest of the Confederate troops were east and north of Richmond in front of General George B. McClellan's army, then encamped about the Chickahominy River, one hundred and fifteen thousand strong, and preparing for a regular siege of the Confederate capital. The situation required prompt and successful action by General Lee. Very early in June he called about him, on the noted Nine-mile road near Richmond, all his commanders, and asked each in turn his opinion of the military situation. I had my own views, but did not express them, believing that if they were important it was equally important they should be unfolded privately to the commanding general. The next day I called on General Lee, and suggested my plan for driving the Federal forces away from the Chickahominy. McClellan had a small force at Mechanicsville, and farther back, at Beaver Dam Creek, a considerable portion of his army in a stronghold that was simply unassailable from the front. The banks of Beaver Dam Creek were so steep as to be impassable except on bridges. I proposed an echelon movement, and suggested that Jackson be called down from the Valley, and passed to the rear of the Federal right, in order to turn the position behind Beaver Dam, while the rest of the Confederate forces who were to engage in the attack could cross the Chickahominy at points suitable for the succession in the move, and be ready to attack the Federals as soon as they were thrown from their position. After hearing me, General Lee sent General J. E. B. Stuart on his famous ride around McClellan. The dashing horseman with a strong reconnoitering force of cavalry

* The usual spelling is Frazier or Frazer. The authority for the form here adopted is Captain R. E. Frayser, of Richmond.— ED.



GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, C. S. ARMY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF FRAYSER'S FARM (CHARLES CITY CROSS ROADS OR GLENDALE), JUNE 30, 1862, SHOWING APPROXIMATE POSITIONS OF UNION AND CONFEDERATE TROOPS. ALSO DISPOSITION OF TROOPS DURING THE ARTILLERY ENGAGEMENT AT WHITE OAK BRIDGE.

Union brigades: 1, Sickles; 2, Carr; 3, Grover; 4, Seymour; 5, Reynolds (Simmons); 6, Meade (this brigade should be represented as north of the road); 7, Robinson; 8, Birney; 9, Berry; 10, Newton; 11, Bartlett; 12, 12, Taylor; 13, Burns; 14, 14, Dana; 15, 15, Sully; 16, 16, Caldwell; 17, French; 18, Meagher; 19, Naglee (of Keyes's corps); 20, Davidson; 21, Brooks; 22, Hancock. Randol's battery was on the right of the road, Kerns's and Cooper's on the left, and Diederichs's and Knieriem's yet farther to the left. Thompson's battery of Kearny's division was with General Robinson's brigade (7).

Confederate brigades: *a*, Kemper; *b*, Pickett (Hunton); *c*, R. H. Anderson (Jenkins); *d*, Wilcox; *e*, Featherston; *f*, Pryor; *g*, Branch; *h*, Archer; *i*, Field; *j*, J. R. Anderson; *k*, Pender; *l*, Gregg; *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, Armistead, Wright, Mahone, and Ransom. Of the Confederate batteries: Rogers's, Dearing's, the Thomas artillery, Pegram's, Davidson's, and others were engaged.

The action at White Oak Bridge, beginning about 11 A. M., and that between Huger and Slocum, beginning about 3 P. M., were of artillery only, and were successful from the Union point of view, in that they prevented the Confederate forces at these points from reënforcing Longstreet, while they enabled four Union brigades (12, 14, 15 and 16), to reënforce his opponents. The battle of Frayser's Farm, beginning about 4 P. M., resulted in the accomplishment of General McClellan's object, the protection of his trains from rear and flank attack as they were passing down the Long Bridge and Quaker Roads to the James River. General Kearny's report characterized this battle as "one of the most desperate of the war, the one the most fatal if lost." The fighting began in force on the left of Seymour's brigade (4), and the brunt of the attack fell upon McCall and the left of Kearny. "Of the four divisions that day engaged," says General McCall's report, "each manœuvred and fought independently." McCall's division, being flanked on the left by Longstreet's right, was driven from its position after a stubborn resistance; its place was taken by Burns's brigade, reënforced by Dana's and Sully's, and these troops recovered part of the ground lost by McCall. The fury of the battle now shifted to the front of Kearny, who was reënforced by Taylor's and Caldwell's brigades. The Confederates gained some ground but no substantial advantage, and the Union troops withdrew during the night to Malvern Hill.—EDITOR.

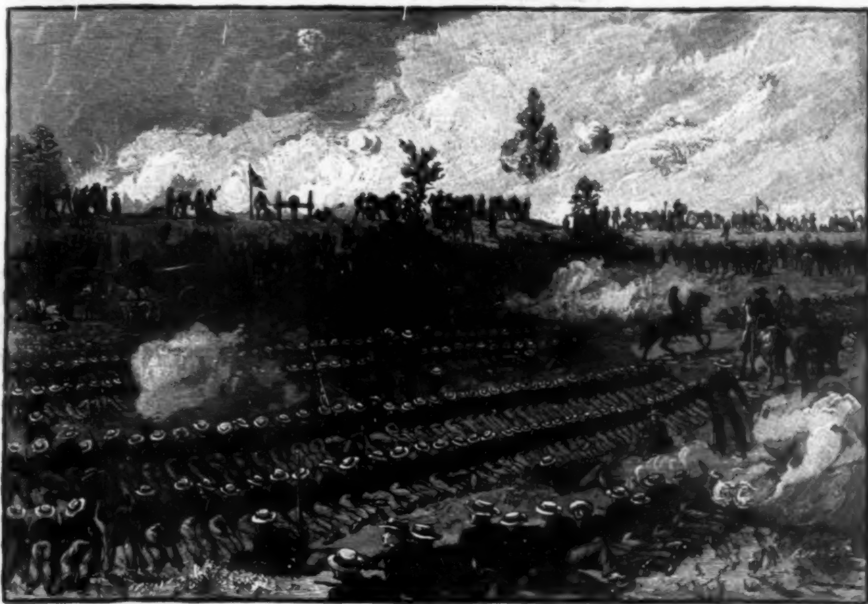
made a forced reconnaissance, passing above and around the Federal forces, recrossing the Chickahominy below them, and returning safe to Confederate headquarters. He made a favorable report of the situation and the practicability of the proposed plan. On the 23d of June General Jackson was summoned to General Lee's headquarters, and was there met by General A. P. Hill, General D. H. Hill, and myself. A conference resulted in the selection of the 26th as the day on which we would move against the Federal position at Beaver Dam. General Jackson was ordered down from the valley. General A. P. Hill was to pass the Chickahominy with part of his division, and hold the rest in readiness to cross at Meadow bridge, following Jackson's swoop along the dividing ridge between the Pamunkey and the Chickahominy. D. H. Hill and I were ordered to be in position on the Mechanicsville pike early on the 26th ready to cross the river at Mechanicsville bridge as soon as it was cleared by the advance of Jackson and A. P. Hill.

Thus matters stood when the morning of the 26th arrived. The weather was clear and the roads were in fine condition. Everything seemed favorable to the move. But the morning passed and we received no tidings from Jackson. As noon approached, General Hill, who was to move behind Jackson, grew impatient at the delay and begged permission to hurry him up by a fusillade. General Lee consented, and General Hill opened his batteries on Mechanicsville, driving the Federals off. When D. H. Hill and I crossed at the Mechanicsville bridge we found A. P. Hill severely engaged trying to drive the Federals from their strong position behind Beaver Dam Creek. Without Jackson to turn the Federal right, the battle could not be ours. Although the contest lasted until some time after night, the Confederates made no progress. The next day the fight was renewed, and the position was hotly contested by the Federals until seven o'clock in the morning, when Jackson reached the position intended for him, and, opening a battery on their rear, speedily caused the Federals to abandon their position, thus ending the battle.* It is easy to see that the battle of the previous day would have been a quick and bloodless Confederate victory if Jackson could have reached his position at the time appointed. In my judgment the evacuation of Beaver Dam Creek was very unwise on the part of the Federal commanders. We had attacked at Beaver Dam, and had failed to make an impression at that point, losing several thousand men and officers. This demonstrated that the position was safe. If the Federal commanders knew of Jackson's approach on the 26th, they had ample time to reënforce Porter's right before Friday morning (27th) with men and field defenses, to such extent as to make the remainder of the line to the right secure against assault. So that the Federals in withdrawing not only abandoned a strong position, but gave up the *morale* of their success, and transferred it

* According to General Fitz John Porter, it was not Jackson's approach, but information of that event, that caused the withdrawal of the Union troops, who, with the exception of "some batteries and infantry skirmishers," were withdrawn before sunrise on the 27th. See CENTURY for June, p. 315.—ED.

to our somewhat disheartened forces; for, next to Malvern Hill, the sacrifice at Beaver Dam was unequaled in demoralization during the entire summer.

From Beaver Dam we followed the Federals closely, encountering them again under Porter beyond Powhite Creek, where the battle of Gaines's Mill occurred. General A. P. Hill, being in advance, deployed his men and opened the attack without consulting me. A very severe battle followed. I came up with my reserve forces and was preparing to support Hill, who was suffering very severely, when I received an order from General Lee to make a demonstration against the Federal left, as the battle was not progressing to suit him. I threw in three brigades opposite the Federal left and engaged them in a severe skirmish with infantry and artillery. The battle then raged with great fierceness. General Jackson was again missing, and General Lee grew fearful of the result. Soon I received another message from General Lee, saying that unless I could do something the day seemed to be lost. I then determined to make the heaviest attack I could. The position in front of me was very strong. An open field led down to a difficult ravine a short distance beyond the Powhite Creek. From there the ground made a steep ascent, and was covered with trees and slashed timber and hastily made rifle-trenches. General Whiting came to me with two brigades of Jackson's men and asked me to put him in. I told him I was just organizing an attack and would give him position. My column of attack then was R. H. Anderson's and Pickett's brigades, with Law's and Hood's of Whiting's division. We attacked and defeated the Federals on their left, capturing many thousand stand of arms, fifty-two pieces of artillery, a large quantity of supplies, and many prisoners, among them General Reynolds, who afterward fell at Gettysburg. The Federals made some effort to reënforce and recover their lost ground, but failed, and during the afternoon and night withdrew their entire forces from that side of the Chickahominy, going in the direction of James River. On the 29th General Lee ascertained that McClellan was marching toward the James. He determined to make a vigorous move and strike the enemy a severe blow. He decided to intercept them in the neighborhood of Charles City Cross-roads, and with that end in view planned a pursuit as follows: I was to march to a point below Frayser's Farm with General A. P. Hill. General Holmes was to take up position below me on the New Market or River road to be in readiness to coöperate with me and to attack such



OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF FRAYSER'S FARM: SLOCUM'S ARTILLERY ENGAGED WITH THAT OF HUGER ON THE CHARLES CITY ROAD. (FROM A SKETCH AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

Federals as would come in his reach. Jackson was to closely pursue the Federal rear, crossing at the Grapevine bridge, and coming in on the north of the Cross-roads. Huger was to attend to the Federal right flank, and take position on the Charles City road west of the Cross-roads. Thus we were to envelop the Federal rear and make the destruction of that part of McClellan's army sure. To reach my position when I was ready. After getting my troops in position I called upon General A. P. Hill to throw one of his brigades to cover my right and to hold the rest of his troops in readiness to give pursuit when the enemy had been dislodged. My line extended from near the Quaker road across the New Market road to the Federal right. The ground upon which I approached was much lower than that occu-

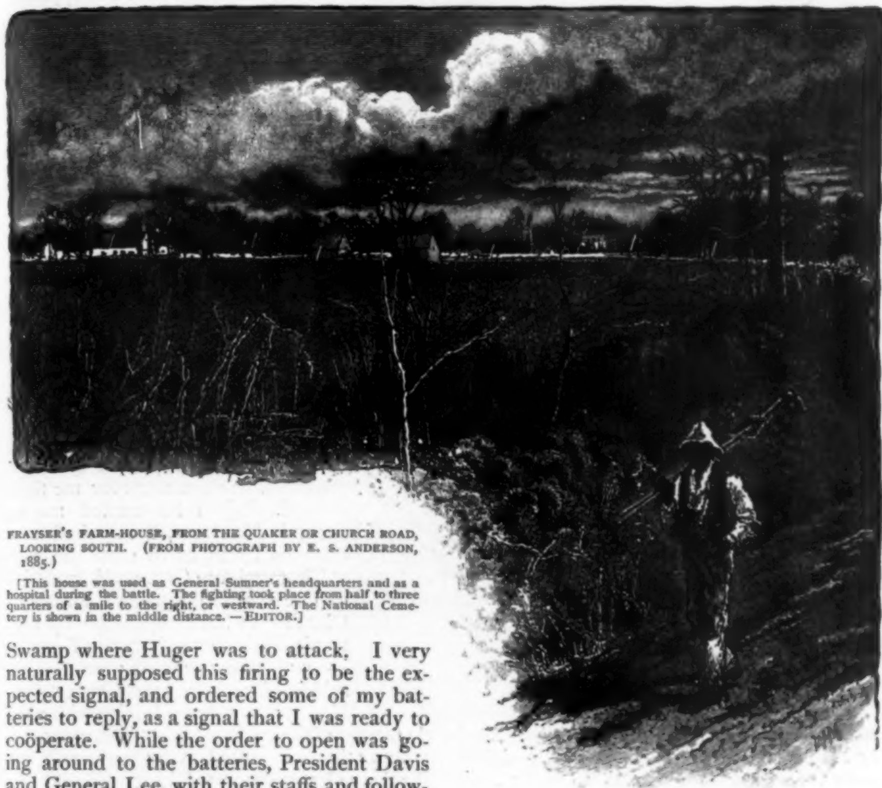
CHARGE OF CONFEDERATES UPON RANDOL'S BATTERY AT FRAYSER'S FARM. (DRAWN BY A. C. REDWOOD.)

[The contest for this battery was one of the most severe encounters of the day. The Confederates (the 55th and 60th Virginia Regiments) advanced out of formation, in wedge shape, and with trailing arms, and began a hand-to-hand conflict over the guns, which were finally yielded to them.— EDITOR.]

position south of the Cross-roads, I had about sixteen miles to march. I marched fourteen miles on the 29th, crossing over into the Darbytown road and moving down to its intersection with the New Market road, where I camped for the night about three miles southwest of Frayser's Farm. On the morning of the 30th I moved two miles nearer up and made preparation to intercept the Federals as they retreated toward James River. General McCall, with a division of ten thousand Federals, was at the Cross-roads and about Frayser's Farm. My division, being in advance, was deployed in front of the enemy. I placed such of my batteries as I could find position for, and kept Hill's troops in my rear. As I had twice as far to march as the other commanders, I considered it certain that Jackson and Huger would be in

pied by General McCall, and was greatly cut up by ravines and covered with heavy timber and tangled undergrowth. On account of these obstructions we were not disturbed while getting into position, except by the firing of a few shots that did no damage. Holmes got into position below me on the New Market road, and was afterward joined by Magruder, who had previously made an unsuccessful attack on the Federal rear-guard at Savage's Station.

By eleven o'clock our troops were in position, and we waited for the signal from Jackson and Huger. Everything was quiet on my part of the line, except occasional firing between my pickets and McCall's. I was in momentary expectation of the signal. About half-past two o'clock artillery firing was heard on my left, evidently at the point near White Oak

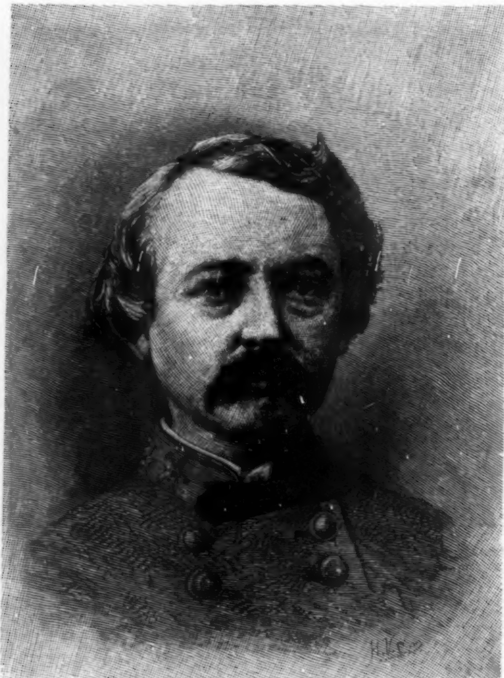


FRAYSER'S FARM-HOUSE, FROM THE QUAKER OR CHURCH ROAD, LOOKING SOUTH. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON, 1885.)

[This house was used as General Sumner's headquarters and as a hospital during the battle. The fighting took place from half to three quarters of a mile to the right, or westward. The National Cemetery is shown in the middle distance. — EDITOR.]

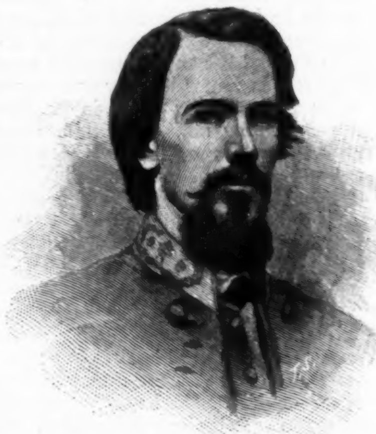
Swamp where Huger was to attack. I very naturally supposed this firing to be the expected signal, and ordered some of my batteries to reply, as a signal that I was ready to coöperate. While the order to open was going around to the batteries, President Davis and General Lee, with their staffs and followers, were with me in a little open field near the rear of my right. We were in pleasant conversation, anticipating fruitful results from the fight, when our batteries opened. Instantly the Federal batteries responded most spitefully. It was impossible for the enemy to see us as we sat on our horses in the little field, surrounded by tall, heavy timber and thick undergrowth; yet a battery by chance had our range and exact distance, and poured upon us a terrific fire. The second or third shell burst in our midst, killing two or three horses and wounding one or two men. Our little party speedily retired to safer quarters. The Federals doubtless had no idea the Confederate President, commanding general, and division commanders were receiving point-blank shot from their batteries. Colonel Jenkins was in front of us, and I sent him an order to silence the Federal battery, supposing he could do so with his long-range rifles. He became engaged, and finally determined to charge the battery. That brought on a general fight between my division and the troops in front of us. Kemper on my right advanced his brigade over difficult ground and captured a battery. Jenkins moved his brigade forward and made a bold fight. He was followed by the other four brigades successively.

The enemy's line was broken, and he was partly dislodged from his position. The batteries were taken, but our line was very much broken up by the rough ground we had to move over, and we were hardly enough in solid form to maintain a proper battle. The battle was continued, however, until we encountered succor from the corps of Generals Sumner and Heintzelman, when we were obliged to halt and hold the position the enemy had left. This line was held throughout the day, though at times, when vigorous combinations were made against me, McCall regained points along his line. Our counter-movements, however, finally pushed him back again, and more formidable efforts from our adversary were required. Other advances were made, and reënforcements came to the support of the Federals, who contested the line with varying fortune, sometimes recovering batteries



GENERAL W. H. C. WHITING, C. S. ARMY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN ORSDELL.)

we had taken, and again losing them. Finally McCall's division was driven off, and fresh troops seemed to come in to their relief. Ten thousand men of A. P. Hill's division had been held in reserve, hoping Jackson and Huger would come up on our left, enabling us to dislodge the Federals, after which Hill's troops could be put in fresh to give pursuit, and follow them down to Harrison's Landing. Jackson found Grapevine bridge destroyed and could not reach his position; while for some unaccountable reason Huger failed to take part, though near enough to do so.* As neither Jackson nor Huger came up, and as night drew on, I put Hill in to relieve my troops. When he came into the fight the Federal line had been broken at every point except one. He formed his line and followed up in the position occupied by my troops. By night we succeeded in getting the entire field, though all of it was not actually occupied until we advanced in pursuit next day. As the enemy moved off they continued the fire of their artillery upon us from various points, and it was after nine o'clock when the shells ceased to fall. Just before dark General McCall, while looking up a fragment of his division, found us where he supposed his troops were, and was taken prisoner. At the time he was brought in General Lee happened to be with us. As I had known General McCall pleasantly in our service together in the Fourth Infantry, I moved to offer my hand as he dismounted. At the first motion, however, I saw he did not regard the occasion as one for renewing the old friendship, and I merely offered him some of my staff as an escort to Richmond. But for his succoring forces, which should have been engaged by Jackson, Huger, Holmes, and Magruder, McCall would have been entirely dislodged by the first attack. All of our other forces were within a radius of three miles, and in easy hearing of the battle, yet of the fifty thousand none came in to coöperate. (Jackson should have done more for me than he did. When he wanted me at Second Manassas, I marched two columns by night to clear the way at Thoroughfare Gap, and joined him in due season.) Hooker claimed at Glendale to have rolled me up and hurriedly thrown me over on Kearny, —tennis-like, I suppose; but McCall said in his supplementary report that Hooker could as well claim, with a little tension of the hyperbole, that he had thrown me over the moon. On leaving Frayser's Farm the Federals withdrew to Malvern Hill, and Lee concentrated his forces and followed them.



COLONEL E. M. LAW, C. S. ARMY. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE.)

* General Huger says, in his official report, that the road was very effectively obstructed.—ED.

On the morning of July 1st, the day after the battle at Frayser's Farm, we encountered the enemy, and General Lee asked me to make a reconnaissance and see if I could find a good position for the artillery. I found position offering good play for batteries across the Federal left over to the right, and suggested that sixty pieces should be put in while Jackson was to engage the Federal front. I suggested that a heavy play of this cross-fire on the Federals would so discomfit them as to warrant an assault by infantry. General Lee issued his orders accordingly, and designated the advance of Armistead's brigade as the signal for the grand assault. Later it was found that the ground over which our batteries were to pass into position on our right was so rough and obstructed that the artillery ordered into position there could go in only one or two batteries at a time. As the batteries in front did not engage, the result was the enemy concentrated the fire of fifty or sixty guns upon our isolated batteries, and tore them into fragments in a few minutes after they would open, piling horses upon each other and guns upon horses. Before night, the fire from our batteries failing of execution, General Lee seemed to abandon the idea of an attack on Malvern Hill, and proposed to me to move around it with my own and A. P. Hill's division turning the Federal right. I issued my orders accordingly for the two divisions to go around and turn the Federal right, when in some way unknown to me the battle was drawn on. We were repulsed at all points with fearful slaughter, losing six thousand men and accomplishing nothing.

GENERAL GEORGE A. McCALL. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN.

[From a photograph taken in August, 1862, when General Franklin was temporarily at home on sick leave.—ED.]

The Federals withdrew after the battle, and the next day I moved on around by the route which it was proposed we should take the day before. I followed the enemy to Harrison's Landing, and Jackson went down by another route in advance of Lee. As soon as we reached the front of the Federal position we put out our skirmish-lines, and I ordered an advance, intending to make another attack, but revoked it on Jackson urging me to wait until the arrival of General Lee. Very soon General Lee came, and, after carefully considering the position of the enemy and of their gun-boats on the James, decided it would be better to forego any further operations. Our skirmish-lines were withdrawn, we ordered our troops back to their old lines around Richmond, and a month later McClellan's army was withdrawn to the North.

The Seven Days' Fighting, although a decided Confederate victory, was a succession of mishaps. If Jackson had arrived on the 26th,—the day of his own selection,—the Federals would have been driven back from Mechanicsville without a battle. His delay there, caused by obstructions placed in his road by the enemy, was the first mishap. He was too late in entering the fight at Gaines's Mill, and the destruction of Grapevine bridge kept him from reaching Frayser's Farm until the day after that battle. If he had been there, we might have destroyed or captured McClellan's army. Huger was in position for the battle of Frayser's Farm, and after his batteries had misled me into opening the fight he subsided. Holmes and Magruder, who were on the New Market road to attack the Federals as they passed that way, failed to do so.

General McClellan's retreat was successfully managed; therefore we must give it credit for being well managed. He had 115,000 men, and insisted to the authorities at Washington that Lee had 200,000. In fact, Lee had only

SKETCH MAP OF THE VICINITY OF MALVERN HILL (JULY 1, 1862).

The Union troops reached the field by the so-called Quaker Road (more properly the Church Road); the Confederates by this and the Long Bridge Road, taking up the general lines as approximately indicated above. The Confederates on the River Road are the troops of General Holmes, who had been repulsed at Turkey Island Bridge the day before by Warren's brigade, with the aid of the gunboats. The main fighting was in the space between the words "Confederate" and "Union," together with one or two assaults upon the west side of the Crew Hill from the meadow. Morell's and Couch's divisions formed the first Union line, and General Porter's batteries extended from the Crew House to the West House.

A full map, giving in detail the disposition of troops, will be given in the August number, with General Fitz John Porter's article on the battle.— EDITOR.

90,000. General McClellan's plan to take Richmond by a siege was wise enough, and it would have been a success if the Confederates had consented to such a programme. In spite of McClellan's excellent plans, General Lee, with a force inferior in numbers, completely routed him, and while suffering less than McClellan, captured over ten thousand of his men.* General Lee's plans in the Seven Days' Fight were excellent, but were poorly executed. General McClellan was a very accomplished soldier and a very able engineer, but hardly equal to the position of field-marshal as a military chieftain. He organized the Army of the Potomac cleverly, but did not handle it skillfully when in actual battle. Still I doubt if his retreat could have been better handled, though the rear of his army should have been more positively either in his own hands or in the hands of Sumner. Heintzelman crossed the White Oak Swamp prematurely and left the rear of McClellan's army exposed, which would have been fatal had Jackson come up and taken part in Magruder's affair of the 29th near Savage's Station.

I cannot close this sketch without referring to the Confederate commander when he came upon the scene for the first time. General Lee was an unusually handsome man, even in his advanced life. He seemed fresh from West Point, so trim was his figure and so elastic his step. Out of battle he was as gentle as a woman, but when the clash of arms came he loved fight and urged his battle with wonderful determination. As a usual thing he was remarkably well-balanced — always so, except on one or two occasions of severe trial when he failed to maintain his exact equipoise. Lee's orders were always well considered and well chosen. He depended almost too much on his officers for their execution. Jackson was a very skillful man against such men as Shields, Banks, and Frémont, but when pitted against the best of the Federal commanders he did not appear so well. Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln.

James Longstreet.

* In this estimate General Longstreet follows General Lee's report. The Union returns state the "Captured or missing" of McClellan's army at 6053, and the total loss at 15,849. The Confederate loss is given by General McClellan as 19,749,— a recapitulation of the published Confederate returns. (See THE CENTURY for June, page 149.)— EDITOR.

"JEB" STUART'S HAT.

General Beauregard's Courier at Bull Run.

AT the first battle of Manassas General Beauregard's order to General Ewell to advance on the right did not reach him promptly. An accident to the courier who bore the order was stated at the time to be the reason of the delay. He was thrown from his horse, his head striking a tree with such force as to render him unconscious. I saw him myself lying helpless just in rear of the line at Mitchell's Ford, badly used up and bleeding. When he was able to move on General Ewell must have been on his way to the left.

I was a private in the 7th S. C. V., but detached as orderly for General M. L. Bonham, whose brigade held Mitchell's Ford on that day.

Robert R. Hemphill.

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

The Death of Theodore Winthrop.

I NOTICE in "The Recollections of a Private," in your March number, a statement regarding the death of Major Theodore Winthrop, which is incorrect. The facts are these:

Major Winthrop headed a force at the battle of Bethel, intending to turn our left flank. His course lay through a heavily wooded swamp. On our left was a slight earth-work or rifle-pit, in which lay a small infantry force. About seventy-five yards in front of this was a rail fence; just beyond, the ground dipped suddenly about four feet, the woods running almost up to the fence. Our attention was called by cheering to the advance of Major Winthrop's troops. Looking up, we saw the Major and two privates on the fence. His sword was drawn, and he was calling on his troops to follow him. Our first volley killed these three; those following, being protected by the peculiar formation of the ground, were not injured, but upon the fall of their leader, they beat a precipitate retreat. I was among the first to reach these men. All were dead, having been instantly killed. Major Winthrop was shot in the breast, the others in the head. All were buried in the same grave. About ten days afterward, a flag of truce came up asking for Major Winthrop's body. Having assisted in burying him and being confident of my ability to recognize his body, I was sent with a party to disinter and turn it over to his friends. Among the numberless incidents that followed this skirmish, none are more indelibly impressed on my mind than the gallant bearing of this unfortunate young man, when I first saw him, calling his men to follow, and confident that he had accomplished his object, and the immediately succeeding rattle of our muskets and his fall.

RICHMOND, VA. *J. B. Moore.*

"Fortress" Monroe.

IN THE CENTURY for March, 1885, Colonel John T. Wood and Mr. W. L. Goss speak of "Fortress Monroe." Except that these contributions to the history of the War are widely read and quoted, I should refrain from calling your attention to this error. The proper designation is "Fort Monroe," in honor of President Monroe, who was in office when its construction was commenced. The first appropriation bill in which it is specifically designated as "Fort Monroe" is dated March 3, 1821. By General Orders, No. 11, Headquarters of the Army, Adjutant-General's Office, February 8, 1832, it was called, by order of the Secretary of War, "Fort Monroe." There is a tradition in the Engineer Department, U. S. A., that the plan of the fort was designed by General Simon Bernard, an ex-officer of the French Army under Napoleon, and appointed Assistant-Engineer, U. S. A., with the rank of Brigadier-General, November 16, 1816. The drawings were made by Captain W. T. Poussin, Topographical Engineer, acting aide to General Bernard.

John P. Nicholson.

PHILADELPHIA.

Positions of Union Troops at the Battle of Seven Pines.

THE map printed on page 118 of the May CENTURY, with General Joseph E. Johnston's description of the battle of Seven Pines (a map for which General Johnston is not responsible), was misleading in an important particular. The line described as the "position of the Union troops on the evening of May 31" should have been entitled "position of the Union troops on the morning of June 1." At the close of the first day's fighting, May 31, the Union forces at Fair Oaks Station were separated from the left, which suffered so severely at Seven Pines, and which retreated to a third line of entrenchments midway between Seven Pines and Savage's Station. During the night connection was made between the two wings, and in the morning the army presented front on the line indicated in the map as the second position.

EDITOR.

The "Mississippi" at the Passage of the Forts.

IN a letter to the Editor, Rear-Admiral Melancton Smith, who commanded the *Mississippi*, during the passage of the forts at New Orleans, quotes from page 949 of Admiral Porter's article in the April CENTURY: "Meantime Farragut was steering up the river with all his fleet except the *Mississippi*," etc., and adds: "The *Mississippi* proceeded with the fleet up the river and was present at the engagement with the Chalmette batteries. At 3 P. M. the same day, when at anchor off New Orleans, I was ordered to return to the quarantine station (just above Fort St. Philip) to look after the *Louisiana* and to cover the landing of the troops under General Butler. Admiral Porter, seeing the *Mississippi* the morning after the fleet passed up, doubtless supposed it had remained at anchor below."

EDITOR.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY was of the sanguineous temperament. "His nature," as he said of himself, "was warm, his temper ardent, his disposition enthusiastic." He was of a light complexion with light hair. His eyes were blue, and when he was excited were singularly brilliant and attractive. His forehead was high and full of promise of intelligence. In stature he was over six feet. Spare and long-limbed, he stood erect as if full of vigor and vitality, and ever ready to command. His countenance expressed perpetual wakefulness and activity. His voice was music itself, and yet penetrating and far-reaching, enchanting the listener; his words flowed rapidly, without sing-song or mannerism, in a clear and steady stream. Neither in public nor in private did he know how to be dull. His nature was quickly sensitive; his emotions, like his thoughts, moved swiftly, and were not always under his control. He was sometimes like a sportsman who takes pleasure in pursuing his game; and sometimes could chide with petulance. I was present once when in the Senate he was provoked by what he thought the tedious opposition of a Senator of advanced old age, and in his anger he applied to him the two lines of Pope:

> "Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
> And totter on in business to the last."

But if he was not master of the art of self-restraint and self-government, he never took home with him a feeling of resentment; never stored up in memory grievances or enmities; never harbored an approach to malice or a hidden discontent or dislike.

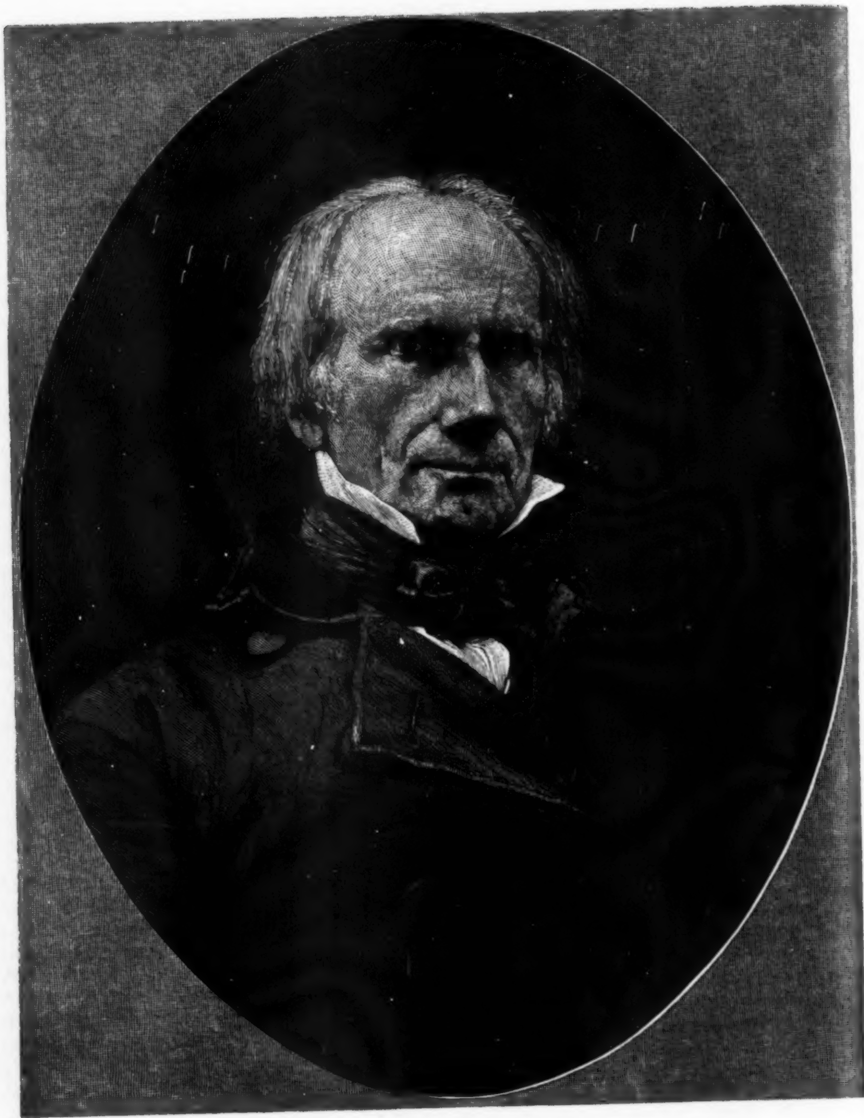
As a party leader he was impatient of reserve or resistance, and ever ready to crack the whip over any one that should show a disposition to hang back, sparing not even men of as much ability as himself.

When he first became distinguished before the nation, he astonished by his seemingly inexhaustible physical strength; and the public mind made up its opinion, half fabulous, and yet in substance true, that he knew nothing of fatigue; that after a long day's service as Speaker of the House of Representatives, or as the leading debater when the House was in committee and the session continued into the night, he would at the adjournment come forth, as if watching and long and close attention to business had refreshed him and left him only more eager for the gay society of his friends. But years flew over him, and this man of an heroic mold, of mental activity that could not be worn out, of physical forces that defied fatigue, in his seventy-fifth year could not hide from himself the symptoms of decline.

Philadelphia, seemingly by some divine right of succession, has always a constellation of men, adepts in the science of life, and alike skillful and successful in practice. At that time Samuel Jackson, one of the great physicians of his day, was in the zenith of his fame, and was well known for his genial kindliness of nature as well as for consummate skill in his profession.

When Henry Clay was debating in his mind the nature of his disease, and as yet had not quite renounced the hope of a renewal of his days of action, he sought counsel of Samuel Jackson. He was greatly in earnest and wanted to know the truth, the exact and whole truth. His question was, if the evident decline in his strength was so far beyond relief that he must surely die soon. He required an explicit answer, without color or reserve, however unpleasant it might be for the physician to announce an unfavorable result. Dr. Jackson made a careful examination of his condition, found the case to be a clear one, and had the courage to make to the hero of a hundred parliamentary battles a faithful report. The great statesman received the communication that for him life was near its close, not without concern, but yet with the fortitude of resignation. He declared that he had no dread of death, but he was still troubled by one fear, which was probably suggested to him by the recollection of the magnificent constitution with which he had started in life. That fear was not of death, but of the mode of dying; he had a terrible apprehension that his last hours would be hours of anguish in a long agonizing struggle between life and death; this and this only, he said, was the thought that now lay heavily on his mind. Dr. Jackson explained to him the nature of his malady and the smooth and tranquil channel in which it was to run, and assured him with a sagacity which did not admit of question, that in his last hour he would die as quietly as an infant falls asleep in its cradle. "You give me infinite relief," answered Clay. The chief terror which death had for him vanished.

Clay left not an enemy behind him. John Caldwell Calhoun began his national career as a member of the twelfth House of Repre-



HENRY CLAY.

[ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD, FROM THE DAGUERREOTYPE OWNED BY ALFRED HASSACK.]

sentatives. He took his seat in Congress in November, 1811, just two days too late to give his vote for Henry Clay as Speaker.

Calhoun was immediately drawn into the closest relations with Clay, alike from admiration of his talents and agreement with his mode of treating the great questions of that day.

He always remembered this earliest part of his public service with perfect satisfaction. It was from him I learned that he and Clay were of one mind on our foreign relations, and that for their zeal in support of the honor of the country against the long-continued aggressions of Britain, they two and others of the House, of whom he named only Bibb, were known at the time by the name of "the war mess."

Twelve years later, the two became estranged from each other, and the parts which they severally took corresponded to the differences in their character. Clay was a man by the character of his mind inclined to compromises; Calhoun was in his logic unyielding, and ever ready to push the principle which he supported to its extreme results. In 1823 each of them was put forward as a candidate for the Presidency at the ensuing election. In vain did the friends of Calhoun strive to restrain his ambition. Seaton, of the "National Intelligencer," taking a morning walk with him near the banks of the Potomac, struggled to induce him to abide his time, saying: "If you succeed now, you will be through with your two terms while you are still too young for retirement; and what occupation will you find when the eight years are over?" He answered: "I will retire and write my memoirs." Yet Calhoun, moved by very different notions from those which dictated the restraining advice of Seaton, assented to being the candidate for the second place; Andrew Jackson and many competitors being candidates for the first. It seemed that all parties were courting Calhoun, that he was the favorite of the nation; while Andrew Jackson for the moment signally failed, Calhoun was borne into the chair of the Vice-President by the vote of more than two-thirds of the electors.

The political antagonism between Clay and Calhoun never ceased; their relations of personal amity were broken off, and remained so for about a quarter of a century. But not very long before the death of Calhoun, Clay took pains to let his own strong desire for an interview of reconciliation be made known to his old friend and hearty associate in the time of our second war for independence. The invitation was readily accepted. In the interview between the two statesmen, at which Andrew Pickens Butler, senator from South Carolina, was present, Clay showed genial self-possession and charm of manner that was remarked upon at the time and remembered; while the manner of Calhoun bore something of embarrassment and constraint.

Party records, biographies, and histories might lead to a supposition that the suspension of personal relations between Clay and Andrew Jackson raged more fiercely than in truth was the case. Jackson did full justice to Clay as a man of warm affections, which extended not to his family and friends only, but to his country.

Of our great statesmen, Madison is the one who held Henry Clay in the highest esteem; and in conversation freely applauded him, because on all occasions he manifested a fixed purpose to prevent a conflict between the States.

In the character of Clay, that which will commend him most to posterity is his love of the Union; or, to take a more comprehensive form of expression, his patriotism, his love for his country, his love for his whole country. He repeatedly declares in his letters that on crossing the ocean to serve in a foreign land, every tie of party was forgotten, and that he knew himself only as an American. At home he could be impetuous, swift in decision, unflinching, of an imperative will; and yet in his action as a guiding statesman, whenever measures came up that threatened to rend the continent in twain, he was inflexible in his resolve to uphold the Constitution and the Union.

George Bancroft.

THE DISCOURAGER OF HESITANCY.

A CONTINUATION OF "THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?"

IT was nearly a year after the occurrence of that event in the arena of the semi-barbaric King known as the incident of the lady or the tiger* that there came to the palace of this monarch a deputation of five strangers from a far country. These men, of venerable and dignified aspect and demeanor, were received by a high officer of the court, and to him they made known their errand.

"Most noble officer," said the speaker of the deputation, "it so happened that one of our countrymen was present here, in your capital city, on that momentous occasion when a young man who had dared to aspire to the hand of your King's daughter had been placed in the arena, in the midst of the assembled multitude, and ordered to open one of two doors, not knowing whether a ferocious tiger would spring out upon him, or a beauteous lady would advance, ready to become his bride. Our fellow-citizen who was then present was a man of super-sensitive feelings, and at the moment when the youth was about to open the door he was so fearful lest he should behold a horrible spectacle, that his nerves failed him, and he fled precipitately from the arena, and mounting his camel rode homeward as fast as he could go.

"We were all very much interested in the story which our countryman told us, and we were extremely sorry that he did not wait to see the end of the affair. We hoped, however, that in a few weeks some traveler from your city would come among us and bring us further news; but up to the day when we left our country, no such traveler had arrived. At last it was determined that the only thing to be done was to send a deputation to this country, and to ask the question: 'Which came out of the open door, the lady, or the tiger?'"

When the high officer had heard the mission of this most respectable deputation, he led the five strangers into an inner room, where they were seated upon soft cushions, and where he ordered coffee, pipes, sherbet, and other semi-barbaric refreshments to be served to them. Then, taking his seat before them, he thus addressed the visitors:

"Most noble strangers, before answering the question you have come so far to ask, I will relate to you an incident which occurred not very long after that to which you have referred. It is well known in all regions hereabouts that our great King is very fond of the presence of beautiful women about his court. All the ladies-in-waiting upon the Queen and Royal Family are most lovely maidens, brought here from every part of the kingdom. The fame of this concourse of beauty, unequaled in any other royal court, has spread far and wide; and had it not been for the equally wide-spread fame of the systems of impetuous justice adopted by our King, many foreigners would doubtless have visited our court.

"But not very long ago there arrived here from a distant land a prince of distinguished appearance and undoubted rank. To such an one, of course, a royal audience was granted, and our King met him very graciously, and begged him to make known the object of his visit. Thereupon the Prince informed his Royal Highness that, having heard of the superior beauty of the ladies of his court, he had come to ask permission to make one of them his wife.

"When our King heard this bold announcement, his face reddened, he turned uneasily on his throne, and we were all in dread lest some quick words of furious condemnation should leap from out his quivering lips. But by a mighty effort he controlled himself; and after a moment's silence he turned to the Prince, and said: 'Your request is granted. To-morrow at noon you shall wed one of the fairest damsels of our court.' Then turning to his officers, he said: 'Give orders that everything be prepared for a wedding in this palace at high noon to-morrow. Convey this royal Prince to suitable apartments. Send to him tailors, boot-makers, hatters, jewelers, armorers; men of every craft, whose services he may need. Whatever he asks, provide. And let all be ready for the ceremony to-morrow.'

"'But, your Majesty,' exclaimed the Prince, 'before we make these preparations, I would like ——'

"'Say no more!' roared the King. 'My royal orders have been given, and nothing more is needed to be said. You asked a boon; I granted it; and I will hear no more on the subject. Farewell, my Prince, until to-morrow noon.'

"At this the King arose, and left the audience chamber, while the Prince was hurried away to the apartments selected for him. And here came to him tailors, hatters, jewelers, and every one who was needed to fit

* See THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for November, 1882.

him out in grand attire for the wedding. But the mind of the Prince was much troubled and perplexed.

"'I do not understand,' he said to his attendants, 'this precipitancy of action. When am I to see the ladies, that I may choose among them? I wish opportunity, not only to gaze upon their forms and faces, but to become acquainted with their relative intellectual development.'

"'We can tell you nothing,' was the answer. 'What our King thinks right, that will he do. And more than this we know not.'

"'His Majesty's notions seem to be very peculiar,' said the Prince, 'and, so far as I can see, they do not at all agree with mine.'

"At that moment an attendant whom the Prince had not noticed before came and stood beside him. This was a broad-shouldered man of cheery aspect, who carried, its hilt in his right hand, and its broad back resting on his broad arm, an enormous scimeter, the upturned edge of which was keen and bright as any razor. Holding this formidable weapon as tenderly as though it had been a sleeping infant, this man drew closer to the Prince and bowed.

"'Who are you?' exclaimed his Highness, starting back at the sight of the frightful weapon.

"'I,' said the other, with a courteous smile, 'am the Discourager of Hesitancy. When our King makes known his wishes to any one, a subject or visitor, whose disposition in some little points may be supposed not to wholly coincide with that of his Majesty, I am appointed to attend him closely, that, should he think of pausing in the path of obedience to the royal will, he may look at me, and proceed.'

"The Prince looked at him, and proceeded to be measured for a coat.

"The tailors and shoemakers and hatters worked all night; and the next morning, when everything was ready, and the hour of noon was drawing nigh, the Prince again anxiously inquired of his attendants when he might expect to be introduced to the ladies.

"'The King will attend to that,' they said. 'We know nothing of the matter.'

"'Your Highness,' said the Discourager of Hesitancy, approaching with a courtly bow, 'will observe the excellent quality of this edge.' And drawing a hair from his head, he dropped it upon the upturned edge of his scimeter, upon which it was cut in two at the moment of touching.

"The Prince glanced and turned upon his heel.

"Now came officers to conduct him to the grand hall of the palace, in which the ceremony was to be performed. Here the Prince found the King seated on the throne, with his nobles, his courtiers, and his officers standing about him in magnificent array. The Prince was led to a position in front of the King, to whom he made obeisance, and then said:

"'Your Majesty, before I proceed further——'

"At this moment an attendant, who had approached with a long scarf of delicate silk, wound it about the lower part of the Prince's face so quickly and adroitly that he was obliged to cease speaking. Then, with wonderful dexterity, the rest of the scarf was wound around the Prince's head, so that he was completely blindfolded. Thereupon the attendant quickly made openings in the scarf over the mouth and ears, so that the Prince might breathe and hear; and fastening the ends of the scarf securely, he retired.

"The first impulse of the Prince was to snatch the silken folds from his head and face; but as he raised his hands to do so, he heard beside him the voice of the Discourager of Hesitancy, who gently whispered: 'I am here, your Highness.' And, with a shudder, the arms of the Prince fell down by his side.

"Now before him he heard the voice of a priest, who had begun the marriage service in use in that semi-barbaric country. At his side he could hear a delicate rustle, which seemed to proceed from fabrics of soft silk. Gently putting forth his hand, he felt folds of such silk close beside him. Then came the voice of the priest requesting him to take the hand of the lady by his side; and reaching forth his right hand, the Prince received within it another hand so small, so soft, so delicately fashioned, and so delightful to the touch, that a thrill went through his being. Then, as was the custom of the country, the priest first asked the lady would she have this man to be her husband. To which the answer gently came in the sweetest voice he ever heard: 'I will.'

"Then ran raptures rampant through the Prince's blood. The touch, the tone, enchanted him. All the ladies of that court were beautiful; the Discourager was behind him; and through his parted scarf he boldly answered: 'Yes, I will.'

"Whereupon the priest pronounced them man and wife.

"Now the Prince heard a little bustle about him; the long scarf was rapidly unrolled from his head; and he turned, with a start, to gaze upon his bride. To his utter amazement, there was no one there. He stood alone. Unable on the instant to ask a question or say a word, he gazed blankly about him.

"Then the King arose from his throne, and came down, and took him by the hand.

"'Where is my wife?' gasped the Prince.

"'She is here,' said the King, leading him to a curtained doorway at the side of the hall.

"The curtains were drawn aside, and the Prince, entering, found himself in a long apartment, near the opposite wall of which stood a line of forty ladies, all dressed in rich attire, and each one apparently more beautiful than the rest.

"Waving his hand towards the line, the King said to the Prince: 'There is your bride! Approach, and lead her forth! But, remember this: that if you attempt to take away one of the unmarried damsels of our court, your execution shall be instantaneous. Now, delay no longer. Step up and take your bride.'

"The Prince, as in a dream, walked slowly along the line of ladies, and then walked slowly back again. Nothing could he see about any one of them to indicate that she was more of a bride than the others. Their dresses were all similar; they all blushed; they all looked up, and then looked down. They all had charming little hands. Not one spoke a word. Not one lifted a finger to make a sign. It was evident that the orders given them had been very strict.

"'Why this delay?' roared the King. 'If I had been married this day to one so fair as the lady who wedded you, I should not wait one second to claim her.'

"The bewildered Prince walked again up and down the line. And this time there was a slight change in the countenances of two of the ladies. One of them among the fairest gently smiled as he passed her. Another, just as beautiful, slightly frowned.

"'Now,' said the Prince to himself, 'I am sure that it is one of those two ladies whom I have married. But which? One smiled. And would not any woman smile when she saw, in such a case, her husband coming towards her? But, then, were she not his bride, would she not smile with satisfaction to think he had not selected her, and that she had not led him to an untimely doom? But then, on the other hand, would not any woman frown when she saw her husband come towards her and fail to claim her? Would she not knit her lovely brows? And would she not inwardly say, "It is I! Don't you know it? Don't you feel it? Come!" But if this woman had not been married, would she not frown when she saw the man looking at her? Would she not say to herself, "Don't stop at me! It is the next but one. It is two ladies above. Go on!" And then again, the one who married me did not see my face. Would she not smile if she thought me comely? While if I wedded the one who frowned, could she restrain her disapprobation if she did not like me? Smiles invite the approach of true love. A frown is a reproach to a tardy advance. A smile——'

"'Now, hear me!' loud cried the King. 'In ten seconds, if you do not take the lady we have given you, she, who has just been made your bride, shall be your widow.'

"And, as the last word was uttered, the Discourager of Hesitancy stepped close behind the Prince, and whispered: 'I am here!'

"Now the Prince could not hesitate an instant; and he stepped forward and took one of the two ladies by the hand.

"Loud rang the bells; loud cheered the people; and the King came forward to congratulate the Prince. He had taken his lawful bride.

"Now, then," said the high officer to the deputation of five strangers from a far country, "when you can decide among yourselves which lady the Prince chose, the one who smiled or the one who frowned, then will I tell you which came out of the opened door, the lady or the tiger!"

At the latest accounts the five strangers had not yet decided.

Frank R. Stockton.

SONG.

LONELY art thou in thy sorrow — lonely art thou;
Yet, lone as thou art, at least it is left thee to sing:
Thy heart-blood staining the thorn on the secret bough,
Make the deep woodland ring!

Well-friended art thou in thy joy — well-friended art thou;
No longer, Love-kept as thou art, it is left thee to sing:
Thou, in thy down-soft nest on the summer bough,
Foldest both song and wing.

Edith M. Thomas.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Twenty Years after the War.

IT was anticipated that besides its other probable accomplishments the New Orleans Exposition would have an excellent effect in bringing citizens of different parts of the country together, and especially in affording occasion for a visit to the Far South to many in the North who had not recently enjoyed the opportunity of travel and observation there. In this direction, at least, the latest of the world's fairs has certainly been of value to the whole country.

Among the things that must have first struck the unused observer in the South was the fact that, notwithstanding all the agony and sorrow and loss of the North growing out of the Civil War, that war was brought home to the people of the insurgent States with much greater force. One of the still-lingering mistakes with regard to the North among our Southern brethren is the supposition that so much of the Northern armies consisted of virtual aliens, or "hirelings," and there were so many non-combatants on the Northern side that the people of that section knew little of the sufferings of the war. This, of course, is untrue; though it is true, doubtless, that the proportion of non-combatants among the whites was smaller in the South than in the North. But besides this, the traveler in the South is forever passing through cities and States that have been crushed beneath the iron wheels of war. The very railroad maps that he finds it necessary to consult are maps of famous battles and campaigns. The churches where they worship, the houses where they gathered together the little that was left to them for a new start in life, have been riddled by Union shells, and the gardens and fields still yield a plentiful crop of iron and of lead. The Northern visitor finds his hospitable hosts living on the very battle-fields where they lost, not only the "Cause" once passionately dear to them, but their fathers, their brothers, their husbands, their dearest friends.

So, while in all directions there are rebuilt cities, and harvests are growing prosperously on fields strangely marked by fading lines of intrenchment, still everywhere in the South there is an inextinguishable atmosphere of pathos. Those who stood by the Union in the days when the slave-power lifted up its hand against the government of the country may hold morally, intellectually, and politically to the view that the rebellious districts suffered nothing that they did not deserve; yet he must have a mean heart who does not sympathize with a brave, sincere, and conquered foe.

But what will the traveler learn as to the sentiment of the Southern people with regard to the great questions which were involved in the war that was brought to a close just a score of years ago? What of the old belief in the institution of slavery and in the doctrine of secession? We believe it will be found that on these questions there is not only a general acceptance of the situation, but also in many cases a change of view, which involve a political revolution such as within the same length of time has never before been accomplished in the history of mankind. When one recalls the enthusiasm and devotion with which the South contended for its so-called rights during a four years' war, when one contemplates the humiliation and loss of the period of negro and carpet-bag domination, and when one realizes all the causes for bitterness and opposition from a Southern point of view, the wide extent of the anti-slavery and of the Union sentiment in the South to-day is a matter not only of surprise, but also one for the deepest gratification to the lover of his country.

The visitor in the South will soon learn that a natural loyalty to the dead soldiers of the Confederate army, along with the desire to defend the character and motives both of the dead and the living, and an insistence upon that sincerity of purpose which Abraham Lincoln recognized,— he will learn that these do not imply either an admiration of or desire for the institution of slavery, or the slightest wish for a revival of "the lost cause." In fact, the vagueness and unreasonableness of that "cause" is being borne in upon the minds of the people with growing force and conviction. It is coming more and more to be felt that slavery was not a thing to fight for, and that the Confederacy had in its origin and basis elements of disintegration which would have worked its own speedy downfall. It is probably felt also that there is little more of difficulty in carrying out national legislation in a manner acceptable to all sections of the country than there is in bringing different sections of many of the individual States themselves into harmony of view and action.

Many in the South will be apt to resent the statement that they were fighting for slavery, but a discussion of the origin of the secession movement would only reveal its inherent weakness, and the lack of unity of sentiment from the beginning.

That would be a hardy philosopher, indeed, who before the event should seek to draw consolation for the bloodshed and loss of war from any source save the desired general result,— one way or the other, according to the side with which he sympathized. But after the conflict is over, it is not so difficult to recognize the good that is ever being mysteriously evolved from evil, and at least partially to offset against the carnage and suffering not merely the main, obvious political and moral results, but other sequences scarcely less important. Suppose, then, that Lincoln at Washington and Anderson at Sumter had shown the white feather, and that the North had refused to fight, as many in the South had believed it would,— or suppose that either side had fought feebly or failed ignominiously,— would mutual respect and understanding have been advanced? Without war,— a war which those who sustained the Government must yet regard as, on the Southern side, morally and politically inexcusable and never to be commended,— could the North and the South have grown in twenty years to know and respect each other to the degree that the soldiers at least of both sections do now know and respect each other?

The Blindness of Legislators.

It has been remarked as a triumphant test of the strength of republican government, that the reins of executive power could pass without a ripple of excitement from the hands of a party bearing a name identified with the perpetuity of the Union itself, to that of a party new to office and, to say the least, by no means established in the confidence of the entire country. But it may be regarded as a more signal triumph of popular government, that it has stood and is standing the strain of an era of distrust: — on the part of the people, a well-founded distrust of their so-called servants; on the part of our public men, an ill-founded but not unnatural distrust of the people. We are by no means likely to escape from this condition of things in one administration, or by the example of any one or two or half dozen men doing bravely the service of the people and looking to them for approval; in the faithfulness of such lies the salvation of the body politic from present evils. But it is a more profound source of hope (and an offset to the mutual distrust of which we speak) to know, as recent events have shown, that the people believe in themselves, and in principles of national honor. In the latter respect they are a generation ahead of the politicians, and even of some very honest but rather technical statesmen, who are afraid to trust their own instincts until they have heard from the noisiest and least representative of their constituents.

No one can come in contact with our legislators at Washington or Albany or elsewhere without realizing how deaf they sometimes are to the opinions of the intelligent class, the applause of whom should outweigh that of a whole continent of others. So deep a hold have vested and corporate interests upon, we will not say the sympathy, but the attention, of Congress, that no question of honor or sentiment has a ghost of a chance for attention while the material interests of somebody are clamoring for help. Ask for an honest currency, and you meet the silver lobby. Ask for an equitable international copyright law in order to abolish a national disgrace, the theft of brains,— comparable only to slavery, the theft of brawn,— and you are confronted with the awful fact that somebody's pocket is likely to suffer thereby. Ask for a consideration of works of art on a higher plane than the frames which contain them, and you are met with false ideas of the purposes of tariffs, and a blind indifference to our obligations to the art of other countries. In all questions concerning life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the public body, whether aldermen or Congress, has to be pushed and driven by the people into a recognition of their most evident desires. A conspicuous and lamentable example of this blindness of the "public servant" is the tardiness with which Congress responded to the unanimous feeling of gratitude in which the whole country holds its first soldier. How long would an "effete monarchy" have hesitated over so manifest a duty?

These are questions of too great moment to the progress and honor of the country to be met by the response of the average Congressman: "Oh, your bill is good enough, but there is no demand for it." "Yielding to pressure" in a bad direction is deplorable enough, and we had its prospective evils sufficiently set forth on both sides of the late campaign; but *not yielding* in a good direction *except to pressure* is a danger that will bear presenting. For on the heels of the habit which a Congressman acquires of waiting for the expression of public opinion, comes the habit of indifference to public opinion when it is expressed. If a man will not listen to conscience within him, how soon will he fail to hear the thunders of its echoes from other breasts! The easy willingness of Congressmen to defer their approval of good measures reminds us, by contrast, of the Abolitionist to whom after a heated discussion an opponent said, "I believe, Mr. ——, if you had your way you would free every slave in the country to-morrow." "To-morrow!" was the indignant response; "to-morrow! Do you think me such a scoundrel as to wait until to-morrow?"

The chief difficulty, we say, in getting attention for apparently non-material interests seems to be in the indifference of legislators to the best public opinion. Men who have influence in public meetings, in the press, in society, seem to have but little weight with Congress, unless it be with the representative from their own district. Legislation thus becomes a sort of multiplied local option. Both parties compete for the title of "national," but as a rule the Congressman refers the settlement of questions of national interest and honor to his own constituency — not to the best of it, but to the opinion he thinks to be held by the average voter of his district. This timidity and lack of faith in the people is continually coming to the surface. Occasionally it meets with merited rebuke. During the recent session of the New York Legislature, a large number of petitions were received for the passage of the Niagara Reservation Bill — a most important measure, which has since been passed. Among these was one from the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, to which were added the following comments:

> "I believe and teach that legislators ought not to be looking down for instructions. A man under oath is degraded if he act or vote through love of praise or fear of blame from his fellow-man. I do not wish to influence your vote. This Niagara Park enterprise is or is not in your judgment a wise and salutary enterprise. I decline to bring popular pressure to bear on you. You know that I can get one hundred names to the above. You know as well as I about what names I should get. But if every voter in the country should ask you to vote aye, and you in your chair should feel it unwise or wrong to so vote, it would be your duty to disregard us and vote according to your best wisdom as a legislator. Then come home and teach us — not we, you."

It is time we had more of this sort of protest against the abdication of responsibility by public men. The reverence for the right of petition which is affected by legislators is often only a pretext for gauging the effect of a vote upon their reëlection. In local contests the wishes of the majority are entitled to superior consideration, but on national questions they should have, as a rule, no weight against the clearly apprehended needs of the country. Americans are in the broad a moral people, and the qualities they admire most of all in their servants are bravery and loyalty; and if the self-seeking legislator were of keener vision, he would note the popular response that comes to every manifestation of these qualities. Whether in a mayor, an assemblyman, a governor, or a President, the country forgives

much to much devotion. Men who are devoted to the public interest are too few to let minor mistakes of policy mar their usefulness. To such, if they be in the party now intrusted with power, the legacy of unsettled public questions from their opponents, which was expected to be a stumbling-block, is but a legacy of opportunities; for every question has its right and its wrong side, and offers a new chance to serve the people. Nor are opportunities fewer to members of the party now in opposition; the times were never so propitious for devotion to the country by the minority, whether individually or as a body. The people have found that their servants, as such, are of no party, and, seeing possibilities of higher honor and progress, are in no mood to lose the end and aim of popular government in a factious struggle for mean partisan advantages. In spite of the spoilsmen of both parties, a better era is at hand, with rewards for an honest and brave devotion to public interests.

Dr. Edward Eggleston's Historical Papers.

In a leisurely way Dr. Eggleston's serial history of life in the American colonies has been brought down to the tenth paper,—"Social Life in the Colonies,"—which appears in this number of The Century. Since each article of the series is complete in itself, desultory publication has harmonized with the aim to make the contents of the magazine as varied as possible, and with the author's purpose to leave no source of information and illustration unexamined. Dr. Eggleston's first visit on this errand to the British Museum resulted in the discovery of facts and pictorial materials of the highest value, including the John White drawings of Indian life. Now that his work, as it will appear in the magazine, is a little more than half finished, it may interest our readers to know that Dr. Eggleston sailed for England early in May, with the purpose of making further investigations in the large collections relating to American life at the British Museum, and in other libraries and depositories in the mother country.

In writing this history, which is perhaps unique for the telling of heretofore ungarnered facts in a popular as well as an exact style, the author, while availing himself of all the important results reached by special students and local historians, has found it indispensably necessary to go back to the original authorities, where possible, in order to get behind the superstitions and illusions that have been so long and faithfully cherished, and to catch the very tone and complexion of the old life. More than five years have already been spent in the careful study of that complex mass of printed and manuscript authorities which must be searched and winnowed in order to attain a thorough knowledge of the life of the colonists; and it will take nearly as many years more to complete the history. No such exhaustive study of the social, domestic, industrial, religious, and intellectual life of the colonists in general has ever before been made, and it will probably be long before such a comprehensive investigation will be undertaken again.

Perhaps the most important advantage the author has had for this work has been derived from an early personal acquaintance with many diverse forms of social life still existing in this country. The geologist must know the corresponding living animals in order to understand his fossils, and the social historian will find his records an enigma unless he is acquainted with the new life that has been evolved from the old. There came to Dr. Eggleston early opportunity to know life in the North, the South, and the middle country, and to live at the East and at the West — some of the fruits of which are "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," and other stories. In southern Indiana he saw eighteenth-century life still preserved around the wide fire-places; in Minnesota he saw the preserves of colonization, the Indians, the white men in contact with savages, and an Indian massacre — that of 1862; he saw the antique Virginia life before the war, and knew rural New England at a later period. From boyhood he has noted diversities of speech and manners, and this history of life in the United States before the Revolution is in some sense the mature outgrowth of a lifetime of observation and study. And since the series was begun he has made a number of journeys between Boston and Charleston for the purpose of special study and observation of the land and the people as they exist now.

It has been the custom to write colonial history by narrating the public events, such as the appointment of a new governor, or a quarrel between a governor and an assembly. In this way the whole current of the history is destroyed by the necessity for telling thirteen different and contemporaneous stories! A squabble between a colonial governor and his assembly is an event hardly greater in dimensions than a disagreement between the mayor and common council of some third-rate city of to-day. While the public events are mostly trivial, the social history is of the greatest consequence. To tell how and why our ancestors came here, what were the aborigines, and what were the settlers' relations with them in trade, in efforts to civilize them, and in war; to relate what were the notions and methods of field and garden culture which they brought with them, and what changes and evolutions their agriculture passed through here; to describe the curious forms of their commerce by sea and along the waterways of the provinces, as well as by pack-horse with the interior; to analyze mediæval notions of land tenure introduced here, and to trace the gradual change to modern American forms; and to tell the strange story of white and black slavery in the plantations, are among the important and neglected portions of American history that are being set forth comprehensively in this work. Dr. Eggleston has written also of domestic life and manners; of houses, furniture, costume, and equipages, as well as of social life — that is, of the weddings, the funerals, the sports, and the theater in colonial days. There remain yet to be written in order to fill up the scheme the story of the multiform Religious Life — the story of churchmen, Puritans, Quakers, Baptists, and other sects; the story of persecution and of witches, and that of the Whitefield revival and its results. There will be also some account of the Curiosities of Colonial Law and Government, of strange legislation and absolute punishments, of stocks, pillories, cages, brands, ducking-stools, and gibbets; and under the head of "Intellectual Life," education and the lack of it, the rise of schools and colleges — the strange sub-

jects of intellectual inquiry, the curiosities and absurdities of colonial medical theory and practice, and the efforts at literature and art. A chapter will be devoted to the French war and its influence on colonial life. And the underlying causes which tended to produce a separation from the mother country will be traced with more fullness than ever before.

The illustrations prepared for this series of papers are among the most valuable that have ever been made for an American historical work. Though many of them are picturesque, none of them are works of fancy, but every one represents a fact of historic interest. A great amount of pains has been expended to insure the authenticity and veracity of these cuts; it is, indeed, intended to make them as valuable for historic purposes as the text itself.

OPEN LETTERS.

Dr. Holmes on International Copyright.

On the 28th and 29th of April an interesting and successful series of readings was given by American authors at the Madison Square Theater, New York, in aid of the fund of the American Copyright League. George William Curtis, Esq., presided on the first afternoon, and the Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, Assistant Bishop of New York, on the second. Both gentlemen made striking and eloquent appeals in favor of the establishment of an International Copyright. Among those who took part were the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Messrs. W. D. Howells, Edward Eggleston, S. L. Clemens, R. H. Stoddard, Julian Hawthorne, Will Carleton, H. H. Boyesen, H. C. Bunner, G. P. Lathrop, and others. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris and Mr. Frank R. Stockton were represented by proxy, the latter by a new story. Two of Dr. Holmes's poems were read, prefaced by the following letter, which we are permitted to print for the first time. — EDITOR.

BOSTON, April 27, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret deeply that I cannot be present at the meeting, where so many of my friends will be gathered. It will be a grand rally in the cause of one of the hardest worked of the laboring classes,— a meeting of the soft-handed sons of toil, whose tasks are more trying than those of the roughest day-laborer, though his palms might shame the hide of a rhinoceros. How complex, how difficult is the work of the brain-operative! He employs the noblest implement which God has given to mortals. He handles the most precious material that is modeled by the art of man: the imperishable embodiment of human thought in language.

Is not the product of the author's industry an addition to the wealth of his country and of civilization as much as if it were a ponderable or a measurable substance? It cannot be weighed in the grocer's scales, or measured by the shop-keeper's yard-stick. But nothing is so real, nothing so permanent, nothing of human origin so prized. Better lose the Parthenon than the Iliad; better level St. Peter's than blot out the Divina Commedia; better blow up Saint Paul's than strike Paradise Lost from the treasures of the English language.

How much a great work costs! What fortunate strains of blood have gone to the formation of that delicate yet potent brain-tissue! What happy influences have met for the development of its marvelous capacities! What travail, what throbbing temples, what tension of every mental fiber, what conflicts, what hopes, what illusions, what disappointments, what triumphs, lie recorded between the covers of that volume on the bookseller's counter! And shall the work which has drained its author's life-blood be the prey of the first vampire that chooses to flap his penny-edition wings over his unprotected and hapless victim?

This is the wrong we would put an end to. The British author, whose stolen works are in the hands of the vast American reading public, may possibly receive a small pension if he come to want in his old age. But the bread of even public charity is apt to have a bitter taste, and the slice is at best but a small one. Shall not our English-writing brother have his fair day's wage for his fair day's work in furnishing us with instruction and entertainment?

As to the poor American author, no pension will ever keep him from dying in the poorhouse. His books may be on every stall in Europe, in their own or in foreign tongues, but his only compensation is the free-will offering of some liberal-minded publisher.

This should not be so. We all know it, and some among us have felt it, and still feel it as a great wrong. I think especially of those who are in the flower of their productive period, and those who are just coming into their time of inflorescence. To us who are too far advanced to profit by any provision for justice likely to be made in our day, it would still be a great satisfaction to know that the writers who come after us will be fairly treated, and that genius will no longer be an outlaw as soon as it crosses the Atlantic.

Believe me, dear Mr. Lathrop,

Very truly yours,

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GEORGE P. LATHROP, ESQ., *Secretary, etc.*

Another Side of the Copyright Question.

THE struggle to secure the protection of our laws for literary property produced by citizens of foreign countries has been long and wearisome. To some it may seem fruitless. An ocean of ink has been spilt and a myriad of speeches have been made; and as yet there are no positive results set down in black and white in the Revised Statutes of the United States. But the best cure for pessimism is to look back along the past, and to take exact account of the progress already made. This examination reveals solid grounds

for encouragement in the future. The labor spent, although often misdirected, has not been in vain. Something has been gained. Public opinion is slowly crystallizing. By judicial decision, it is true, and not by legislative enactment, it is now possible for the foreign dramatist to protect his stage-right in the United States, and for the American dramatist to protect his stage-right in Great Britain. The means whereby this protection can be attained are troublesome and expensive; but that they exist at all indicates an increasing enlightenment of the public mind. Far more important than this judicial victory is the formation of the American Copyright League, and the massing together in a solid phalanx of nearly all American authors. This organization is ready to move on the enemy's works at once, and it is prepared to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. It is devoting its utmost efforts to the urging of a bill which shall establish in the simplest manner the rights of the author. As soon as the people of the United States are aroused to see the justice of this bill and its necessity, it will become a law, and the question of International Copyright will be settled once for all. The Anti-slavery Society awakened the conscience of the people, and when the time was ripe slavery was abolished. The Civil Service Reform Associations cried aloud in the wilderness for months and years, until at last the hour came and the man, and the Spoils System received its death-blow. So the American Copyright League has settled down to its task, which it will stick to, without haste and without rest, until the good work is done.

The argument most generally used in favor of this great moral reform is that it will put an end to an atrocious and systematic robbery of foreign authors. That this is a strong argument no one can deny. As the law stands now we are willing to avail ourselves of the literary labors of the great English writers on science and on history, but we do not think the laborer worthy of his hire; we are willing to get pleasure and to take refreshment from the great English novelists and poets, without money and without price. The Englishman, the Frenchman, or the German may send to this country his goods for sale, his trade-marks to be registered, his inventions to be patented; but we deny his right of property in his writings, and his books are free stealing for whoso will. We are wont to consider this a moral country, and we are proud to call ourselves a progressive people; but in the evolution of morality in regard to intellectual property we are at a lower stage than nations which we are glad to look on as less moral and more backward. All things considered, intellectual property is now most carefully protected in France. Not long ago Belgium maintained the right of pirating books; and the business of book-piracy was then as respectable a trade in Brussels as it is now in New York. But in time the Belgians felt the disgrace of their position, and they experienced a change of heart. Not long ago the French novelist and the French dramatist were at the mercy of the English translator and the English adapter; but the English came to see the error of their ways. The Frenchman is now no longer pirated in Belgium or pillaged in Great Britain. The world moves—and the country which lags farthest behind is the United States of America. It is for the people of the United States to say how much longer we can afford to steal from the stranger.

A stronger argument, however, than that drawn from our robbing the foreigner is to be taken from our ill-treatment of our own authors. So long as we prey on the authors of other countries, just so long may we expect other countries to prey on our authors. While the writers of Great Britain are without protection in the United States, the writers of the United States will be without protection in Great Britain. In the present state of the case a double wrong is inflicted on the American author: (1) at home he is forced to an unfair competition with stolen goods, and (2) abroad he has no redress when his goods are stolen. In his "English Note-books" Hawthorne records a visit in 1856 to the office of an important English publishing house—he gives the name in full—where he met one of the firm, who "expressed great pleasure at seeing me, as indeed he might, having published and sold, without any profit on my part, uncounted thousands of my books." Cooper and Irving have fared as ill at the hands of the English pirate as Hawthorne did. The number of American books republished in England is increasing every year. In proportion there is as much piracy in Great Britain as in the United States. Time was when there was no sarcasm in the query, Who reads an American book? Time is when that question may be answered by saying that the English now read American books—and by the hundred thousand. A glance at a railway bookstall in England will show that a very heavy proportion of the books which cover it are of American authorship—just as a glance at an American news-stand will reveal a very heavy proportion of books of British origin. In both countries the most of these literary wares are stolen goods. Half a dozen English publishers have series or libraries in which a good half of the books are of American authorship. It would not be easy to make out a list of the rival British editions of "Little Women," of "Helen's Babies," of "Democracy," of "Uncle Remus," of Artemus Ward's books, of the "Wide, Wide World," of the "Biglow Papers," of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," of many American semi-religious novels, or of many books of so-called American humor. The editions of Longfellow and of Poe are numberless. Poe is perhaps more highly esteemed in England than in America; and Longfellow's popularity was greater in Great Britain than in the United States—as Tennyson's, so it is asserted, is greater in the United States than in Great Britain. Now, nearly all these editions are unauthorized by the American author, and it is very rare indeed for him to derive any benefit from them. While the American publisher has a pleasant habit of sending an *honorarium* to the writer whose books he has captured, the British publisher generally scorns to exhibit any such evidence of delicacy.

One popular American author agreed with a London publisher that the latter should have a certain new book of the former's for a fixed sum. A rival London publisher reprinted the book in a rival edition at a lower price, and the publisher with whom the American author had dealt seized this as a pretext to break his bargain; he published his edition, and he advertised it as the authorized edition, but he never paid one penny of the sum he had promised. The

English publisher, even when he is honest and means well, is prevented from offering a fair price by the fear of a rival edition. A certain American humorist wrote a book which he believed would be popular, and an English publisher offered him a hundred pounds for it. If the American could have protected his rights in England, he would have refused this offer, and he would have insisted on a royalty. As it was, he had, perforce, to accept it. It so happened that the book made a greater hit in England than in America; in the United States twelve thousand copies were sold, while in Great Britain the sale exceeded one hundred and eighty thousand copies.

The island of Manhattan has no monopoly of book-pirates. Captain Kidd was a native of the British Isles. Hawthorne, in his "American Note-books," recorded in 1850 that he had just found two of his stories published as original in the last London "Metropolitan," and he added, "The English are much more unscrupulous and dishonest pirates than ourselves." It is true that the British literary freebooter sometimes cruelly and barbarously mutilates his American victim. An American publisher, if he takes an English book, reprints it *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*, with the author's name in full. But the British publisher sometimes, as we have seen, drops out the author's name; sometimes he hires an English notability as editor; sometimes he revises and amends the heretical views of the American author in religion or in politics; sometimes he adapts throughout. One of Dr. Holland's earlier novels was published in England with a multitude of changes, such as the substitution of the Queen for the President, and of the Thames for the Connecticut. One of his later novels, "Arthur Bonnicastle," appeared in England with a new ending, or, as the title-page announced in the finest of type,—"The last chapter by another hand."

Writing on the subject of International Copyright fifteen years ago, Mr. James Parton began his essay with a striking statement, as is his custom: "There is an American lady living at Hartford, in Connecticut, whom the United States has permitted to be robbed by foreigners of two hundred thousand dollars. Her name is Harriet Beecher Stowe. By no disloyal act has she or her family forfeited their right to the protection of the government of the United States. She pays her taxes, keeps the peace, and earns her livelihood by honest industry; she has reared children for the service of the Commonwealth; she was warm and active for her country when many around her were cold or hostile; in a word, she is a good citizen. More than that: she is an illustrious citizen. The United States stands higher to-day in the regard of every civilized being in Christendom because she lives in the United States. . . . To that American woman every person on earth who read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' incurred a personal obligation. Every individual who became possessed of a copy of the book, and every one who saw the story played in a theater, was bound in natural justice to pay money to her for service rendered, unless she expressly and formally relinquished her right,—which she never has done." Mr. Parton's statement of the case is vehement, but his estimate of the loss to Mrs. Stowe, owing to the absence of any way by which she could protect her rights in foreign parts, is none too high. Because the people of the United States have not chosen to give protection here to the works of foreign authors, Mrs. Stowe has been robbed by foreigners, and the extent of her loss is quite two hundred thousand dollars. The extent of the loss of Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and of the many living Americans whose writings are read eagerly on the far side of the Atlantic, is many times two hundred thousand dollars, and it increases every day.

B. M.

The Calling of a Christian Minister.

THERE is loud complaint of a famine in the ministry. The bread of life is plenty, men say, but there are few to break it. The scarcity is somewhat exaggerated, but the catalogues of the theological seminaries show that it exists. The number of men in preparation for the ministry does not increase so fast as the number of the churches increases.

Part of this disparity is due, as was recently shown by an Open Letter in these pages, to the needless multiplication of churches, under the stress of a fierce and greedy sectarianism. Not only is the demand for ministers in many of the smaller communities in excess of the real need, but the petty competitions into which the churches are thus plunged prevent many high-minded young men from entering the ministry. It is probable, also, that the theological disputations which have been rife during the last few years have discouraged some who might otherwise have chosen this work. They have seen devout and faithful pastors bearing the stigma of heresy, and even cast out of the synagogues; they have seen earnest and brave young men stopped and turned back on the threshold of the ministry; and they have shrunk from entering upon a work which appeared to be beset with so many snares and suspicions. This action may have been ill-advised, but there can be no doubt that it has been taken for such reasons in a great many cases. To doubts within, as well as to disputations without, the reluctance of some to enter the ministry must be attributed. In this period of theological reconstruction it is not strange that some ingenuous young men have become somewhat uncertain respecting the foundations of the Christian faith. To enter upon the work of preparation for the ministry with such misgivings would, of course, be out of the question.

To obstacles of this nature rather than to any lack of worldly advantages in the ministry is due, we are persuaded, the greater part of the falling off in the number of theological students. The Christian ministry will never suffer from the loss of those who are allured from its labors by the superior prizes of wealth or power which are offered to men in other callings; and, tempting as these prizes are, it is to be hoped that there are still a great many young men in this country to whom other motives more strongly appeal. If young men of this class, whose aims are not mainly sordid, and who entertain a generous ambition to serve their generation, are less strongly attracted than formerly to the work of the ministry, that is certainly to be regretted. And the reasons which lead them to decline so good a work ought to be well weighed.

Even those who turn away from the ministry because of intellectual difficulties might find, if they took counsel with some judicious and intelligent friend, an easy

solution of their difficulties. And although the theological strifes are annoying and the sectarian competitions vexatious, it is quite possible to preserve in the midst of these an even temper, and to carry through them all a heart so brave and a will so firm and a spirit so generous that their worst mischiefs shall be greatly counteracted. Indeed, these evils should serve to furnish earnest young men with reasons for entering the ministry, rather than of turning from it. Doubtless there is a great work to do in overcoming sectarianism with charity, and in conquering theological rancors and prejudices by the inculcation of the simple truths of the Gospel. Is not this a work worth doing? There is really great reason to hope that Christianity can be Christianized. Efforts put forth in this direction are meeting with the most encouraging success. And any young man who finds it in his heart to take the elementary truths of the Christian religion and apply them courageously to the lives of men, may be assured that there is a great field open to him. He will get a most cordial hearing, and, if he have but a fair quantum of pluck and of prudence, it will not be possible for sectaries or heresy-hunters to hinder him in his work.

It is quite true, as has been said, that the work of the ministry offers no such baits to cupidity as are displayed before men in other callings. No minister can hope to heap up a great fortune; and most ministers must be content with a simple and frugal manner of life. Nevertheless, every man has a right to a decent livelihood; and a minister of the Gospel, of fair ability, is tolerably sure of a decent livelihood. There are indigent ministers, but probably no more of them than of indigent lawyers or physicians; and while the income of the most successful legal or medical practitioner is far larger than that of any clergyman, the clergyman's support at the beginning of his professional life is far better assured than that of beginners in the other professions. Ministers generally are able to live as well as the average of their parishioners, and they ought to live no better.

To these prudential considerations may be added the fact that the minister's calling, as shown by the life tables, is conducive to health and longevity, and the other fact that the position occupied by him in the community is still a highly honorable one. There is complaint that the respect yielded to the clergy has diminished somewhat since the days when the congregations rose upon the parson's entrance, and when little boys took off their caps to him as he passed along the road; and there is, no doubt, some lack in these times of such formal civilities. Nevertheless the minister still occupies a high place in the respect of his neighbors. If he be a gentleman, and possess a fair measure of enterprise and judgment, he will always rank with the leaders of opinion and action in the community where he lives; and if the possession of a good fame be a worthy object of desire, it is certain that no other calling offers a better opportunity of becoming widely and honorably known. These are not the reasons for entering the ministry; any man with whom they would be decisive has no call to this service; but, in view of the disparaging estimates frequently put upon this calling in recent times, it is well to keep these facts in mind. There is room enough for self-denial in the ministry, no doubt; but it should not be represented as the road to penury or martyrdom. It is quite possible for the average clergyman of this generation to avoid mendicancy, to eat his own bread, to keep his self-respect, and to live a dignified and honorable life among his neighbors.

These are not the reasons for choosing this calling, but good reasons are not wanting. Those who believe that the issues of eternity depend on the choices of time find in this fact the highest incentives to this service. But, apart from this, the work of the ministry ought to make a strong appeal to men of conscience and good-will. The services which the minister is able to render to society are above all computation, and there never was a time when society was in greater need of such services. In the work of public education, the work of moral reform, the work of charity, he is the natural leader. Here are great problems, demanding the most diligent study, the most patient and self-denying labor. The minister is bound to master them; to make his congregation familiar with them; to stir up the community to intelligent action upon them. The questions now so urgent respecting the relations of labor and capital, and the right distribution of the products of industry, are questions that are not likely to be justly solved without the application of Christian principles. To search out and apply these principles, in this great conflict, is a work that might satisfy the noblest ambition. The conduct of politics often presents ethical questions of great importance; not only the issues presented, but the methods of the politicians, need to be criticised from the point of view of an uncompromising morality, and to this service the clergyman is called. He has no right to be a mere partisan, or to advocate in the pulpit the cause of any party; but it is his duty, as a citizen, to stand up for good order and morality, and to rebuke the corruption and the trickery by which the foundations of the state are undermined.

There are other services, less direct and palpable, but even more important, which the faithful clergyman renders to the community in which he lives. The tendency of our time is strongly toward a gross materialism in philosophy and in life, and toward the substitution of æsthetical for ethical standards of conduct and of character. The greatest dangers to which society is exposed arise from this subtle but powerful tendency. Mr. Walt Whitman has not been ranked among the most spiritual-minded of our teachers, but we find him bearing such testimony as this:

"I say that our New World democracy, however great a success in uplifting the masses out of the slough, in materialistic developments, products, and in a certain highly deceptive superficial intellectuality, is, so far, an almost complete failure in its social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary, and social results. . . . It is as if we were somehow being endowed with a vast and more and more thoroughly appointed body, and then left with little or no soul."

A state of society which wrings a cry like this from the lips of Mr. Walt Whitman is one in which there must be great need of lifting up a nobler pattern, and of urging, with unwearied and dauntless faith, forgotten obligations. To this work the Christian minister is especially called. It is for him to show the superiority of ideal standards over those which are

simply materialistic or utilitarian; it is for him to make his hearers believe that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," and that there is a more august rule of human conduct than the canons of the art whose primal law is pleasure. To save the men and women round about him from the greed and the frivolity and the hardness of heart into which so many of them are sinking would be indeed a great salvation. If a call was ever heard for the lifting up of spiritual standards, that call is heard to-day from the avenues of our cities and the middle aisles of our fashionable churches. If there ever was a time when the minister's vocation was neither superfluous nor a sinecure, that time is now. "An urgent exhortation," says Mr. O. B. Frothingham, in a late essay, "must be spoken to teachers, preachers, authors, guides of public opinion. . . . They must work hard if they would counteract the downward tendencies of democratic ideas as vulgarly expounded. Theirs is no holiday task. They are put upon their intelligence and their honor." To such heroic enterprise as this the pulpit is especially called. The other classes of public instructors to whom Mr. Frothingham refers may help in this work, but the preacher's opportunity and responsibility are larger than can come to men in any other calling.

It is not too much to hope that this view of the dignity and importance of the ministerial profession will impress itself upon the minds of an increasing number of ingenuous young men. It would be easy to name a goodly number of men yet young in the ministry who have entered it with such high purposes,— men who have gone out from homes of wealth and luxury, renouncing splendid opportunities of self-aggrandizement, and devoting the finest talents to this unselfish service. It is not they who are to be commiserated; let us save our tears for those who look on them with pity for the choice that they have made.

A Minister of the Gospel.

The National Flag at New Orleans.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

DEAR SIR: I called to-day upon Mr. Wilson, the photographer of the Exposition, from Philadelphia, who has superintended the taking of all the views inside the grounds, and inquired of him in regard to the alleged *hissing* of the United States flag on the occasion of the decoration of the Bankers' building, as stated in "In and Out of the New Orleans Exposition" in your June number.

Mr. Wilson was much surprised by my inquiry. Not only had he heard no hissing on that or any other occasion, but he had never before heard it intimated that the flag had been hissed. He was on the platform, and it was he who proposed the cheers, and led off. The response was hearty and unanimous —"what I should call," said Mr. Wilson, "a very enthusiastic salute." Mr. Wilson was indignant as well as surprised at the statement.

The other statement in regard to the flag — that "it is rare to see the stars and stripes in New Orleans, save on the shipping and the government building" — is also untrue. All the public buildings of the city or State, all hotels, club-houses, newspaper offices, warehouses, halls, arsenals, and many of the large business houses, display the flag on holiday occasions. It is universally used for inside decoration at public balls, fairs, concerts, lectures, etc., where any drapery is used. All the benevolent organizations of the city carry it in their processions; even in the funeral processions it appears, appropriately draped with crape. These societies, having banners of their own, could easily dispense with the national flag were they disposed to do so.

The purple, green, and orange banner, which is said to be so perplexing to strangers, is the official banner of Rex. Rex, it must be understood, has his court, his ministers, and all the paraphernalia and insignia of regular government. Purple, green, and orange are his colors; and several weeks before his arrival all good subjects are required by public proclamation to display these colors upon their residences and places of business. The order is very generally complied with, especially along the line of march of the procession. This banner does not, however, entirely usurp the place of the national flag even during Rex's brief reign, and the two may often be seen floating amicably from the same building, either public or private. The Rex banners, being as a rule of inexpensive material and renewed every year, are left hanging long after the occasion for their display has passed, while the national emblems are taken in out of the weather to be preserved for another holiday. This may account for the very queer mistake of the writer who supposes it to have been devised by the citizens for the purpose of gratifying their taste for bright colors. He must have been surprised at the remarkable unanimity with which the citizens adopted this rather singular combination. Why not vary it occasionally if it were a mere unauthorized device?

Very sincerely yours,

Marion A. Baker,
Associate Editor Times-Democrat.

[From what we learn from other sources there seems at least to have been some hissing on the occasion alluded to, but whether meant for the flag or not it would be difficult to say. The incident, at any rate, seems to have been without serious significance.— EDITOR.]

Our Club.

FIVE years ago seven or eight married ladies, feeling the need of more culture and a strong desire to improve their minds, met and decided to form a "Literary Club." Very modestly and quietly they talked the subject over, and organized with just enough red tape to enable them to work properly. A president was chosen for three months, that each one might learn to preside, and come to know enough of parliamentary rules to do so correctly. A secretary was chosen to keep what records were needed, and notify absent members, etc. We began by choosing an author, assigning to one the sketch of his life and works, and choosing three others to read selections from the same. The second year we gave to American history and contemporary authors; the third and fourth years we enjoyed English history and literature; the present year we have taken up ancient history; and we are looking forward to German and French, and a year at least for art. Our year of study

begins the first week in October and closes the last of May. We have taken the name of Every Wednesday, and meet from half-past two till half-past four every Wednesday afternoon. Our membership is limited to twenty. The programmes for the year are arranged by a committee chosen the last of the year, who prepare them during the summer vacation.

Unlike the club spoken of in the January number, we are entirely unsectarian; nearly every church is represented. Perfect harmony prevails, and we thoroughly enjoy the interchange of thought, and feel we are greatly benefited. At the close of the year we have an evening devoted to literary and social pleasure. This is in a small town of fifteen thousand inhabitants "out West." We have found it so pleasant and so beneficial, we would like to help other women.

W.

Text-books in Unitarian Sunday-schools.

In "Topics of the Time," in the November Century, reference was made to a little manual entitled "The Citizen and the Neighbor," published by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. The connection in which this reference occurs might lead the reader to think that Unitarians are using in their Sunday-schools text-books on sociology and politics in preference to manuals on religion and lessons on the Bible. The facts are the other way. "The Citizen and the Neighbor" is one of a comprehensive series of graded Sunday-school manuals designed to meet the needs of pupils of all ages, capacities, and aptitudes. It was prepared for those classes of older boys which are found in some Sunday-schools,— boys who have just entered college or are in the preparatory schools, who have gone through the other text-books, and but for some such studies in *applied religion* might follow a too prevalent fashion of leaving the school altogether. But the text-books which are generally used in Unitarian Sunday-schools are those which are directly or indirectly studies of the Bible. For several years our Sunday-school Society issued monthly lessons on special portions of the Old or New Testament, on the general plan of the International Sunday-school lessons. Since the publication of the series of graded manuals was commenced, the books most widely used (often by all the classes in a school above the infant class) have been "First Lessons on the Bible," "History of the Religion of Israel" (by the *Baptist* professor in the Divinity School of Harvard College), and the "Life of Jesus for Young People." In the primary department a manual with accompanying picture-cards on the New Testament Parables is now used. Even the most radical of our Sunday-school workers place the Bible "highest among the helps, subjects of instruction, and written sources of inspiration."

Henry G. Spaulding,
Secretary Unitarian Sunday-school Society.

Notes from Letters Received.

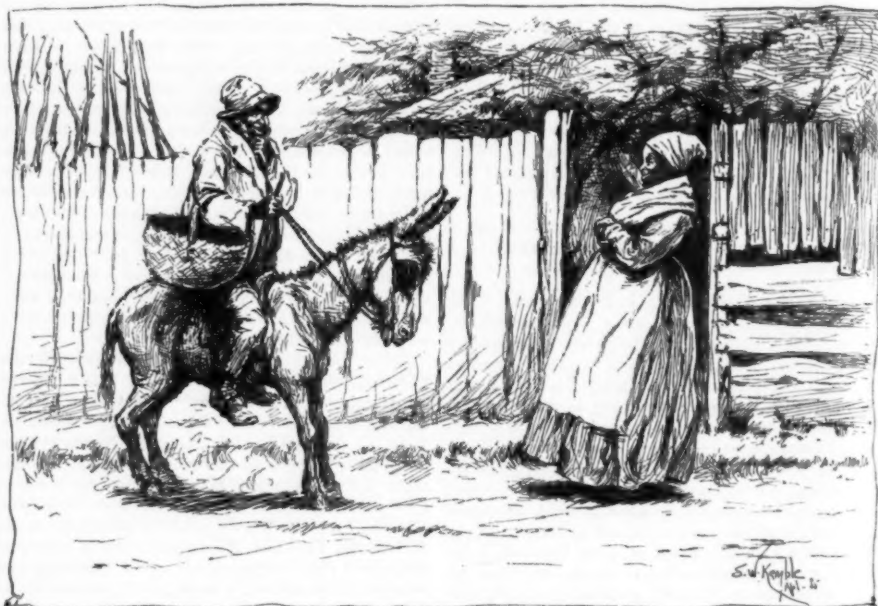
Coleridge.— Mr. Charles F. Johnson thinks that Mr. Frothingham (Century for March) "is hardly fair to Coleridge in implying that his criticism of Shakspere was in any way dependent on his German studies."

Social Clubs.— D. R. J. writes to suggest the use of social clubs for those young men who, in our various smaller cities, are largely dependent for their amusement on the local billiard saloons and bowling alleys. He takes the ground that billiards, bowls, cards, etc., are only evil when associated with vice, or used as a means of gambling, and speaks of a club having the attraction of games, but with the two following rules among its by-laws, which rules he believes to have made the success of the organization: "The use of intoxicating beverages of any description in the club rooms is prohibited." "Gambling or betting on games of chance to be played, or being played, in the club rooms, is prohibited." The violation of either of these laws means expulsion. Young men seeing the advantages offered by such an association, where the members make the acquaintance of leading citizens of the town, have formed several similar societies, governed by nearly the same rules. Our correspondent finds that these new societies are prospering finely, while an organization formed about two years ago by a number of well-to-do business men, but without any such restrictions, was sold out under the hammer.

Rival Cities of the North-west.— In the "Open Letters" department for last March, George M. Higginson, in presenting "The Claims of Chicago," stated that "St. Louis and Chicago are almost alone in the division of this great North-western trade, there being in all that immense region only one other city (Milwaukee) that has over one hundred thousand inhabitants." Exception is taken to this statement by Eaton B. Northrop, of St. Paul, who claims for both St. Paul and Minneapolis (whose corporate limits now join) a population, each, of much over one hundred thousand, and a combined population of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand. But he says that Mr. Higginson is excusable for the error "on the grounds that even citizens of St. Paul and Minneapolis find it difficult to keep pace with statistics, which prove that the population of either city has increased over two hundred per cent. within four years," the population of the two cities in 1880, taken together, being "less than ninety thousand."

Chicago vs. New York.— A correspondent, referring to the Open Letter on "The Claims of Chicago" in the March Century, says that one of Mr. Higginson's arguments is that in eight months the number of entries and clearances of vessels at Chicago was over 26,000, thus exceeding the number of entries and clearances for the year at New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. "But a great part of such vessels as are entered at Chicago are not so entered at the port of New York. The arrivals at the port of New York from the Hudson River alone, and the clearances by the same route, would undoubtedly fully equal all the claims for Chicago, and those from the East River and Jersey shore would be equal again; but such vessels are not entered at the New York Custom House. Again, he says a line of steamers will doubtless be established between Chicago and Liverpool. This would do very well for the eight months in which navigation is open, but before Chicago can compete with New York as a seaport, the business of the world must be confined to the eight months on which his argument is based."

BRIC-À-BRAC.



SCRIPTURAL REMINISCENCES.

Aunt Patty: "Bress me, Uncle Abum, ef yer doesn't call to mind Baalam gwine down ter J'rusalem."
Uncle Abram (with a weakness for Aunt Patty): "Yaas, and does yer 'member dar stood an angel in the way?"

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

AN old man doesn't catch on quite so quick as a young one, but he hangs on enough to make it up.

THE dead are the only true democracy.

GREAT wealth is too often like a great pile of manure: it only enriches one spot.

A HALF-EDUCATED man is as dangerous as a half-broken horse.

THE reason why the world grows no better is because each one is trying to convert his neighbor and neglects himself.

CONVERSATION is often nothing more than giving a wrong the benefit of the doubt.

THE boy whose only ambition is to equal his father will not only fail in doing it, but will drop away below the other boys in his neighborhood.

THANKS are cheap, and yet we can pay more than half our debts with them.

THE man who praises all things, if he happens to fall in the right company will damn all things with equal fervor.

THE moral questions that a man can't prove by his conscience better remain in doubt.

THERE is nothing so rich and so rare as philosophy; but, to make money out of, give me a ring-tailed monkey with a soldier's suit on.

SUCCESS, like other rare things, is put up in small packages.

IT seems to me that what we call the "virtues" are simply the duties of life, for observing which we are not entitled to any particular credit.

IT matters not what a man's capacity may be; if he has not honesty for a foundation, his superstructure never is safe.

PRECISE people make as many blunders as others, but they are too stubborn to correct them.

THE Devil takes all the chances; he has won more by attacking the saints than he has ever lost by neglecting the sinners.

IT takes half a life-time to do anything better than any one else can do it, if it is only pitching pennies at a hub.

THERE are a thousand different ways to tell a lie, but there is only one way to tell the truth.

Uncle Esek.

Heart and Hand.

SILLY fool, 'tis in vain you pursue,
  For she heeds not the words that you say!
Can't you see, as you fruitlessly woo,
  That her thoughts are with one far away?

That, though far, he her love can command,
  Of which you can have never a part?
You are near — you can touch her white hand;
  He is nearer — he touches her heart.

George Birdseye.

Altruism.

(A TALE.)

THE *Lovely Mary*, on her way
From Singapore to Boston Bay,
Had cloudless skies and glorious weather,
With favoring winds for days together;
And everything was going well,
When, near the Cape, it so befell
That, with a most decided shock,
The *Lovely Mary* — struck a rock.

She sank; but as the night was clear,
The ocean calm, an island near,
All who could keep themselves afloat
With cask, spar, life-preserver, boat
(In short, whatever came to hand),
Put off, and safely reached the land;
Leaving the gallant ship to sleep
Beneath the waves nine fathoms deep.

Now, as it chanced, upon that ship,
Returning from an Eastern trip,
Two scholars sailed, of great renown,
Jones, and the yet more famous Brown;
And when 'twas plain that naught could save
The vessel from a watery grave,
As Fate or Chance would have it, each
Espied within convenient reach
Something that both desired to own,—
A life-preserver, which, 'tis known,
Can never be relied upon
To hold up safely more than *one*.
Yet on this life-preserver *both*
Seized in an instant, nothing loath;
And all of it Brown couldn't clasp
Was quickly locked in Jones's grasp;
And Jones's keen, determined eye
In grim resolve was equaled by
The stern, uncompromising frown
Upon the lofty brow of Brown.

But lest you think that selfish thought
In those two noble bosoms wrought,
I will relate, from first to last,
The high, heroic words that passed
From Brown to Jones, and Jones to Brown,
While the good ship was going down.
Dear Reader, bear them well in mind,
And think more nobly of your kind!

Quoth Jones: "Dear Brown, pray do not think
'Tis selfish fear that makes me shrink
From yielding up this wretched breath
To save a fellow-man from death.
I long to cry, 'Dear friend, oh take
This life-preserver, for my sake!'
But this, alas! I cannot do:
I am not free, dear Brown, like you.
You may enjoy the bliss divine
Of giving up your life for mine;
But ah! 'tis different with *me!*
I have a wife and children three;
And, for their sake, I must control
The generous impulse of my soul.
Yet trust me, Brown, most willingly,
Nay, with unfeigned alacrity,
This life-preserver I'd resign,
Were my case yours, or your case mine!"

"Dear Jones, your reasons," Brown replied,
"Are good, and cannot be denied.
All that your words imply is true:
I have no wife nor child, like you.
But, Jones, I have a tie to life
Far stronger (do not start) than wife
Or child, though dear, could ever be:
I mean my great 'Cosmogony,'
Of which, as you have doubtless heard,
One volume is to come — the third.
Oh, were that mighty task complete
Down to the last corrected sheet,
Believe me, Jones, to save your life
To your dear family and wife,
I'd yield to you, unmurmuring,
This frail support to which we cling!
But what are wife and children three
Compared with a Cosmogony?
Or what — confess it, dearest Jones —
Are *many* wives' and children's moans
To that loud cry of grief and woe
With which the learned world shall know
That it can never hope to see
The long-expected Volume Three?"

"Quite true," sighed Jones. "And yet — and yet —
I think, dear Brown, that you forget
The theory of Average
As held in this enlightened age.
Had all the mighty men of old —
Kings, scholars, statesmen, heroes bold —
Suffered untimely taking-off
With measles, croup, or whooping-cough,
Think you that this great earth would then
Have nourished only common men?
Had Homer died a stripling lad,
Should we have lost the Iliad?
Would Shakspere's early, timeless death
Have cost us Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth?
The voice of reason answers, 'No;
Wrong not prolific Nature so!'
Now, if this theory is true,
It must apply, dear Brown, to you;
And, fearless, you may leave behind
This master-product of your mind
(Though all unfinished, as you say),
Assured that, at no distant day,
Another will be found to do
The work so well begun by you.
But I ——"

"Allow me!" struck in Brown.
"The ship is plainly going down;
And, ere she sinks beneath us, I
Would most decidedly deny
The theory of which you speak.
It is ingenious, but weak —
A vain though pleasing fallacy,
That never has deluded me.
Besides, the theory, if true,
Applies with equal force to you;
For, dearest Jones, if you are drowned,
Doubtless *another* will be found
To comfort your dear wife, and be
A father to your children three!"

"Nay, nay!" cried Jones, "you jest, dear Brown
——"
But at this point the ship went down:
The arguments of both, you see,
Balanced to such a nicety,
So fine, so subtile, so profound,
That both held on,— and both were drowned!

Robertson Trowbridge.

The Hobby-Horse.

BRING out, bring out the gallant steed,
The noblest of his wooden breed!
With head erect, and bearing high,
What courage lights his vitreous eye,
As if he kindled at the clank
Of scabbard on his dappled flank!

Thou shalt my hero be, my boy,
Ulysses at the siege of Troy!
Not Dick, unhorsed at Bosworth field,
But Ivanhoe, with lance and shield,
On deeds of lofty valor bent —
The wonder of the tournament!

Then mount, my gallant cavalier!
No rival knight hast thou to fear;
Ride, boldly ride, with boot and spur,
Like Sheridan to Winchester;
Not prouder Alexander, thus,
Bestrode the fierce Bucephalus!

No foam-flakes mark thy furious way;
Thy charger needs nor oats nor hay;
Yet urged amain, for league on league,
His white-oak shanks defy fatigue,
As if he heard the battle-blast
And longed to follow far and fast!

Then haste! to scour, with might and main,
Thy trackless waste of carpet-plain;
On! ere the night-shade settles down
On the dim spires of slumber-town;
And, when at length outwearied quite,
To tented couch, and so good-night!

Henry S. Cornwell.

A Reminiscence.

THERE was a time, fond girl, when you
  Were partial to caresses;
Before your graceful figure grew
  Too tall for ankle-dresses;
When "Keys and Pillows," and the rest
  Of sentimental pastimes,
Were thought to be the very best
  Amusement out of class-times.

You wore your nut-brown hair in curls
  That reached beyond your bodice,
Quite in the style of other girls,—
  But you I thought a goddess!
I wrote you letters, long and short,
  How many there's no telling!
Imagination was my forte:—
  I can't say that of spelling!

We shared our sticks of chewing-gum,
  Our precious bits of candy;
Together solved the knotty sum,
  And learned the *ars amandi:*
Whene'er you wept, a woful lump
  Stuck in my throat, delayed there!
My sympathetic heart would jump: —
  I wondered how it staid there!

We meet to-day,— we meet, alas!
  With salutation formal;
I'm in the college senior class,
  You study at the Normal;
And as we part I think again,
  And sadly wonder whether
You wish, as I, we loved as when
  We sat at school together!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Mariette.

TOO RASH is she for cold coquette,—
  Love dares not claim her:
I can but say, "'Tis Mariette,"
  Nor more than name her!

She mocks the world her arrows reach
  With light derision;
Yet who would choose the softer speech,
  The graver vision?

An eager glance, and incomplete,
  Repays you, after;
A voice to make all satire sweet —
  Delicious laughter!

I think no woman's warmth is hers —
  How could she use it?
Another's pain no passion stirs,
  Nor would you choose it.

Can warning tame the maiden gaze
  That dares discover?
Pride, mirth, ambition, thirst for praise —
  They're hers — you love her!

No grief should shake the gay disdain
  That will not fear it,
Or mar by one subduing pain
  So rare a spirit.

Who ever watched that rounded grace,
  Born of the minute,
Nor thought the world a prettier place
  That she was in it?

You ask no larger gift than this,
  No nearer honor,—
It is enough for happiness
  To look upon her.

The oval cheek, the rising tread
  In careless measure,
The willful, bright, ethereal head,
  Alive with pleasure:

On these the old desire is stayed
  That long has waited,
For soul and body, rightly made,
  Are fitly mated.

But what have I, whom men forget,
  To offer to her?
A woman's passion, Mariette
  There is no truer!

Dora Read Goodale.

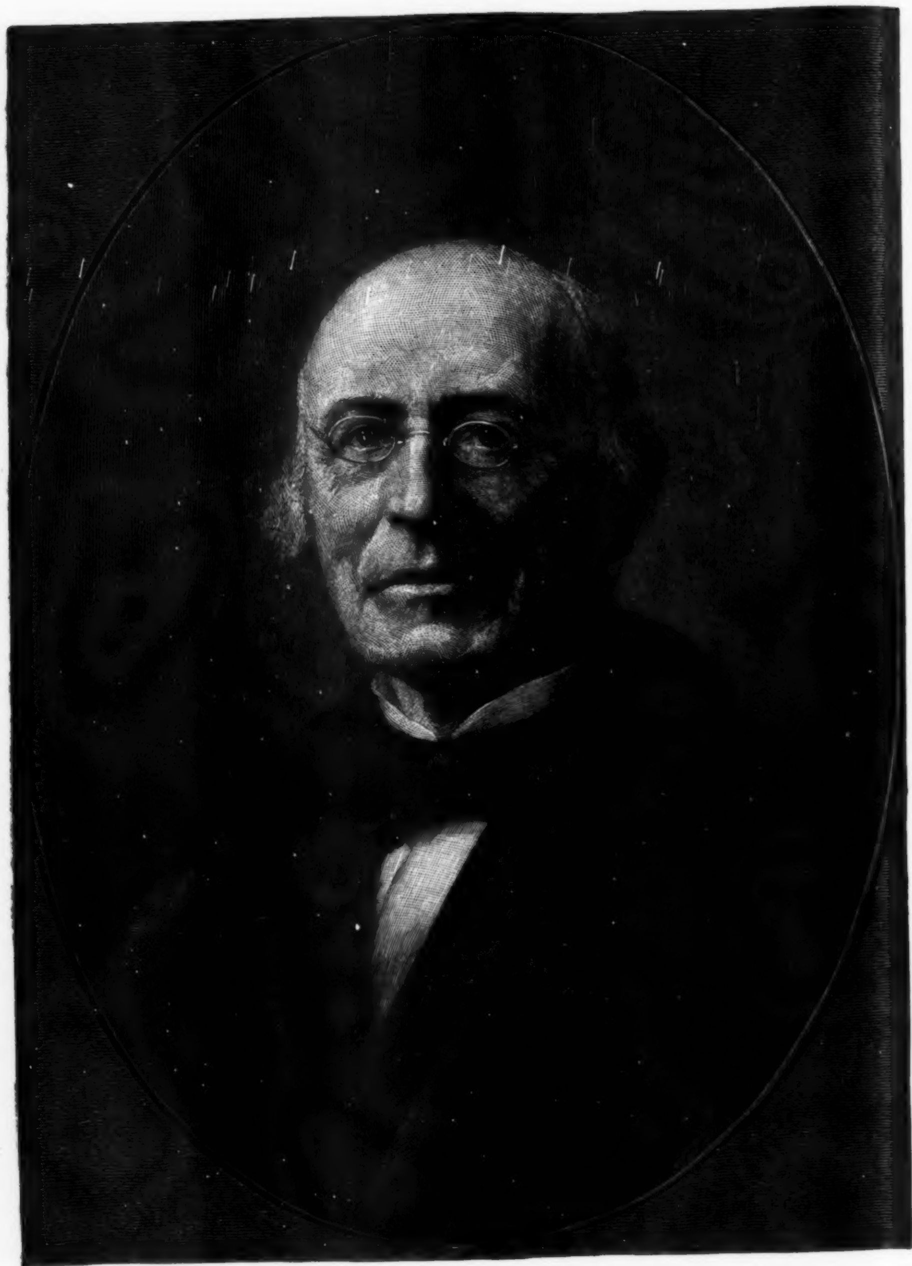
Shakspere's Sonnets.

(TO THE OVER-CURIOUS.)

GOOD frend for Iesus sake forbeare
To digg the dvst encloased heare
Bleste be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.

These living stones hide most mysterious dust;
The curse and blessing that so guard his grave
Seem flashing, somehow, from their blinding light.
Let what *he* willed lie in the heart of night;
Dig not for deathly things of love or lust
Beneath the deathless beauty that they have.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.



Wm. Lloyd Garrison.